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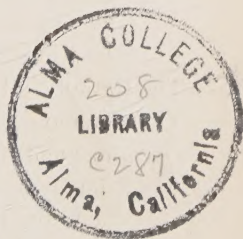


THE VENERABLE
PHILIP HOWARD.

From the original of Zucchero, in the possession of HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

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Ven. Philip Howard,

EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY*

(1557-1587).

BY G. AMBROSE LEE.

"We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honour. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints. . . . Such things as these the sinners said in hell."—WISDOM, v. 4, 5, 14.



AMONG the many affecting memorials left by State prisoners on the walls of that part of the Tower of London known as "The Beauchamp Tower," none excite more interest among Catholics than the inscriptions cut in the stone, by the hands of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, premier peer of England, "Papist," "recusant," "traitor,"—whose virtues and patience have, however, extorted an unwilling tribute of respect, even from many who vilify and detest the religion for which he suffered so long and so nobly.

Philip—whose birth cost his youthful mother, Mary Fitzalan,† her own life—was born at Arundel House,‡ London, on the 28th of June 1557, in the reign of Queen

* The chief authority consulted for this sketch is a MS. Life of Philip Howard, in the possession of the present Duke of Norfolk, whose father published it in 1857.

† She was but seventeen years old.

‡ In the Strand, between Somerset and Essex Houses, nearly opposite to St. Clement Danes Church. Its site is marked by Arundel, Howard, Norfolk, and Surrey Streets.

Mary. He was baptized at Whitehall; King Philip, whose name he received, being one of his godfathers. His father, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk,—son of the poet Earl of Surrey, the last of Henry the Eighth's many innocent victims,—was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth in 1572. He was a man of good moral character, but inclined to favour the preachers of "the new learning," being indeed the protector and patron of "the infamous apostate John Bale, as also of John Fox, the author of that pestilent book called *Acts and Monuments*." In spite of his father's Protestantism, to which he also nominally adhered, we find that Philip's early education was for a time superintended by Gregory Martin, a learned Oxford scholar and, moreover, a very devout Catholic.

At this period, it was customary for the children of the nobility to marry at what would now be considered very early ages. In accordance with this custom, Philip, when only twelve years old, was married to Ann Dacres (Dacre or Daker), eldest daughter of Thomas, Lord Dacres—then also a child of twelve or thereabouts. This marriage was ratified when the very youthful pair attained the age of fourteen.

After the tragic death of his father, who was executed for projecting a marriage with Mary Queen of Scots, then and till her death a prisoner unjustly and tyrannically detained by Elizabeth, Philip went for two years to the University of Cambridge, where, according to his contemporary biographer, "he received no small detriment, partly by the bad example he there saw, and partly by the liberty permitted him, but principally by the flattery of some ministers, which was so palpable sometimes, that his lady has often told me she was ashamed to hear it."

In person, Philip was tall and well proportioned, though slight. His face was long in shape, his hair and complexion dark, his expression cheerful, and his general appearance attractive and pleasing. He both wrote and spoke well, and was possessed of a remarkable gift of memory, of which many instances are cited by his biographer. An amusing story is told of him, while yet a Protestant, disguising himself as a minister

or preacher, and in this character delivering a very learned discourse to the congregation of the church in some country town, the name of which is not given. Other freaks of this nature show us that Philip had a keen sense of humour, as well as great natural ability and readiness of speech.

His next step in life was a most important one, considered both in its immediate consequences, and in those which indirectly flowed from it. The court of Elizabeth is described by contemporaries as being a perfect sink of iniquity,* and its unhallowed influence soon extended over Philip, who, when only in his eighteenth year, first frequented it. A coldness towards his good and gentle wife was probably caused by a desire to curry favour with Elizabeth, who was notoriously jealous of any of her courtiers to whom she showed the slightest favour. Philip at first appears to have attracted much of her attention, and was for a time among the gayest courtiers of a Queen who was by no means particular concerning the private character of those who surrounded her.

Elizabeth or her advisers appear about this time to have begun to fear a spirit of intrigue and ambition in Philip, to which, even at this distance of time, it is quite obvious he was never inclined. For we are told that, by leading him into disreputable courses, "some politick persons" about the Queen were the means of bringing about serious disagreements between Philip, the Earl of Arundel, his grandfather, and other relatives, in order that these latter should not further enrich him by willing to him their large and important estates. These plots were entirely successful; and Philip, who, on his grandfather's death in 1580, became Earl of Arundel and Surrey, was further impoverished by extravagant and

* It was a place in which, according to Faunt, "all enormities reigned in the highest degree" (Birch, i. 39). The same writer also says: "The only discontent I have is to live where there is so little Godliness and exercise of religion, so dissolute manners and corrupt conversation generally, which I find to be worse than when I knew the place first, August 1, 1582" (Birch, i. 25). According to Sir John Harington (a godson of the Queen), the court was a place "where there was no love but that of the lusty god of gallantry, Asmodeus" (*Nugae Antiquae*, 166, April 4, 1595). Lingard, vol. vi. p. 322.

costly entertainments given at his country-houses in Norfolk in honour of the Queen. A successful courtier had to pay very dearly for Elizabeth's favour in these times. Many besides the Earl of Arundel were nearly ruined by being obliged to provide for and entertain the Queen and her following of hungry and needy peers, gentlemen, lacqueys, and hangers-on, until her Majesty graciously removed both herself and her court to fresh scenes of rioting and extravagance.

During all this period, Philip had ostensibly professed the doctrines of the Established Church—that is, as far as such can be considered to have had any real existence; the test of membership with this august body then being little more than a hatred, more or less active as circumstances demanded, of “Popery” in every shape or form; and a great and soul-satisfying belief in the spiritual supremacy of the “divine Eliza.” Philip, however, does not appear to have troubled himself much about religious matters, or his duty to Almighty God—indeed, he himself admits as much—until, in the year 1581, he was present at a disputation held in the Tower between some Catholic priests—among whom were B. Edmund Campion and B. Rodolph Sherwin—and a representative body of Protestant ministers, on disputed points of doctrine and discipline. It is not difficult to understand that, to a mind open to the truth, the Divine teaching of the One Catholic Church came with a force and weight that was not to be disregarded. The seed was sown in the very place in which it was afterwards to bear such plentiful and glorious fruit. But—as his biographer tersely and truly states it—“at that time, nor until a year or two after, he neither did, nor intended, to embrace and follow it (*i.e.*, ‘the Truth and true Religion’); and, after he did intend it, a good while passed before he did execute it.” The cause of this hesitation is obvious. Like the great St. Augustine, he prayed to be good, but not *now*: at length resolving to be a Catholic, and yet still hesitating to make the sacrifices that the life of a Catholic demands. In 1583 this struggle was ended, when, walking one day in the gallery of Arundel Castle, he firmly resolved to become a member of God's Church, and to live accordingly. Nobly did he keep this

resolution. As before he had thrown himself into the service of the Queen and adapted himself to the customs of her court, so now he entered the service of a greater Sovereign, in which he faithfully persevered until the time of trial, which was henceforth to be his lot, was patiently ended. A short time afterwards he communicated this resolution to his brother, Lord William Howard, "to whom he bore a special love," and, aided by a controversial book from the pen of Cardinal Allen, succeeded in convincing him also of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church.

To resolve to become a Catholic, and to carry this resolution into effect, were, however, in "the golden days of good Queen Bess," two very different matters. The abominable and disgraceful laws against all professors of the Ancient Faith, enacted in this reign, were now being most rigorously enforced. So, in order to practise their adopted religion in peace and quietness, the Howards determined to leave the country and cross to Flanders. For this purpose, Philip sent his secretary—a Catholic, John Mumford by name—to Hull, in Yorkshire, from whence he was to sail to Flanders to prepare to meet the fugitives, when they were able to follow him. Mumford was, however, arrested at Hull, and compelled to return to London, where he found the Earl making preparations to entertain the Queen at Arundel House, having received an intimation that she intended to pay him a visit there. As a graceful recognition of the splendid hospitality she received on this occasion, Elizabeth ordered Philip to remain prisoner in his own house, and commissioned Lord Hunsdon to examine him on the subject of religion, and other matters on which the Queen had apparently begun to suspect him. Philip, however, succeeded in satisfying this amateur inquisitor, who left him with "no mind to molest him any more."

Some extraordinary circumstances followed this high-handed, not to say tyrannical, act. About a month afterwards, Sir Christopher Hatton—afterwards known as the "Dancing Chancellor," for he obtained this important position by the elegance with which he danced before the Queen*—sent for Mumford and questioned

* Hatton (whose name survives in Hatton Garden, London) was

him closely concerning the private affairs of the Howards, and also of himself—if he were a priest or no. Mumford answered discreetly, disclaiming the honour suggested concerning himself, and asserting the innocence of his patron and his relatives. On the two following days he was again closely examined; and on the third occasion, the Queen, the Earl of Leicester, and others of the Council suddenly entered; and not being satisfied with the answer that Sir Christopher had extracted from him with threats of torture and the rack, sent him prisoner to the gatehouse at Westminster, where for some months he was rigorously confined. At the end of this time he was taken to Whitehall, and in the presence of Norton (the gentleman who presided over the ingenious contrivance, the rack) he was once more questioned by Leicester, Hunsdon, Walsingham, and other councillors. The gentle Norton was present, it appears, in order to witness against not only Mumford himself, but Philip, his wife, and Lord William. The result of this impromptu trial was, however, so far satisfactory that the discreet and faithful secretary not only regained his own liberty, but that of his patron and others concerned as well.

His confinement and other troubles had obliged Philip to defer his formal reception into the Catholic Church until he was at liberty to obtain the good offices of some priest to accept his submission. In this he was assisted by his wife, who found means to bring to him “a very virtuous and religious priest of the Society of Jesus,” Fr. William Weston, who, in the year 1584, reconciled the Earl to the faith of his ancestors; and by his kindly and prudent advice and direction confirmed him in his change of life, and newly acquired

one of the most favoured courtiers of Elizabeth. Although, as a rule, he appeared to have been but little better than his colleagues, Leicester, Walsingham and Cecil, we find him at times employing his authority to mitigate the severity of the law in favour of Catholics prosecuted for their religion before the ecclesiastical courts. It is recorded, too, that, when during Philip’s imprisonment some of his lands were offered to Hatton by the Queen herself, “out of friendship and honourable respect” to Philip, he refused the gift. A very singular instance of moderation in the henchman of Elizabeth.

habits of piety and devotion. He frequently received the Blessed Eucharist, and at the daily Mass, which he was able to have said in his own house, "with great humility and reverence he himself in person many times would serve."

This change of living did not escape the vigilant eyes of Walsingham's and Leicester's spies; and signs were not wanting that his regained liberty was not to be of long continuance. Determined to act before it was too late, Philip decided once more, in spite of the opposition of Fr. Weston, to leave his country, and seek freedom and safety in other lands; making arrangements for his wife and her unborn child to follow him shortly. Before sailing, however, he resolved to write a full justification of his conduct to the Queen, to be delivered as soon as he should make known to his friends in England that he had reached a place of safety on the Continent. In this long and eloquent epistle, he enumerated the failure of all his attempts to gain her confidence; the ascendancy of his enemies in her Council; and the affronts and disgrace he had suffered through their devices. The Earl then goes on to speak of the trial, condemnation, and death of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, who though innocent, had suffered as traitors, fearing that as they were condemned on trivial and unjust causes, a like fate might fall upon him; further stating that he perceived how readily the Queen believed any evil reports against him; that he was aware his religion was considered dangerous to the State; and, as he knew from experience that innocence was not a sufficient warrant to protect him, he was come, he said, to the point "in which he must consent, either to the certain destruction of his body, or the manifest endangering of his soul;" and he therefore trusted that if, to escape such evils, he should leave the realm without licence, the Queen would not visit him with her displeasure; concluding with an appeal to her justice, and a prayer for her happiness.

Having made all necessary arrangements for his flight, he embarked from the coast of Sussex, little aware that he had been all the while beset with spies and informers;

and that his own servants, and the very master of the ship which was to convey him, were in the pay of the Minister. He had hardly lost sight of land, when two sail were descried in full chase. They were under the command of Heloway, a notorious pirate, also employed by the Council. After a short resistance, in which he received a slight wound, Philip surrendered; and, after being stripped of his money and jewels, was delivered by Heloway to Sir George Cary, the son of Lord Hunsdon, and committed by the Council to the Tower. His imprisonment was followed by that of his brother, Lord William Howard, and his sister, Lady Margaret Sackville. The day after his committal he was privately examined by a commission from the Council; but his innocence so disconcerted the malice of his adversaries, that he remained for more than twelve months from this time unnoticed in prison. At length the charge of treason, at first preferred, was converted into that of contempt, and he was accused in the Court of the Star Chamber of having sought to leave the kingdom without a licence, and of having corresponded with Cardinal Allen, who had been declared the Queen's enemy. To these charges the Earl replied that in the first he was justified by necessity, because the laws of the country did not permit him to worship God according to his conscience, and that his correspondence with Allen was not on matters of state, but of religion. Both pleas were over-ruled; and, at the close of a most unjust trial, he was condemned to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the Queen.

Elizabeth's was not the nature to spare one who had offended her, when he was actually in her power; and, by every mean and spiteful device, was Philip made to feel the weight of her resentment. He was most closely confined* and harshly treated by the Lieutenant of the Tower; to such an extent, indeed, that his health suffered most severely, and he became a victim to many painful disorders. In spite of all these rigours he retained his

* "Phillipp, late Earle of Arundell, is a close prisoner, and hath noe other libertie than he had in Sr Owen Hopton's tyme wch is to walke in the queene's gardeine twoe houres in the daie, wth a servant of the lieuten'ts to attende him, the gardeine doore being shoutt at the tyme of his walkinge." Lansdowne MSS. No. 65.

cheerfulness and patience, humbly accepting all his present sufferings as a penance for the years during which he had neglected and offended God.

Three years passed: 1587 saw the murder of the Scottish Queen Mary*—a guest of Elizabeth; 1588, the defeat and destruction of the vast fleet prepared by Philip of Spain for the projected conquest of England. In celebration of this latter event the genius of Protestantism required an unusual number of human victims; and the Virgin Queen was only too ready to supply them. A commission was issued; a selection was made from the Catholics in prison on account of religion: and six priests were indicted for their priestly character; four laymen for having been reconciled to the Catholic Church; and four others, among whom was a gentlewoman of the name of Ward, for having assisted or harboured priests. All these immediately, and fifteen of their companions within the three next months, suffered the barbarous and infamous punishment of traitors. It was not so much as hinted that they had been guilty of any act of disloyalty. On their trials, nothing was objected to them but the practice of their religion.

The blood of these innocent victims was not, however enough for the movers of the persecution. They looked forward to the execution of the Catholic of highest rank in the kingdom, the poor prisoner of the Tower, Philip Howard. At the beginning of 1588 the rigour with which he had hitherto been confined was somewhat relaxed, and he even obtained permission to visit the cell of William Bennet, an old priest, also confined for religion. This indulgence was the result of a large bribe to the Lieutenant's daughter from the Countess; by whose means the requisites for the celebration of Mass were also obtained. Here Philip met two other fellow-prisoners, Sir Thomas Gerard and William Shelly. At the time of the anticipated arrival of the Spanish Armada, a rumour obtained currency amongst the Catholic prisoners that the moment any of the Spaniards obtained a footing in England, all Catholics on whom hands could be laid would be

* See p. 23.

promptly put to death. This danger naturally became the subject of conversation among them, and Philip suggested that they should join in one common form of prayer to solicit the protection of Heaven against it. This proposal was, however, almost immediately abandoned, from the fear, which subsequently proved *only* too well-founded, that it would infallibly be misrepresented by their enemies if it came to their knowledge.

After the defeat of the Armada, all the prisoners were suddenly separated and removed to different prisons, Philip remaining in close custody in the Tower. Shelly, Gerard, and Bennet underwent separate examinations respecting the language and conduct of the Earl. The answers of the first were harmless; Gerard represented him as a well-wisher to the Spaniards, and Bennet, if we may believe himself, through fear of torture and the rack, confessed that Philip had asked him to celebrate Mass for the success of the invaders. On these depositions was grounded a charge of high treason; the Earl of Derby was appointed Lord High Steward for the trial, and the prisoner was brought to Westminster Hall to plead for his life before that nobleman and twenty-four other peers.* Although the evidence both of Bennet and Gerard,† who were the chief witnesses, appears to have broken down (indeed, some of the peers called the former a “fals man and no lawful witness”), Philip was, after an hour’s debate, found guilty of high treason,

* “Then the Lieutenant of the Tower was called to return his precept, and to bring forth his Prisoner, Philip Earl of Arundel. The Earl came into the Hall, being in a wrought velvet gown furred about with Martins, Laid about with Gold lace and buttoned with Gold Buttons, a black Sattin Doublet, a pair of Velvet Hose, and a long high black Hat on his head; a very tall man, looking somewhat swarth’ coloured. . . . Then did Mr. Sandes, Clerk of the Crown, say, he was indicted of several Treasons, and said unto him, “Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, late of Arundel, in the County of Sussex, hold up thy Hand.” He held up his Hand very high saying, ‘Here is as true a Man’s Heart and Hand as ever came into this Hall.’” *State Trials*, 1589.

† It is painful to record so serious a lapse of one who had suffered so much for his faith. Gerard (whose son, John, a Jesuit priest, was most cruelly tortured in the Tower,) after these events, apostatized and, till about a year before his death, lived a very scandalous and dissolute life.

and condemned to a traitor's death.* He heard this cruel sentence with cheerfulness and composure, and was conducted to his prison, from which he was never again to be released.

On the day after his condemnation, Philip wrote and sent the following characteristic letter to the Lord Chancellor:

“My special good Lord,

I am most hartily sorry that I was so prevented by my hasty departure from the Bar, presently after the Sentence pronounced upon me, as I wanted time to make humble suit for her Majesty's favour. And I am very glad that I have the opportunity of writing to your Lordship to make humble Petition unto her Majesty in my behalf for her gracious favour together with my most harty grief for anything whereinsoever I have offended her Highness in all ye course of my life. As also to give your Ldship humble thanks for your honourable goodness always extended towards me, and to become a most earnest suiter for the continuance thereof to my wife and children. And as a dead man to this world, and in all good-will whilst I live, your Lordship's most affectionate, I humbly take my leave, beseeching God to send you all honour and happiness in this world to His glory, and my poor soul a joyfull meeting with yours in Heaven. The day after my Condemnation.

“Your Ldship's most humbly
at commandment till my last,

“PHILIPP HOWARD.”

In another letter written about the same time to his friend and director, Fr. Southwell,† he is careful to explain that the pardon he asks from the Queen is not on account of any of those things of which he had been accused in his trial, but for anything in which he had offended her during the time he had “waited upon her;” that is, when he was resident at the court and in daily attendance on Elizabeth. How soon after his condemnation, it was resolved to spare his life cannot

* It is doubtful what were the exact reasons why this barbarous condemnation was never carried into execution. Possibly Elizabeth feared the consequences of the public appearance on the scaffold of another young and illustrious victim to judicial injustice; and found that her end, and his, could be more safely, if not more speedily, obtained by renewing the close confinement he had undergone during the first years of his committal.

† Ven. Robert Southwell, a Priest of the Society of Jesus, executed at Tyburn, February 21st, 1595, on account of his priesthood and profession of the Catholic Faith.

now be ascertained, but whenever this was, it was not notified to the Earl, who for some years spent his time in a continual expectation of death, making a careful preparation for this event. Amongst other things, anticipating that he might be prevented from making, as was then customary, a speech to the people assembled to witness his death, he prepared a number of copies, in Latin and English, of a declaration,* in which he solemnly declares his innocence of all treason except the profession of the Holy Catholic Faith, and thanks God for the great honour vouchsafed to him of dying for this profession,—a consummation which indeed occurred, though not at the time or in the manner that he then anticipated. To a petition that he might be allowed to see his wife, or at least his son, who had been born since his imprisonment and whom he had never seen, no answer was returned.

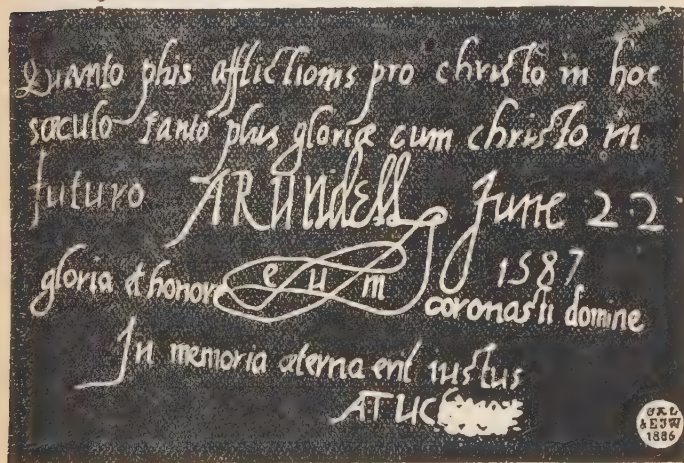
During all the years of his long and tedious confinement, the patience, courage, and cheerfulness of Philip neither abated nor flagged. He spent long hours in devotion; and the rest of his time, when not sleeping or taking the exercise ordered by the physicians, was devoted to writing or translating books of piety and devotion. Until his health finally broke down, he fasted rigorously three days in the week, besides on the vigils and eves of all the great festivals;† and these austerities he so managed that only one of his own servants knew that he practised them. He rose at five every morning, and prayed for some time with his bare knees on the cold stone, a habit which eventually caused his knees to become very black and hard. He retired to rest at nine, after making a strict examination of conscience. His former ill-treatment of his wife was the subject of much sorrow and repentance. In one of his letters to Fr. Southwell, he says:—"I call our Lord to witness that no sin grieves me anything so much as my offences to that party (his lady). God I hope of his infinit mercy who knows my heart, and has seen my true sorrow in that behalf, has remitted all, I doubt not, and so has

* See p. 21.

† "Upon Sundays and Feasts he used to read some part of the Holy Scriptures with special reverence and humility." MS. Life.

the party, of her singular charity, to my unspeakable comfort." In a letter to his wife herself,* he also says:—"He that knows all things, knows that which is past is a nail in my conscience, and burden the greatest I feel there: my will is to make satisfaction in my ability were able."

Philip's attachment to the Faith was intense and absorbing. Indeed, what he suffered for it is sufficient proof of the truth of this statement. But before he died, it was further tried in many ways. About a year after



his trial, one of his keepers hinted that if he would "conform," he would be set at liberty and restored to favour; and towards the end of his life this offer was

* A few particulars of this noble lady may here be given. She was brought up as a Protestant, but when about 25 years old became a Catholic, incurring by this step the utmost rancour of Elizabeth's ill-will. After her husband's death, she lived a life of great sanctity, in imitation of her namesake, the holy widow Anne (mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel, ii, 36, 37). and died in April, 1630, at the age of 73. It is sad to record that the son of these saintly parents, Thomas, Earl of Arundel (the celebrated collector of antiquities, after whom the "Arundel Marbles" are named), apostatized from the Faith for which his father had given the best years of his short life.

renewed. But it had now no attractions for the pale prisoner in his lonely cell. The touching inscription to which allusion has been made, cut by his own hands on the rough walls he knew so well, contained a truth which he had made himself master of, and none of the glory of this world was for him. "*Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro.** Arundell, June 22, 1587."

So it runs. And all his letters, writings, and conversation manifest the same courage and cheerfulness, arising from the great confidence he had in the mercy and goodness of Almighty God, in whose hands he was content to leave all things, and to know they were working for the best. "I beseech you, for the love of God, to comfort yourself whatsoever shall happen, and to be best pleased with that which shall please God best, and be His will to send. . . . I am, I thank God, and doubt not I shall be, by His grace, ready to endure the worst which flesh and blood can do against me," he writes, shortly before his trial, to his wife; and his constant reference to the love and mercy and grace of God show that the presence of his Creator was to him an abiding reality, and a never-ceasing source of peace and consolation.

It affords an interesting insight into the unsettled state of the public mind during this reign, to know that, even in his prison, in the Tower, Philip was planning the conversion into religious houses of Howard House in London, † and Norwich House in Norfolk; also to restore all the Church property still in his possession. When one—as well acquainted with the probable or possible course of political events as Philip, from his former life at court must have been—could thus plan, we may conclude there were, even then, adequate grounds for hoping for another national return to the

* "The more affliction we endure for Christ in this world, the more glory we shall obtain with Christ in the next."

† The Charterhouse, formerly a Carthusian monastery. It had been "dissolved" by Henry VIII. and the prior and most of the monks put to death. The buildings were bought by Philip's father from a certain Roger North. In the reign of James I. the property again changed hands; Thomas Sutton, founder of the Charterhouse School, being the purchaser.

Catholic Church, such as was witnessed in the reign of Elizabeth's predecessor and sister, Mary.

Months grew into years; years slowly dragged themselves away, and the time at length approached when it pleased God to release His servant from his life of hardship and trial. It was Philip's custom to note down in a calendar, towards the close of each week, the special prayers and devotions which he intended to say on each day of the following one. About seven days before his death he was doing this, and, on coming to the Sunday on which he died, he paused and said, "Hitherto and no further, this is enough," and wrote no more. From this we learn that some special revelation had been granted him, concerning the very time of his death.

In August, 1595, he was suddenly taken ill at dinner,* violent sickness was followed by dysentery, which could not be corrected; and, in spite of antidotes and medicines sent by his wife, he gradually wasted away, until, before he died, little was left of the once gay and handsome courtier but skin and bone. His request to have the assistance of a priest was rudely denied, nor were any of his relations, either Catholic or Protestant, permitted to visit him. Some time previously, Elizabeth had made a kind of promise to some of his friends that before his death his wife and children should come to him; and now, feeling death rapidly approaching, Philip wrote to the Queen and some of her Council, humbly petitioning for the performance of the supposed promise. The Lieutenant of the Tower himself delivered Philip's letter to the Queen, and brought back from her a verbal answer to the effect that, if the Earl would but once go to the Protestant service his request should not only be granted, but he should be restored to her favour, and to all his former estates and honours. This obvious and spiteful mockery of a helpless prisoner, dying through her means, is only paralleled by the brutal jest recorded of the Queen's father, Henry, who

* This circumstance was - probably with correctness - attributed to the presence of poison in a dish of wild-fowl of which Philip partook; a suspicion which was increased by the cook specially asking Philip's pardon shortly before his death.

on hearing that the Pope was sending a Cardinal's hat to B. John Fisher, remarked that he would have to wear it on his shoulders, for he certainly would not have a head to put it on—an arrangement which Henry was careful to have carried out, as far as his own part was concerned. Philip, however, received this cruel rebuff meekly, thanking the Lieutenant for his trouble, and declining to accept her Majesty's favours on this condition ; adding, that he was sorry he had but one life to lose for so good a cause.

After this incident Philip sank rapidly. At his physicians' order, he was obliged to give over saying the Divine Office, or reading at all ; the recitation of the Rosary and such prayers as he knew by heart being his constant occupation, and we are told that his beads were scarcely ever out of his hands. A few days before his death, he asked his physicians not to trouble themselves any more about him, as it was obvious that his case was beyond their skill ; adding, that he wished to attend to some business—meaning his prayers and devotions.

As soon as Philip's death became a matter of absolute certainty, not only to himself but to those about him, a very touching scene took place. Sir Michael Blount, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who had (probably according to orders received from a higher authority) always treated him with exceptional harshness and severity, came to his bedside, and, kneeling down, humbly asked his prisoner—so soon to be released—to forgive him. Philip gently replied, “ Do you ask forgiveness, Mr. Lieutenant ? Why, then I forgive you in the same sort as I desire myself to be forgiven at the hands of God.” Then, taking Sir Michael's hand, Philip kissed it, and, still holding it fast, in the most kind and charitable manner, said to him, “ I pray you also to forgive me whatever I have said or done in any way offensive to you.” The Lieutenant in tears protested that he did so with all his heart. Philip then raised himself a little on his pillow, and, in a grave voice, said : “ Mr. Lieutenant, you have showed both me and my men* very hard

* His servants, who had been very harshly treated, being themselves closely confined, and admitted only at certain times to their master.

measure." "Wherein, my Lord?" said Sir Michael. "Nay," replied Philip, "I will not make a recapitulation of anything, for it is all freely forgiven. Only, I am to say unto you a few words of my last will, which, being observed, may, by the grace of God, turn much to your benefit and reputation, I speak not of myself, for God of His goodness has taken order that I shall be delivered very shortly out of your charge: only for others I speak, who may be committed to this place. You must think, Mr. Lieutenant, that when a prisoner comes hither to this Tower, that he bringeth sorrow with him. Oh, then, do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest, but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hast cast down. The man that is void of mercy God hath in great detestation. Your commission is only to keep with safety, not to kill with severity. Remember, good Mr. Lieutenant, that God, who with His finger turneth the unstable wheel of this variable world, can in the revolution of a few days bring you to be a prisoner also, and to be kept in the same place where now you keep others. There is no calamity that men are subject unto, but you may also taste as well as any other man. Farewell, Mr. Lieutenant, for [during] the time of my small [short] abode come to me whenever you please, and you shall be heartily welcome as my friend." Sir Michael, deeply touched and still in tears, then departed, little thinking that the Earl's words were prophetic: and that, as actually happened within seven weeks, he should fall into disgrace, be deprived of his office, and committed and kept close prisoner in the Tower, under a new Lieutenant who was as severe to him as he had been to others.

The last night of Philip's life was spent almost entirely in prayer; sometimes the Rosary, sometimes such psalms and devotions as he knew by heart. "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," "Lord, Thou art my only hope," and other short ejaculations were constantly on his lips, as well as the holy names of Jesus and Mary. In the morning, he asked his servants who were weeping bitterly about his bed, what time it was. They answered, eight o'clock or thereabouts. "Why

then," said Philip, "I have almost run out my course, and come to the end of this miserable and mortal life" going on to ask his servants not to weep for him, since he did not doubt by the grace of God that all would go well with him. Once more the dying saint betakes himself to prayer. In a very slow, hollow, and faint voice he continued to say the Rosary until unable to articulate, the names of Jesus and Mary being the last words which he was heard to utter. The last minute of his last hour being come, lying on his back, his eyes fixed towards heaven, his long, lean, wasted arms out of the bed, his hands crossed upon his breast,—at 12 o'clock at noon, on Sunday, October 19, 1595 (after nearly eleven years' imprisonment), "in a most sweet manner, without any sign of grief or groan, only turning his head a little aside, as one falling into a pleasing sleep, he surrender'd his happy soul into the hands of Almighty God, who to His so great glory had created it." *

Till the following Tuesday, Philip's body remained in the chamber in which he died. It was then shrouded in a "poor sheet," placed in a plain coffin covered with black cloth,† and carried without any ceremony to the Chapel of St. Peter, within the precincts of the Tower. The chaplain, being of course a Protestant, deemed it a profanation to read the established service over the remains of a mere "Popish recusant." He, however, considered the occasion a fitting one to deliver himself of the following harangue: "We are not come to honour this man's religion; we publicly profess and here openly protest, otherwise to be saved; nor to honour his offence—the Law hath judged him—we leave him to the Lord. He is gone to his place. Thus we find it set down in our own book, 'Man that is born of woman,' etc. Thus God hath laid this man's honour in the dust. Yet, as it is said in the Scriptures, 'Go and bury yonder woman for she is a king's daughter,' so we commit his body to

* Perhaps in all English History no more striking contrast between two death-beds can be found than between that of Philip Howard and that of his persecutor, the great Queen Elizabeth.

† Elizabeth evidently considered that the funeral of her kinsman could not be conducted with too rigid an attention to economy. The coffin cost 10s., the black cloth 30s.

the earth, yet giving God hearty thanks that He hath delivered us from so great a fear. And thus let us praise God with the song of Deborah." A psalm and a prayer, composed for the occasion, concluded this extraordinary service; and the remains of Philip Howard were consigned to the same blood-stained grave in which his father's were.

Here they reposed till the year 1624, when, by the interest of his son and successor, the body was given up to his faithful widow, Ann Dacres, who brought it first to her house at West Horseley in Surrey, where it was placed in an iron coffin,* and shortly afterwards taken and re-interred in a vault beneath the beautiful Collegiate Chapel in the parish church of Arundel, where it still remains; to be, let us humbly trust, at no distant date enshrined in the adjoining church of another Saint Philip, there to receive the loving veneration of the faithful.†

* The inscription placed on this coffin is as follows:—"PHILIP COMITIS olim ARUND. et SUR. ossa veneranda hoc loculo condita impetratâ a Jacobo Rege veniâ, Annæ uxoris dilectissimæ cura, THOMAE FILII, insigni pietate a Turri Londoniensi in hunc locum translata sunt anno in 1624. Qui imo of fidei Catho. professionem sub Elizabetha carceri mancipatus, deinde pœnâ pecuniaria 10,000 lib. mulctatus, tandem capitis iniquissime condemnatus, post vitam in artissima custodia in eadem Turri an. 10. mens 6. sanctissime transactam piissime 19 Oct. 1595, non absque veneni suspitione in Domino obdormivit;" which may be thus rendered in English: "The venerated remains of Philip, formerly Earl of Arundel and Surrey, were deposited in this chest, by the care of his well-beloved wife Anne, when, by the signal piety of his son Thomas, permission was obtained from King James. They were translated from the Tower of London to this place in the year 1624. On account of his profession of the Catholic faith he was first imprisoned, then condemned to pay a fine of 10,000 pounds, and at length was most unjustly sentenced to death, under Elizabeth. After a life of ten years and six months, very holily and piously spent in the severest bondage in the same Tower, on the 19th of October, 1595, he fell asleep in the Lord, not without a suspicion that his death was caused by poison."

† The story current in guide-books and others, that a Duchess of the family subsequently extracted the head from the coffin and had it encased in gold, has no further foundation than this:—the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, on the occasion of a funeral in the same vault, caused the coffin to be opened, and a fragment only of the skull taken out. This was done by the priest at Arundel—Mr.

Philip's imprisonment and sufferings for the Catholic Faith caused him, even during his life-time, to be regarded by both English and foreign Catholics with the highest respect and honour—a statement which is fully borne out by the frequent references to him in the Catholic books of the time. And after his death he was generally regarded as a Confessor and Martyr for his religion: an opinion which has been ratified by subsequent generations, and which, as we hinted above, alone waits the final authorization of the Holy See, to take a definite and permanent shape.

Before summing up the life of this truly saintly man in his own sentences, the writer places before his readers the following extract from the writings of a learned Jesuit, Father Cornelius a Lapide—this particular passage being taken from a Commentary on the words in Hebrews x. 5. 34, “You took with joy the being stripped of your own goods.” “The most noble Earl of Arundel, Philip Howard, son and heir of the Duke of Norfolk, being taken when he was flying into France for the Catholic Religion, was cast into the Tower of London, and afterwards arraigned and condemned, and, after ten years and a half imprisonment or thereabout, he died in durance, a glorious Confessor, yea a Martyr. He was the chief Earl of England, and of a most noble family: and wonderful it is how much he lost, and with what quietness of mind he endured all adversities. Whilst he was prisoner, he was not only of example, but a singular comfort to all Catholics. No one ever heard him complain either of the loss of his goods, or of the incommodities of the prison, or the being bereaved of his liberty; and such as he heard complain or understood to be aggrieved, he endeavoured by his words and courteous usage, to comfort, strengthen and confirm. His delight was in nothing but God, and the contemplation of heavenly things. Much of the money which the Queen did allow him for his maintenance (for to every prisoner in the Tower

Tierney—and the relic was by him placed in a reliquary. Many will be interested to know that this reliquary is now in the possession of a youthful descendant and namesake of the saintly Earl,—the present Lord Arundel and Surrey.

something is assigned, more or less according to his degree), he gave unto the poor, contenting himself with a spare and slender diet. Many other things this noble Earlsaid, did and, suffered, which equalise, if not exceed, the deeds of the ancient worthies of the Primitive Church and therefore are most worthy to be eternised."

Philip, in company with his Master and his fellow-servants in all times, has suffered much from the attacks and misrepresentations of those who are desirous of seeing the religion for which he suffered, only in the light of their own prejudices, and are determined to admit no good at all in any victim of Protestant penal laws. "A poor fanatic," "a weak intriguing man," and similar epithets are the best that such persons can find to apply to one of the noblest victims of their popular Protestant divinity, Queen Elizabeth. True, indeed, that there is little in his life or death that is at all dramatic, or, in the vulgar sense, heroic : no impassioned scenes, no pathetic pictures for pencil or pen, and to crown all, no blood-stained apotheosis on Tower Hill or Tyburn, in the presence of numberless, perhaps sympathizing, spectators. But on this account his memory will be no less dear to Catholics, who will see in his long captivity, with all its rigour, insults and aggravations, borne with such combined meekness and dignity, a claim to share in the benediction which our Divine Lord pronounced in the Gospel, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil falsely against you, for My Name's sake."

APPENDIX.

*DECLARATION WRITTEN BY PHILIP HOWARD,
COPIES OF WHICH HE INTENDED TO DISTRIBUTE
AT HIS EXPECTED EXECUTION. (See p. 12.)*

"Seeing Almighty God hath vouchsafed of His infinit goodness to call me being the meanest of all His servants, and most unworthy, I must confess of so great honour to bear witness of the Catholick Faith, and Roman Church, I thought it fit, for preventing of all sinister practices, which might be used either to the disgrace of my Faith or discredit of myself to testify

that under my hand, in as effectual manner as I could, which I am ready to seal with my blood, by the grace and assistance of our Lord, whensoever need and occasion shall require: that neither the innocency of my mind, nor integrity of mine actions may be defaced by the untrue suggestions of others (as to men in my state it often happens) nor my firm resolution in the Catholick and Roman Faith perverted by the false reports of evill disposed persons. For albeit I must acknowledge myself most frail, and a heinous sinner, yet as I am bound to maintain in myself the name and Faith of a Catholick man (which next unto God I hold in greatest price and account, and which every faithfull Christian ought to esteem above all others whatsoever) so do I most desire that all men should take me for such a one, as in truth I am, and that no man should be either misled or beguiled by malicious and untrue reports to think otherwise of me, than both my words and deeds do plainly testifie. Wherefore for the satisfaction of all men, and discharge of my conscience before God, I here protest before His Divine Majesty and all the Holy Court of Heaven, that I have committed no treason, and that the Catholick and Roman Faith which I hold, is the only cause (as far as I can any way imagin) why either I have been thus long imprisoned, or why I am now ready to be executed. And I do most firmly, resolutely, and unmoveably hold and believe this One, Holy, Catholick, and Apostolic Faith. And as I will die in ye same so am I most ready at all times, if need be, to yield my life for defence thereof. And whatsoever ye most sacred Council of Trent hath established touching Faith and manners, I believe and hold. And whatsoever it hath condemned, I condemn in my soul, and renounce here under my hand, and abjure from the bottom of my heart. And I do most earnestly desire that all Catholicks conceive this opinion of me, and take me so as I have here protested myself to be and not credit any untrue reports that have, may, or shall be spread of me to the contrary: for as Christ is life unto me, so account I death a most happy and glorious gain unto me being in defence of His Faith and for His Holy Name. And thus I will conclude

with beseeching Almighty God the Father of mercies, and God of all consolation to grant peace unto His Church, charity and grace to mine enemies, salvation and felicity to the Queen and realm; and to me as an untimely fruit (being born before my time) and the meanest of His servants a constant perseverance in His Holy Faith and the love of His Divine Majesty. Amen.

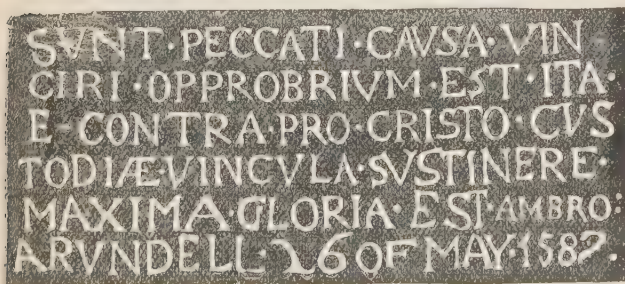
"By me a most humble and obedient child of the Catholick Roman Church. "PHILIPP Howard."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL.

Immediately before her execution, Mary entrusted to her faithful servant, Sir Andrew Melville, her own rosary to be sent as a last token of affection to Philip and his wife. It may be doubted whether this interesting and valuable relic ever reached Philip himself,—who was in prison at the time,—but certain it is that the rosary itself, which is of gold, jewelled and enamelled, has remained in his branch of the family to the present time.

MEMORIALS OF PHILIP IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER. (See p. 13)

Several references have been made to an inscription cut by Philip on the walls of his prison. This inscription is over the fire-place in an angle of the largest



apartment in the Tower. Immediately beneath it (as may be seen by referring to the reduced facsimile that

accompanies this sketch) the following texts have been added, after Philip's death, by a certain A. Tucker—or some such name, for most of this has been obliterated—a Catholic certainly, and, probably, imprisoned for his religion too;—"Gloria et honore eum coronasti domine," and "In memoria aeterna erit justus";* and in order to make it quite certain to whom the "eum" referred, the letters composing it have been ingeniously placed in the flourishes beneath Philip's signature, "Arundell." Up the stairs, on the right of the first loop-hole, is another inscription from Philip's hands, which runs thus:—"Sicut peccati causa vinciri opprobrium est ita e contra pro Cristo custodiæ vincula sustinere maxima gloria est. ambro. Arundell, 16 of May, 1587."†



The only other memorial of Philip left to be noticed, is a small crucifix, cut in the splay of a window in a passage to the left of the large room. This pious object (a facsimile of which two-thirds of the full size, will be here noticed) has not hitherto been assigned to any particular prisoner; but, in Philip's life we are told that he engraved "y^e sign of the Holy Cross" on the walls of his prison; and, as there is no other cross or crucifix in this building, we

may safely conclude that the little work owes its existence to him, who was so faithful a servant of Him whom it represents.

Sola Virtus Invicta.

* "Thou, O Lord, hast crowned him with glory and honour. The just shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

† "To be bound on account of sin is a disgrace; but to sustain the bonds of prison for Christ's sake is the greatest glory."

Blessed Thomas More.

(1480-1535.)

BY THE HON. JUSTICE O'HAGAN.

Birth and Early Years: 1480-1509.

It is now more than four hundred years since the birth of Sir Thomas More. He was born in the very centre of London, in the year 1480, while the Plantagenet House of York still held the throne. What his family had been cannot now be well known, the family records having, as his great-grandson says, been seized upon at the time of his attainder by Henry VIII. and never recovered. But he says they were of honourable lineage, and were connected with the Mores of Ireland, though whether the English or the Irish were the parent stock he had no materials for ascertaining. Thomas's father, Sir John More, was one of the Judges of the King's Bench, and he seems to have possessed many of the qualities by which his son was afterwards distinguished, especially those of piety and gaiety. He lived to a great old age—lived to see his son Lord High Chancellor; and I may here anticipate what occurred fifty years later, and mention a trait of manners which marks the difference between those times and our own. When Thomas More was Lord Chancellor and went each morning to take his seat in Westminster Hall, it was his

invariable custom to enter the court of King's Bench where his father sat, to kneel down and ask his blessing. What in our time would excite unmeasured ridicule was then a simple act of filial and religious piety.

That the son of such a father was carefully and well educated was a thing of course. He was sent to one of the best schools then existing in London, St. Anthony's School, in Threadneedle Street. At the age of fourteen he was transferred to another theatre of education according to a custom which prevailed in the middle ages, but which has now been for centuries abandoned. He was sent to be a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury. To be a page to some great man, so far from indicating anything of a menial position, was looked to as a most important part of the training of a young gentleman. The idea was—and, like all ideas, it was more or less perfectly realized or not realized at all, according to the character both of the individual who was the subject of it, and of the household which received him—but the idea was that youths should in the plastic and flexible period of life be fashioned into obedience, courtesy, and knowledge of mankind, should have illustrious examples to look up to, should receive what is now so little thought of—an education of the habits—and at the very lowest be moulded into what was most dignified and gracious in external manner.

Cardinal Morton, into whose establishment at Lambeth More was thus received as a boy, was himself no ordinary man. He was the same Morton, formerly Bishop of Ely, who in the reign of Richard III. had succeeded in making his escape beyond seas and joining Richmond, who was then meditating an invasion of the realm. His single defection brought more home to King Richard the danger in which he stood than the armed insurrection of the Duke of Buckingham:—

Morton with Richmond troubles me far more
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

After the overthrow and death of Richard III., Morton's

fortunes rose to a high pitch under his successor, King Henry VII., whose friend and counsellor he had been. He became successively Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, and Cardinal. When More was put under his charge, he was far advanced in years—of the age of eighty-four—but with all his faculties vigorous and alert.

Cardinal Morton, as Roper tells us, was not slow in discerning the very remarkable talents of the young page who had been confided to him. “For the Cardinal would often make trial of his present wit, especially at Christmas merriments, when, having plays for his recreation, this youth would suddenly step up among the players, and, never studying before upon the matter, make often a part of his own invention which was so witty and full of jests that he alone made more sport than all the players besides; for which his towardliness the Cardinal much delighted in him, and would often say of him unto divers of the nobility who at sundry times dined with him: ‘This child here waiting at the table, whoever shall live to see it will prove a marvellous rare man.’”

After having been two years under Cardinal Morton, More was by his advice sent to Oxford. At Oxford he remained for two years—no longer. He left it at the age of eighteen, with a thorough knowledge of the classics and a mastery over the Latin language which made his name earlier and more widely known on the Continent than it was in England. One circumstance will manifest what his endowments were. In 1497 Erasmus came to Oxford, being then a man of established fame in the world of letters. He was thirteen years senior to More, being then thirty, while More was but a lad of seventeen. Yet so strong were the admiration and attraction with which Erasmus was drawn towards him that a friendship began which was constantly fostered by the most friendly correspondence, and which only ceased with More’s death. I shall have occasion later on to refer to the colours with which Erasmus depicts his friend in a letter to the well-known Ulrich Hutten

Leaving Oxford at eighteen, he entered the Inns of Court of London, and gave himself to the study of law with like ardour and like success. He himself was strongly disposed to embrace a religious life, and for a time he practised extraordinary austerities in order to test his capacity to endure the strict discipline of the Franciscans; but he became at last persuaded that such was not his vocation. He was so advised by his director, the famous Dean Colet, who told him that to be a layman and a married man was best for him. The strong desire of his father that he should be a lawyer may have added its weight. However that be, I gather from some words which he spoke in the Tower to his daughter Margaret, shortly before his execution, that a hankering after the cell of the monk never quite left him.

After his call to the bar his rise was wonderfully rapid. His son-in-law says he made by his profession £400 a year, which Lord Campbell, having regard to the difference in the value of money and to the amount of customary professional fees, thinks might represent a position equivalent to what would be indicated by an income of £10,000 a year made at the English bar at this day. Lord Campbell may be right upon the simple basis of comparing a first-class bar income of that day with one in his own time; but, taking the mere value of the money, it would be absurd to say that £400 a year then represents £10,000 a year made now, or anything like it. I would estimate the difference in money value, having regard to the cost of the necessities and conveniences of life, as about one to eight—that is, £400 a year then would represent about £3,200 now.

At the age of twenty-four he became a member of the House of Commons and distinguished himself by his opposition to the exactions of King Henry VII., who, though he has left a fair name behind him in comparison with his son's, was in his own day regarded, and rightly regarded, as an avaricious tyrant. More's opposition to his exactions inevitably aroused the wrath of the King, who, having no means to wreak it upon Thomas himself, took a mean revenge, of a kind.

common to princes, and made his father feel his resentment. Upon slight pretence he mulcted the old man in a fine of £100, equal say to £800 or £1,000 of the present day.

But in the year 1509, when More was twenty-nine years of age, King Henry VII. died, and Henry VIII., then a youth of eighteen, succeeded. At his accession there was a universal outburst of joy. Nothing was known of the new King that was not favourable; and at such an age everything is hoped and everything is pardoned. The avarice of Henry VII., and the unscrupulous means taken to satisfy it, had so repelled and disgusted the people of England that the accession of his successor in the flush of youth and hope was as the advent of an angel. So did Thomas More regard it, and his feeling broke out into Latin verses on the accession of the new King. They are almost the counterpart of Virgil's *Eclogue*, singing the return of the golden age and the glorious days that are to be. This poem, which celebrates the gentleness, and clemency, the cultivation, the humanity of King Henry VIII., reads strangely now in the light of his after history.

Married life: Royal Favours: 1503-1529.

I have not yet spoken of More's marriage and domestic life. He was twice married—first at the age of three or four-and-twenty to the daughter of an Essex gentleman, Colt of New Hall.* This first union brought him happiness unalloyed. The young lady was, according to all the accounts of her which have come down to us, of disposition and tastes kindred with his own; but bred as she had been in the country, her education was somewhat behind what he desired. This gave him the happy occasion of superintending and completing her education. Erasmus says: "He married a maiden of good family, very young, and as yet untaught, having

* The same New Hall which, having fallen to such a curious succession of owners as would almost make its history an epitome of the history of England, is now a convent of nuns.

spent her life hitherto in the country with her parents and sisters. Wherefore he had the greater opportunity to fashion her to his own mind. He instructed her in literature, and had her taught every species of music."

More's happiness was not of long duration. His wife bore him three daughters and a son, and died about six years after their marriage. When two or three years had passed, he married again. The same felicity was not found in his second union. He married a widow, seven years his senior. The avowed motive of his marriage was that he might have some one to govern his house and bring up his children. In these respects he had no reason to complain of the result. She was an attentive and thrifty housewife, neither was there any lack of kindness to the children—she bore him none of her own: but she was hard, narrow, worldly, and never had the least comprehension of More's character, which was quite above and beyond her. Owing to this total want of sympathy, she, though an excellent woman in her way, became an adversary instead of a consolation to him in his last great trial.

In the meantime, he was growing into high favour with Henry VIII. and the King's great minister, Cardinal Wolsey. Both appreciated his talents and qualities. They desired to draw him from his legal and literary pursuits, and to win him over to the life of a courtier and politician. He wisely preferred the independence which his profession gave him. Still he was from time to time employed in missions to the continent to negotiate treaties of trade and commerce. In all these he acquitted himself well, yet the employment was repugnant to him. He made friends abroad, amongst them Peter Giles of Antwerp, to whom he inscribed his *Utopia*. He loved the works of art and the evidences of higher civilization to be found in the foreign cities, yet he always yearned to be in his home again or busied with his daily occupations at Westminster Hall.

Yet in the midst of all this activity, with a professional business full enough to engross him, and with those

occasional inroads on his time made by Wolsey or the King, he was able to find leisure for literary composition. His *Life of King Richard III.* was written about the year 1513, when he was three-and-thirty years of age. It is evidently most authentic as a narrative, for More had mixed on the most familiar terms with the survivors of those who had been the chief actors in the events of that reign, Cardinal Morton among the number.

His next literary production was written in Latin, and is the most widely popular and enduring of all his works—his famous *Utopia*. In my judgement, the most interesting part of More's *Utopia* is the introduction, in which he puts his finger on the real and flagrant defects of the law of England, some of which were not removed till near three hundred years afterwards, and some remain unabolished till this hour. He dwells with great force upon the iniquity of the law as to the punishment of theft. Theft was a felony punishable with death and confiscation of all the goods of the offender. It has been computed that in the single reign of Henry VIII., some 12,000 human beings were put to death for this crime. Even supposing this to be an exaggeration, there is no doubt that the law, and the execution of the law, were sanguinary in the extreme. Sir Thomas More anticipated Beccaria and modern jurists by showing that such unmeasured penalties absolutely tended, instead of stifling crime, to increase it by rendering men desperate; and he proposed, first, a statesmanlike examination and removal, as far as possible, of the causes; then the substitution of a milder punishment for the extreme penalty; and, lastly, instead of the forfeiture of the offender's property to the King, he proposed a measure of simple justice, which, I regret to say, has not even yet been made law—namely, that a restitution should so far as possible be made to those who had been defrauded by the theft.

Another part of the introduction which is by no means devoid of interest to us, is where he dwells upon a social change then taking its course in England—namely, the decrease of tillage and the great increase of pasture, by

which (as he pithily put it) sheep, the mildest of animals, might be said to devour men, and unpeople not only villages, but towns. This was one of the causes to which he ascribes the great increase of crime of theft and robbery, multitudes being thrown out of employment and means of living, and having no other resource but to beg or steal.

I have been somewhat led away by these observations on More's writings, his history, and his *Utopia*, from his personal story. I now return to it. His favour, both with the great Minister, Cardinal Wolsey, and with the King himself, was daily mounting. He was made successively, and without his own seeking, a knight, a Privy Councillor, Treasurer of the Exchequer, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. King Henry took great delight in his companionship and conversation. I will quote some passages from his biographer, which show upon what terms they stood: "King Henry finding still more and more sufficiencie in Sir Thomas, used him with particular affection for the space of twentie years together; during a good part whereof the King's custom was upon holiedaies, when he had done his devotions, to sende for Sir Thomas into his traverse, and there, sometimes in matters of astronomie, geometrie, and divinitie, and such other sciences to sitt and conferre with him; otherwhiles also in the cleere nights he would have him walk with him on the leads, there to discourse of the diversitie of the courses, motions, and operations of the starres, as well fixed as the planetts; and because he was of a verie pleasant disposition, it pleased his majestie and the queene at supper-time, commonly to call him to heare his pleasant jests. But when Sir Thomas perceaved his wittie conceipt, so much to delight him, that he could scarce once in a month get leave to goe home to his wife and children, whom he had now placed at Chelsey, three miles from London, by the water side; and that he could not be two daies absent from the Court, but he must be sent for again; he, much misliking this restraunte of his libertie, began there-upon to dissemble his mirth, and so by little and

little to disuse himselfe, that he from henceforth at such seasons was no more so ordinarillie sent for."

I think I may say that this is an almost solitary instance of a man conscious of the high favour in which he stood with the King, and of the natural gifts and graces which won him that favour, yet prizing other and better things so much beyond the courted smiles of royalty, that he absolutely dissembled and concealed the natural charm of his conversation, so that the King might let him go back to his family and his books. But even to his own house, the King would follow him: "The King used also, of a particular love, to come on a suddain to Chelsey, where Sir Thomas now lived, and leaning upon his shoulder, to talke with him of secrett counsell in his gardin, yea and to dine with him upon no inviting."

And again, as his biographer relates: "King Henry tooke such extraordinarie love in Sir Thomas, his companion, that he would sometimes on a suddin, as before I touched, come over to his house, at Chelsey, and be merrie with him; whither on a time anlooked for, he came and dined at his house, and after dinner walked with him the space of an hower, holding his arms about his necke most lovingly in the gardin. When his majestie was gone, my uncle Rooper, rejoiced thereat, and tolde his father how happie he was, for that the King had showed him such extraordinarie signes of love as he had never seen him doe to anie other, except the cardinal, whome he saw with the King once walke arme-in-arme. Whereto, Sir Thomas answering, said; I thank our Lord God, I finde his grace my verie good lord indeed; and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as anie other subject, within this realme; howbeit, sonne Rooper, I may tell you I have no cause to be proude thereof; for if my head would winne him a castle in France (for there was warres between France and us), it should not fail to go off."

It is to be remembered that when More thus spoke of King Henry VIII. with such marvellous insight into his real character, that monarch was, to all outward

appearance, one of the best that ever sat on the throne of England. I will not myself say anything as to this extraordinary discernment on the part of More, but I will quote here the words of Lord Campbell: "This authentic anecdote shows in a very striking manner, how More had early penetrated the intense selfishness, levity, heartlessness, and insensibility to remorse, which constituted the character of the King, while these bad qualities were yet disguised by a covering of affability, hilarity, and apparent good humour, and before they had shed the blood of a wife or a friend. The world could little anticipate that Henry would actually one day cut off More's head, even without any such substantial advantage as the winning of a castle. For the present his Majesty delighted to honour him."

This must have been about the happiest period of his life. Middle age had come upon him with its usual stealthy footsteps, but it had brought with it all its brightest natural accompaniments, "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," and, high above these, the certainty of an unclouded religious faith, and the serenity of a conscience perfectly at ease. His daughters had grown up and were married, but they were not separated from him. Daughters, sons-in-law, and all, lived with him in his house at Chelsea. It was of this period of his life that Erasmus wrote to Ulric Hutten: "More hath built neare London, upon the Thames side (to witt at Chelsey, that which my lord of Lincolne bought of Sir Robert Cecile) a commodious house, neither meane nor subject to envie, yet magnificent enough; there he converseth affably with his family, his wife, his son and daughter-in-lawe, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grand-children; there is not any man living so loving to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a young mayde, and such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happenethe that could not be helped, he loveth it as if nothing could happen more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's academie, but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academie, where-

in there was only disputations of numbers, and geometrical figures, and sometimes of morals and virtues. I should rather call his house a school, or universitie of Christian religion, for there is none therein but readith or studieth liberal sciences ; their special care is pietie and vertue, there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard, none seen idle, which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not governe by proude and loftie words but with all kind and courteous benevolence : everybody performeth his dutie ; yet is there always alacritie, neither is sober mirth anie thing wanting."

Yet even then he had deep instinctive misgivings as to the future of England. His son-in-law Roper, afterwards his biographer, himself a truly religious man, began one day to speak exultingly to him of the happy state of the realm that had so Catholic and zealous a prince, so learned and virtuous a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, such loving and obedient subjects, all agreeing together as if they had but one heart and one soul. Sir Thomas answered ; "And yet I pray God that some of us may not live to see the day in which all this will be changed, and in which we will be glad to be permitted to possess our own churches and our own religion in peace."

But, in truth, the time of that change was hard at hand. I do not desire to dwell upon the history of King Henry VIII. further than is absolutely necessary for my subject. The King having lived for nearly twenty years with his excellent and virtuous wife, Catherine of Aragon, was suddenly seized with a passion for Anne Boleyn, and professed to be struck with a tardy scruple as to his marriage with his deceased brother's wife—though there is no doubt she had been his brother's wife only in name, and that Henry's marriage had been ratified by a full dispensation from the Pope. Cardinal Wolsey, fatally for himself, and in utter blindness as to the King's real intentions and desires, had fostered these scruples, in the hope of marrying the King to a sister of the king of France, and thus dissolving the alliance between England and the Emperor Charles V., who had stood in the

way of his own personal ambition to obtain the pope-don. Henry, after vain efforts to obtain from Rome the sanction for his divorce, procured it at last to be pronounced by his own servile instrument, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his court at Lambeth. When all the modern sophistry that has been written upon this subject has been fully weighed and considered, we must own that what has been always the popular verdict is the true one, and that the actual facts of the case are admirably condensed by Shakespeare, when, after the Lord Chamberlain says to the Duke of Suffolk: "The King's marriage with his brother's wife has crept too near his conscience," he makes the Duke of Suffolk answer; "No, his conscience has crept too near another lady." Anne Boleyn wrought the fall of Wolsey, the great Cardinal, a truly splendid statesman and administrator: who, if his virtues had been commensurate with his mental faculties and powers, would have left the foremost name among English ministers. It is to be said of him that whatever may have been his faults of pride and worldliness, yet so long as he was at the right hand of Henry and governed his councils, Henry's character at home and abroad stood as high as that of any sovereign in Europe. Anne Boleyn was Wolsey's enemy, and he fell. He was deprived of the Great Seals, and was banished (for it was to him a banishment) to his diocese of York. He would infallibly have soon afterwards lost his head, if death from a broken heart had not anticipated his doom.

Lord Chancellor: 1529-1532.

On Wolsey's fall, Henry cast about for a successor to him, and, with the approbation of all the kingdom, his choice fell upon Sir Thomas More. This was in the year 1529, when More was forty-nine years of age. He held the Seals for about two years and a half. He was the first layman who, for a considerable period, had been raised to that dignity. Lay Chancellors had from time to time been appointed in the reigns of the Edwards, but afterwards, as previously, the office

had been committed to ecclesiastics. There can, I think, be little doubt—strange as it may seem to our modern notions—that our system of equitable jurisprudence is, in the main, owing to the succession of great churchmen in that place, versed in the Roman and civil law, and the canon law, by which, as Burke truly says, the jejuneness and barrenness of our municipal law was enriched and strengthened. But to More all the great repertoires of jurisprudence were familiar. It is conceded that he made one of the best Chancellors who ever sat. He even attempted, three centuries before the time, to effect that fusion of law and equity so loudly demanded and partly accomplished at the present day. He called the Judges together, expounded to them how the writs of injunction from Chancery restraining proceedings at common law had their origin in the utter injustice which the rigour of the common law in many cases occasioned, and said that if the common law were only modified, so as to give judgement according to the real right and equity of the case, there would be little further occasion for any Chancellor to interfere with them. To this they declined to listen, their motive being, as More thought, that they did not wish to assume a responsibility in the judgement of causes which the common law enabled them to cast upon a jury. For myself, speaking as a lawyer, I must say I think it fortunate that Sir Thomas More did not then succeed in his attempted fusion of law and equity; for the great Chancellors who have succeeded in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries have given a fulness and completeness to equitable principles, which judges bred to the strictness and rigour of the common law would hardly have done. Sir Thomas More devoted himself to his duties as Chancellor with the utmost zeal. Cardinal Wolsey, notwithstanding his rare talents for business, yet occupied as he was with the concerns not only of the kingdom but of all Europe, had left a large arrear of causes unheard. All these were cleared off. So that Sir Thomas More, one day sitting in his court and calling for the next cause, was told that there was none.

This gave rise at the time to the following punning epigram :

When More some years had Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain :
The like shall never more be seen,
Till More be there again.

In the midst of all this, his pleasant and mirthful disposition never deserted him. An amusing little anecdote has come down to us of a lap-dog, or, possibly, as it might be now termed, a toy terrier, having been stolen from a poor woman, to whom it belonged, and sold to the Lord Chancellor's lady. The woman having discovered that her dog was at Chelsea, laid claim to it. This claim Lady More indignantly denied. Sir Thomas, having come in in the midst of the dispute, said : " Well, I am Lord Chancellor, and I will decide this cause." Accordingly he placed his wife at one end of the hall and the poor woman at the other, and sat himself in the middle, having the dog in his lap. He bade them both call him, whereupon the dog jumped down and ran to his former owner, to whom Sir Thomas More at once adjudged it. Solomon or Sancho Panza could not have decided better. Accusations of corruption in his high office were made against him, such as were, unhappily, too well founded in the case of some who went before and some who came after him, amongst others his great successor, Lord Bacon. But from the high-tempered armour of proof in which More was clad, they fell utterly harmless. A lady who had a suit before him sent to him a glove filled with gold pieces. He said it would not be polite to refuse a lady's present, so he kept the glove, pouring all the gold into the hand of the messenger who brought it. Almost the same thing occurred with a gold cup sent to him by another suitor. He poured a little wine into the cup, drank it, and then restored the cup to the bringer.

But I must hasten onwards to the end. Things went their destined way. King Henry was determined to have his will in the matter of the divorce. So long as

the question was undetermined by the Court of Rome, More assisted Henry in trying to procure a final judgment; but when it became plain that the decision of the Holy See would be adverse to the wishes of the King, then came the parting of the ways, in which More had to choose between his conscience as a Catholic and the honours and rewards of this world. He supplicated Henry to relieve him from his office of Chancellor. The King, with reluctance, accepted his resignation, still promising to him "that, for the good services he had done him, he should not fail to find him a good and gracious lord." How that promise was kept we shall see. This resignation took place in the year 1532, when More was fifty-two years of age.

We cannot help contrasting his feelings upon this abandonment of worldly honours with those of his great predecessor, Cardinal Wolsey. Comparing the two men, it can hardly, I suppose, be doubted that Wolsey, to use a cant phrase of the present day, was a man of the greater brain-power. He was a great founder, a great administrator; a man of action and achievement; ambitious, sumptuous, and proud in his prosperity. But when he lost the favour of the King, and the world turned against him, all failed him. "He wept like a woman, and wailed like a child." Where the treasure is, there the heart is also. More's heart had never been set upon the world, and so he retired from the Chancellorship with unaffected delight to his literary pursuits at Chelsea, giving himself up with the greatest content to writings in defence of the Catholic Faith against the errors to which Luther's revolt had given birth. He found little sympathy from his wife. "Tilly vally, Mr. More," she said—we may remember how Shakespeare puts this exclamation, equivalent to our "pooh pooh" or "tut-tut," into the mouth of Mrs. Quickly,—“tilly vally, will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? My mother always told me it was better to rule than to be ruled.” More received these observations with much the same composure as Socrates did those of his wife Xantippe. After all his gains at the bar, after all his employments in the

State, he was poor—such had been his unselfishness and his generosity. He had realized about £100 a year, worth say, £700 or £800 a year at the present day. “Well,” he said to his household—his daughters and his sons-in-law—“before I was Chancellor I had experience of poorer fare, the commons of Oxford and the commons of the Inns of Court. We will fall back first on the one, and then, if necessary, on the other; and if we fail in providing even such meagre fare, we can but beg at last, and we will sing boldly the *Salve Regina* from door to door, in spite of all that Tyndall and others have said against hymns to our Lady.”

But he was not to live unmolested in his retirement. First, Henry VIII. summoned him to be present at his public marriage with Anne Boleyn. With this invitation he refused to comply, and so earned the implacable hatred of both. Henry had now determined to sever himself wholly from the jurisdiction of the Pope, and to declare himself sole head of the Church of England. This was, of course, complete and absolute schism, a total separation from the body of the Catholic Church.

Imprisonment : Trial : Execution :

1534-1535.

There does not appear to have been a single voice of dissent, or even hesitation, in either House of Parliament when the law was passed which not only ratified the schism, but made it high treason to declare a contrary opinion. To attribute all this to dastardly fear is impossible. There were no braver people than the English for anything in which they had their hearts. We are forced to the conclusion that their hearts were then not in spiritual but in material things, and that although the Church of England flourished in outward splendour, there was some canker at the root. More, in his Chelsea retirement, was not blind to the coming storm. Having asked his daughter, Margaret Roper, one day how the world went and how Queen Anne did “in faith, father,”

said she, "never better. There is nothing else in the court but dancing and sporting." "Never better?" said he. "Alas! Meg, it pitieth me to remember unto what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs, but it will not be long till her head will dance the like dance." The crisis soon came: the oath of supremacy was tendered to the clergy, who freely took it, but as yet it had not been tendered to any layman. It was resolved to begin with Sir Thomas More, in the expectation that if he did not resist no other would.

It was on the morning of the 13th of April that he received the summons to appear at Lambeth. Before he went thither, he went, according to his custom, to Chelsea church, and there was confessed, and received at Mass devoutly the Blessed Sacrament. He left his home with great heaviness of heart. He took his son-in-law, Roper, in the boat with him, for they went by water. He sat silent for a long time, but at last he spoke, and his words were these: "My son, I thank our Lord that the field is won." What occurred when he was brought in before the Commissioners he narrates in a letter to his daughter. It is to the following effect: After he was called before them he requested of them to see the oath, which when he had read unto himself he answered that he neither would find fault with the oath, nor with the authors of it, nor would blame the conscience of any man who had taken it, but for himself—he could not take it without endangering his soul of eternal damnation, which, if they doubted of, he would swear unto them that that was the chief cause of his refusal, in which second oath if they did not trust him, how then could they trust him in the former? Lord Chancellor Audley told him they were heartily sorry to hear him make such an answer, and that he was the first man who had refused the oath. Thereupon he was commanded to walk about the garden and bethink himself; and, in the meantime, those of the clergy who had been summoned for the same morning were called in—some bishops, many

doctors, and priests—and all took it, except Bishop Fisher and one Dr. Wilson, without any scruple, stop or stay; and the Vicar of Croydon, says Sir Thomas, called for a cup of beer at the buttery bar, and drank very familiarly. Sir Thomas was then called in again, and the oath tendered to him anew, enforced by the examples of those who had taken it. Upon his persisting in his refusal he was severely rated for his obstinacy, and given in charge to the Abbot of Westminster in a kind of honourable imprisonment. This lasted only four days, at the end of which the oath was offered to him for the third time; and on his third refusal he was committed to the Tower. He still kept up his spirits and his sportive disposition. The lieutenant of the Tower had been an old friend of his, and under many obligations to him, and he came to Sir Thomas excusing himself for the hard fare which he was forced to give him, saying he would treat him much better but for fear of the King's displeasure. "Indeed, Master Lieutenant," said Thomas More, "I heartily believe and thank you. I do not think I am likely to find fault with your treatment of me, but, if ever I do, I give you free leave to thrust me out of doors."

After he had been in prison about a month, his daughter Margaret succeeded in getting access to him. He said to her: "I believe, Meg, that they who have put me here think they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure thee, on my faith, mine own good daughter, that if it had not been for my wife and you my children, whom I account the chief part of my charge, I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as strait a room as this, and straiter too. I find no cause to reckon myself here in worse case than in my own house, for methinks God, by his imprisonment, maketh me one of His favourite children, and setteth me upon His lap, and dandleth me even as He has done all His best friends."

From his wife, he received but cold comfort. She was really a devoted wife, and spared no pain or sacrifice to obtain for him whatever he was permitted to receive; but his state of mind was a bewildering riddle to her.

She rated him soundly for lying there through mere obstinacy, as she thought, in a filthy prison, when he had only to speak one word and be restored to his fair house in Chelsea, his books, his family, and his friends. "Don't you think, Mistress Alice," said he, "that this place is as near to Heaven as Chelsea?" And when she answered with her usual petulant exclamation of "Tilly vally!" he said, more seriously: "Suppose I were to go back to my house in Chelsea, how long do you think we would live to enjoy it?" "Possibly twenty years," said she. "Twenty years!" said he; "why, if you had said a thousand years it would have been something, and yet he would be a very bad merchant that would put himself into danger to lose eternity for a thousand years; how much the rather, as we are not sure of it for one day." If his constancy was, on the one hand, thus assailed in vain, it was on the other hand greatly fortified and strengthened by the example of the Carthusian monks, whom Henry caused to be butchered with all the horrible details of the punishment of high treason.

The reason why More was so long detained in the Tower was this. To refuse to take the oath of supremacy was only misprision of treason, punishable by imprisonment and forfeiture of goods. To amount to high treason there should be a denial of the King's royal style and title of Head of the Church. Every possible effort had been made to induce More to commit himself in this respect, but he had been upon his guard. He had employed his time in prison in writing religious works. To deprive him even of this consolation Henry sent an order to take away his little supply of books, and even his writing materials. The execution of this commission devolved upon a lawyer named Rich, then Solicitor-general and afterwards Lord Chancellor. He was instructed to use the opportunity to elicit from More, if he could, either an admission or a plain denial of the supremacy. "Come, now, Mr. More," said he, "suppose there were an Act of Parliament to make me king, would you not take me for king?" "Yes, I would," said More. "Well, come now," said Rich,

thinking he saw his advantage ; “ suppose there were an Act of Parliament that all the realm should take me for Pope, would you not take me for Pope ? ” “ Well ; ” said More, “ Parliament can very well settle the temporal power of princes, but in answer to your last question, let me put one to you. Supposing Parliament were to enact that God should not be God, what would you do in such a case ? ” “ Oh,” said Rich, “ no Parliament could make such a law.” More remained silent, discerning his drift well enough, and the books being packed the conversation ended. Nevertheless, even upon this slender evidence, Henry was resolved to bring him to his trial. A special commission under the great seal was issued for that purpose, consisting of Audley, the Lord Chancellor, and of several of the nobility and the judges. He was arraigned on May, 1535 ; but in the hope of obtaining some better evidence the trial was put off till the 1st of July.

“ On the morning of the trial,” says Lord Campbell, upon whose language it would be impossible to improve, “ More was led on foot, in a coarse woollen gown through the most frequented streets from the Tower to Westminster Hall. The colour of his hair, which had become grey since he last appeared in public ; his face, which, though still cheerful, was pale and emaciated ; his bent posture, and his feeble steps, which he was obliged to support with his staff, showed the rigour of his confinement and excited the sympathy of the people, instead of impressing them, as was intended, with dread of the royal authority. When, sordidly dressed, he held up his hand as a criminal in that place where, arrayed in his magisterial robes and surrounded by crowds who watched his smile, he had been accustomed on his knees to ask his father’s blessing before mounting his own tribunal as sole judge on the most important rights of the highest subjects in the realm, a general feeling of horror and commiseration ran through the spectators ; and after the lapse of three centuries, during which statesmen, prelates, and kings have been unjustly brought to trial under the same roof, con-

sidering the splendour of his talents, the greatness of his acquirements, and the innocence of his life, we must still regard his murder as the blackest crime ever perpetrated in England under the form of law."

After all, strange to say, he was on the point of being acquitted. He showed so unanswerably that there was not a particle of evidence to bring him within the terms of the statute, that it would have been impossible to find a verdict against him, but for the part which Solicitor-general Rich earned his promotion by playing. An acquittal, indeed, would have been only a temporary respite. It would have simply given Henry the very slight trouble of getting an act of attainder passed by his servile Parliament; but from this necessity his Solicitor-general rescued him. Leaving his place at the bar where he was prosecuting, he stepped into the witness-box, and detailed the conversation he had had with More in the Tower, with an addition which was a pure fabrication, namely, that when he had said that no Parliament could enact that God should not be God, Sir Thomas replied, "No more, then, can Parliament make the King the head of the Church." When this shocking piece of perjury was delivered, Sir Thomas More answered with all the dignity that became him, but at the same time with a righteous scorn for the wretch who was thus forsworn: "If I were a man, my lords, who did not regard an oath, I needed not at this time in this place, as is well known to every one, to stand as an accused person; and if this oath, Mr. Rich, which you have taken be true, I pray I may never see God in the face, which I would not say, were it otherwise, to gain the whole world." He then related what really occurred between them, adding quietly: "In truth, Mr. Rich, I am more sorry for your perjury than for my peril." The senseless rule of the English law, debarring the accused person from giving any evidence on his own behalf, enabled the Lord Chancellor in charging the jury to tell them that they were to attach no weight to the denial of the prisoner as against the oath of the Solicitor-general; and so, after an absence of fifteen minutes, the jury, who no doubt had been

carefully selected beforehand, returned a verdict of guilty.

Such was the flutter of the court at securing the verdict, of which for some time they had been in doubt, that the Lord Chancellor was about pronouncing sentence without even going through the essential legal form of giving the prisoner the opportunity of speaking in arrest of judgement. "My lord," said Sir Thomas, very calmly, "when I was towards the law, the manner in such cases was to ask the prisoner, before sentence, whether he could give a reason why judgement should not proceed against him." The Lord Chancellor stopped, and had the question put to him, but I need hardly add that all the prisoner said against the statute and the form of the indictment was said in vain, and the following sentence was pronounced: "That Thomas More, knight, be brought back to the Tower of London by William Kingston, Sheriff, and from thence drawn on a hurdle through the city of London to Tyburn, there to be hanged till he be half dead, after that cut down yet half alive, be ripped open, his entrails burned, and his four quarters set up over four gates of the city, and his head upon London Bridge." This frightful sentence had been executed in all its details on the poor Carthusian monks; but in the case of Sir Thomas More, Privy Councillor and Lord Chancellor, custom and mere decency compelled the King to commute it into simple beheading. To Sir Thomas, I suppose, it made little difference. When this change of his punishment was announced to him with a pompous declaration of the King's great mercy in remitting all the rest of the sentence, he answered with his usual grave irony: "God forbid that the King should show such mercy to any of my friends, and God preserve my posterity from such pardons."

To return, however, to what occurred immediately after his sentence. He then, as if a load had been lifted from his mind, declared that he now at last felt himself free to speak out what he thought of this law. He said he had studied for several years together through all the

Fathers and doctors of the Church, and that he never could find a trace of authority for the doctrine that a layman could be head of the Church. The Judges then assailed him with the same cry which had been round him from the beginning, asking him why he should be so obstinate as to set himself against the bishops of the realm. "Bishop for bishop," said Sir Thomas; "where you can produce one, I can produce a hundred; and as against this single realm, the consent of all Christendom for more than a thousand years." He wound up his speech very beautifully. "More have I not to say, my lords, but that like the blessed Apostle St. Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, who was present and consenting to the death of the proto-martyr, St. Stephen, holding their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet they be now both twain holy saints in Heaven and there shall continue friends for ever; so I verily trust and shall heartily pray that, though your lordships have been on earth my judges to our condemnation, yet we may hereafter meet in Heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation."

He was led from Westminster Hall to the Tower, with the edge of the axe turned towards him, as was usual in the case of persons attainted of treason. When he reached the Tower wharf, a very touching scene awaited him. His daughter, Margaret Roper, his best beloved child, was there to receive his last blessing. Without consideration or care of herself, passing through the midst of the throng and guard of men, who with bills and halberts compassed him round, she there openly in the sight of them all, clasped him round the neck and kissed him, unable to utter any word but "O my father! O my father!" He blessed her, and exhorted her to patience and submission to the will of God. Even now when he had tranquilly made up his mind to die, the King would not let him be in peace. He would have bought his apostacy at any price. A courtier came to him with the old importunity that he would change his mind; to which Sir Thomas answered at last, "Well I have changed my mind." The courtier, running off to

the King, was at once commanded to go back and learn in what his mind was changed. "Well, said Sir Thomas, "I will tell you the truth. I had intended to shave before I died, but I have changed my mind, and I now intend that my beard (which during his imprisonment he had allowed to grow) shall go with my head." The night before his execution, he wrote with a coal (the only material within his reach) a very beautiful letter to his daughter Margaret, sending her at the same time privately his shirt of hair and scourge, not wishing that the world should publicly know that he used these austerities.

On the morning of the 5th of July, Sir Thomas Pope came to him and told him that it was the King's pleasure he should die that day. Pope, who brought the message, had been a friend of More's, and he burst into tears as he spoke. More, as it were reversing their offices, comforted him, talking cheerily in his usual pleasant vein.

On his way to the scaffold a charitable woman offered him a cup of wine, which he declined, saying that Christ drank only vinegar and gall. Another woman took this very fitting occasion to importune him about some papers, which she said were left with him when he was Chancellor. "Have patience with me, good woman," said he, "and in another hour the King will relieve me from all trouble about your papers and all things else."

His bright wit, the testimony of a still brighter conscience, attended him to the last. His confinement had weakened him so much that he required help in ascending the scaffold. "Assist me up," said he to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "and in coming down I will shift for myself." And what he said to the executioner when his head was actually on the block, is the best known of all his utterances. "Wait," said he, "till I put aside my beard, for *that* never committed treason."

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THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

THE opening of the First National Council of Scotland under the restored Hierarchy, suggests to our minds the disappearance of the ancient Hierarchy three hundred years ago. We are here to deliberate and to take counsel together for the rebuilding the walls of our Sion. For three centuries our *Sion is made a desert, Jerusalem is desolate*. Our former cathedrals were burnt or pulled down; our monastic buildings and churches are ruins: *The house of our holiness, and of our glory, where our fathers praised Thee, is burnt with fire, and all our lovely things are turned into ruins.**

If we linger for a minute to allude to the causes that led to the change of religion in this country, and to consider how and why the faith of the old Church of Scotland fell away, it is for the purpose of showing from history that the common traditions are popular fallacies. One fallacy is that in the middle of the sixteenth century the darkness of error was replaced by the light of Bible truth; the other, that the Reformers had an influence and weight with the masses of the people that they never did possess.

When analysed—as people love to analyse everything—we find that the Scottish Reformation resolves itself into four elements—*i.e.*, the land greed of the nobles—the secular power overruling the monasteries—the weakening of the

* Isaias lxiv. 10, 11.

parochial system—and the gold and the soldiers of Henry VIII.

The nobles were out of all proportion to the population of the country: the plunder of the English churches and monasteries excited their cupidity: they acted as powerful and independent princes; their power had grown into something incompatible with that of the Sovereign:—for, unfortunately, James III. (1460) was but nine years old when he succeeded to the throne; James V. (1513) was an infant of three years of age when his father died; and Mary was but seven days old when her father died. A deadly contest thus arose between the Scottish usurping aristocracy and the Church, which lasted above thirty years, and only ended by the triumph of the Protestant nobles, who in 1560 overthrew the Catholic Church of Scotland.

Another element was the oppression of the monasteries. Not only the landed aristocracy, but the sovereigns practically denied the right to these houses to choose their abbots and priors. Scotland was so far from the centre of ecclesiastical authority that abuses existed here unknown elsewhere. During a considerable time the posts of highest dignity had, for the most part, been held by either the illegitimate or younger sons of the most powerful families. Alexander Stewart, the illegitimate son of James IV., was made Archbishop of St. Andrews whilst yet a boy; and James V. provided for his illegitimate children by making them abbots and priors of Holyrood, Kelso, Melrose, Coldingham, and St. Andrews. Though these seldom took orders they ranked as clergymen, and brought disgrace upon the clerical body.

The third element was the weakness and inefficiency of the parochial system. The Church

in Scotland became monastic rather than parochial. With few exceptions all the parishes and churches belonged to the great abbeys. In many cases miserably paid vicars were placed in charge of the churches, and the fabrics, insufficient in number, were again and again allowed to fall into disrepair. Let us take, for an instance of the imperfect parochial system, the case of the Abbey of Paisley: it possessed at the dissolution 29 parishes, of which 11 were in Renfrewshire. Another instance, to pass from the Firth of Clyde to the Firth of Forth, was Dunfermline, that possessed 37 parishes, with the lands and tithes attached to them.

The fourth element was from the other side of the border. Henry VIII. endeavoured both by open invasion and domestic treachery to establish the Reformation in Scotland. In 1535 he laboured to convert his nephew to the new religion—in 1542 he sent an army of 20,000 men to Scotland—he corrupted the nobles from their allegiance—and must be considered as the father of the Reformation in Scotland.

When the blow came it was not from the people, but from the aristocracy. Everywhere else the Church had contended successfully against feudalism, but not north of the Tweed. The Reformation was a question, not of faith but of sacrilege—not of gospel truth but of monastic lands—not of men seeking to correct any abuses that existed, but of “the iconoclasts of the Covenant (1638) and the troopers of Cromwell (1650), who appear in the Kirk Session Registers as spreading debauchery through the Scottish glens and hamlets, and teaching the Scottish cities and seaports new excesses of licentiousness.”

The people were unwilling to be deprived of

their faith. A hard struggle they made, but in vain. In August, 1560, the Catholic religion was proscribed by the Parliament. As far as Parliament could do it, the Pope's jurisdiction was abolished. To say or hear Mass was made a criminal offence—on the first occasion to be punished with confiscation of goods—on the second with banishment—and on the third with death.

The attachment of the people to the old faith was unmistakeably shown. Look to the history of our great western Abbey. Paisley Abbey was set on fire in 1561 by the Earl of Arran and the Earl of Glencairn, who were deputed by the Lords of the Secret Council. But the people of Paisley continued firm in their adherence to the old faith. When the preachers of the new doctrines came to Paisley they were refused admittance to the church, and the people staked the doors against them. Mass continued to be said in the burnt and blackened ruins. For more than eleven years many of the community lingered about the Abbey; the people fraternized with them; and they were not interfered with so long as they did not openly perform their sacred Offices.

Look to the Forth again, whose history tells us that in 1580, *i.e.*, twenty years after the Act of Parliament already mentioned, a few Benedictines of Dunfermline, with doors bolted and barred, kept watch in their choir by the shrines of St. Margaret and St. David. In the South, Father John Drury, in 1585, at Lincluden, near Dumfries, on the vigil and feast of the Nativity, sang the Office and celebrated Mass; and the people were so anxious to hear him preach that they forded the river Nith to elude the guards posted on the bridge to prevent their going: the

water was up to their waists, and thus, wet through, they kept their Christmas festival. In the North, the last High Mass in the Cathedral of Elgin was sung in 1594. Thirty years after the Reformation half the parish churches were still in the hands of the Catholics.

But it was in vain for the people to attempt to stem the tide. Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Holyrood, Eccles, Newbattle, and Haddington, were given to the flames, with many a collegiate and parish church in Lothian, the Merse, and Teviotdale. The 120 monasteries and the 20 nunneries of Scotland were destroyed. In the region north of the Dee, in the Highlands and the Isles, the bulk of the people remained steadfast to the old faith, as did a number in Angus and in Nithsdale. The rest were gradually absorbed into the new system; because the churches were put into the hands of preachers of the new doctrines—because, except in very favoured localities, there were no priests to offer Mass, hear confessions, and instruct the children. How the people lamented their sad lot history lets us know. *A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning.** Louder than the roar of her Atlantic Ocean, or of the waves of her Northern Sea, was the cry over her ruined churches. *The house of our holiness, and of our glory, where our forefathers praised Thee, is burnt with fire, and all our lovely things are turned into ruins.* Scotland's sons and daughters were robbed of the faith they loved so well. Their children and children's children have succeeded to the inheritance of unbelief. *The enemy hath put out his hand to all her desirable things.* Now they know not their loss, for from that day a constant stream of calumny and misrepresentation has

* St. Matt. ii. 18.

been poured forth from pulpit and from platform and to this day it is kept up by tract, newspaper, magazine, and by an endless variety of daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications. Their faith was all the treasure that the masses of the people in Scotland could call their own. They valued it and loved it: it was unto them everything. Yet the nobles, who practically had no religion, robbed them of this treasure.

II.

From this First Council, held after the long winter of persecution has passed away, we may hope for great things in the nineteenth century. To repair what was then undone—to build up what was then destroyed—to cast into the waters of Mara the wood by which the bitter waters will be turned into sweetness* is the task that has now called us together. Ours is a double duty:

First, to arrange, for those belonging to the household of the faith, all those matters that now require a more perfect organization, and to bring our ecclesiastical law into more complete harmony with the canons of Holy Church.

Second, to facilitate the return to her bosom of those who do not know their mother, and to bring them to see that she, whom they have been taught to repudiate, is without *spot or wrinkle, or any such thing*;† and to acknowledge that *that Jerusalem which is above is free; which is our mother.*‡

The times are undoubtedly favourable for our Council. We enjoy in Great Britain a liberty and freedom of action unknown elsewhere. Of this

* Exod. xv. 25.

† Eph. v. 27.

‡ Gal. iv. 26.

we are fully sensible, and for it we are doubly grateful. It was not always and everywhere so. History of the Councils of Scotland tell us that it was as late as the year 1477 that the Diocesan Synod of Dunkeld was held at Dunkeld for the first time; the clergy hitherto having been compelled, by terror of the Highland clan, to meet in the Church of the Carmelite Friars at Perth.

Without entering into the history of Council work in Scotland, we may be allowed to illustrate the working of synodical action in promoting, in a temporal way, the building up the walls of Jerusalem. When William of Bondington, Bishop of Glasgow (1233—1258), obtained from the Successor of St. Peter, the ninth Gregory (1227—1241), an Indulgence for those promoting the building of his cathedral, a Provincial Council, held at Perth in 1242, drew up a decree “that the Indulgence for the Cathedral of Glasgow be affixed in every church in the realm—that its conditions be plainly expounded in the vernacular to the parishioners—that on every Sunday and festival from Ash Wednesday to Low Sunday, after the Gospel is read, the duty of contributing to the work be enjoined on the people—that their alms and legacies be faithfully collected—and that during the season so specified offerings for other purposes shall not be solicited in the parish churches.” To this Council and its decree we owe the beautiful choir of Glasgow Cathedral, that was completed before the year 1258. Of this Cathedral James IV. (1488—1513) was a canon; and it was by his solicitation, at a time when Scotland had just entered the field of European politics, that the see of Glasgow was erected into an Archbishopric, with Metropolitan and Legatine dignity.

If, then, in matter of temporalities, a Synod,

held on the banks of the Tay, achieved such great results, what may we not hope for from this? These latter days seem to have brought us to the region of the religious watershed. The current and stream of religious opinion will divide itself; and some will glide by the channels of authority and infallibility into the See of Peter, whilst others will take course into the marshes and shallows of rationalism and infidelity. One will go to the right and the other to the left, like the parting between Abraham and Lot: *Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan, and Lot chose to himself the country about the Jordan, and he departed from the east; and they were separated one brother from the other.** How sad that friends, and relatives, and fellow-countrymen, and those who in other matters are so clannish, should not be so united in faith that it could be said of them, *the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul.†*

We are cheered by the thought that the causes that contributed to the national loss of the Faith have now begun in a measure to build it up again. The nobles of these days are not men without religion, riding rough over the popular rights. Amongst them are some who never lost the faith of the old Church of Scotland, and others who have at the eleventh hour received the grace of the Faith; and these are helping to build up the places laid waste. The parochial system, organized and strengthened at the great Council of Trent, exists with us in a completeness new to this land, and very powerful for great results. And the religious bodies, without wealth to excite cupidity or animosity in the lay people, devote their time and energies to working parishes, giving missions, and teaching in collegiate schools and academies.

But that which gives us great hopes for the

* Genesis xiii. 11, 12.

† Acts iv. 32.

future, and must be an encouragement to this National Council in its appropriate work, will be:

1st.—The freedom that we enjoy in this country. We have no “*Culturkampf*,” as in Germany, where clerics must serve in the army—where bishops could not be appointed to dioceses, nor priests to parishes—where, as in the diocese of Cologne, Confirmation had not been administered for ten years. We have no persecution of religious, as in Italy, where religious houses have been and are being closed, and where Peter is a prisoner, not in the Mamertine, but in the Vatican. We have no tyranny, as in France, where the religious have been driven from the schools and hospitals, and infidel and atheistical catechisms are compiled by Government officials for the use of the schools. Above all, we have freedom of education, and are giving all our children a good, sound, and religious education and training.

The education given to those who are not of us will even serve to extend the field of thought and mature the judgment in matters of religion. A more correct study of history must remove traditional fallacies and hereditary prejudices. The little mixture of science in their middle-class schools will not be without its advantage, for it will lead many to see that, as by comparative anatomy scientists have been able from the fragments of the skeletons of the *Ichthyosaurus* and the *Mastodon* to supply what was wanting, and so complete the form of these animals, they themselves may, by studying the ruins of the old churches and abbeys, by comparative analysis, be able to build up the whole form of the ante-Reformation teaching—*i.e.*, the supremacy and infallibility of Peter, baptismal regeneration, sacramental confession, the Real Presence, and devotion to the Mother of God and to the saints.

2nd.—In past times the Press was almost universally hostile to us. Very much of this anti-Catholic spirit has passed away. What we do now, and what we say, is looked at with interest and listened to respectfully. The Catholic Press has become a power, in issuing cheap and standard works on dogma, ethics, and science; whilst school-books and prayer-books are in abundance.

3rd.—What will help to win back to the Church the masses of Scotch people is its elasticity and adaptability to all persons, all times, and all circumstances. (a) Any form of government—imperial, limited monarchy, or republican—has its sympathy and co-operation, and its children may be Conservative, Liberal, or Ultra, and be good Catholics. (b) The agricultural classes will love her because they look back with regret upon the days gone by, when the monks were the kindest and most enlightened landlords, and their lands were the best managed. “The monks were not needy landlords, grinding out of their tenants every penny they were able to pay. They were proprietors whose own wants were few, and who had education enabling them to adopt the best methods of agriculture, and sense to encourage improvements. The husbandman on their lands was never called away, like the retainer of the neighbouring baron, to follow his master’s banner, and leave his field unploughed or his harvest unreaped. He remained quietly cultivating the land of which he knew neither himself nor his children after him had any likelihood of being dispossessed, so long as they paid their moderate rent to the steward of the monastery. The same lands descended, without rise of rent, from father to son,” and the Chartulary or Rental Book shows that no single case of eviction took place. (c) The people

who read history will love her because the Church, as far as it could, protected them from the lawless oppression of the nobles. The nobles of Scotland for many generations were the cause of great mischief, outrage in every form, misery and wreck of civil war, untold hindrances to the progress of peaceful industry. But the voice of the Church rang out in clear tones the words of the Baptist to Herod, *It is not lawful for thee.** (d) In the interest of liberty, of justice, and of the people against the tyranny of the barons, the Church saw that it was necessary that a competent high court should be established. The Archbishop of Glasgow was the promoter of the formation of one of the noblest institutions of Scotland—the College of Justice. This was the origin of our Court of Session. (e) The Church was the great power in developing patriotism. Catholicism and patriotism were firm allies—*Mercy and truth have met each other: justice and peace have kissed.*† As long as the names of Wallace (1296) and Bruce (1306) are held in honour in Scotland, so long should the faith that upheld them in their struggles be held in esteem.

4th.—A very special source of encouragement to us is the easy and unrestricted communication with Rome. Steamers plough the ocean—railways cover the Continent—the Alps are tunnelled, and so they rapidly bring the Bishops to the presence of Peter. If history establishes the fact that nations have become corrupt precisely in proportion to their alienation from, or opposition to, the Holy See, it also shows that improved relations with Rome have regenerated or re-integrated them. When the dioceses of Scotland were reconstituted by Earl David (1121) and their

* St. Matt. xiv. 4.

† Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

boundaries defined, the Archbishop of York put forward a claim to be the Metropolitan. This claim was resisted successfully, and the non-dependence of the dioceses on any Metropolitan Bishop was established. Pope Alexander III. granted the Bishops a Bull declaring their independence, and this was confirmed by a decree of Clement III., in 1188, stating that the Church of Scotland was directly subject to Rome. "It is also known" (we quote from the Apostolic Letter of Leo XIII.)—"and the Scots are justly proud of the fact—that the Roman Pontiffs, taking the Kingdom of Scotland under their special protection, regarded the above-named Churches (St. Andrews, Glasgow, &c.—the thirteen Episcopal Sees) with special favour. Hence, while they themselves acted as Metropolitans of Scotland, they more than once decreed that the privileges and immunities, granted them in past times by the Roman Church, Mother and Teacher of all Churches, should be preserved intact; so that, as was decreed by Honorius III. of holy memory, the Scottish Church should be like a favourite daughter, immediately subject to the Apostolic See without any intermediary." To give Scotland a Metropolitan, Sixtus IV., in the year 1472, raised the see of St. Andrews to be the Metropolitan see of the whole kingdom. That arrangement lasted for nineteen years when, in 1491, the see of Glasgow was, by Innocent VIII., withdrawn from St. Andrews, and was raised to the dignity of a Metropolitan see.

This organization continued till the so-called Reformation. By the deaths of their respective bishops, the diocese of Galloway had been vacant for 320 years, Argyll about the same, St. Andrews 207 years, Aberdeen 301 years, Dunkeld 293 years, and Glasgow 279 years. Pius IX., of happy

memory, had exceedingly at heart the restoration of the illustrious Scottish Church to its former condition. He was called to his reward before the final completion of this restoration; and to his successor, Leo XIII., it devolved to put into execution what had been resolved by his predecessor. Six sees were thus erected—St. Andrews and Edinburgh, with the rank of Metropolitan dignity, and with four sees as suffragans. Glasgow, on account of “the antiquity, importance, and nobility of that city, and especially in view of the highly flourishing state of religion therein,” was made an Archdiocese, at present without suffragans. She is, as once were all the dioceses, immediately subject to the Apostolic See, without any intermediary. With the exception of 69 years for Glasgow, and 88 for Edinburgh, the Pope had been the sole Metropolitan of Scotland until 1878; and, as yet, 220,000 of the Catholics in Scotland have been reserved by Leo XIII., who continues to be their Metropolitan.

5th.—We must add that our great hope is in prayer. Reading expositions of Catholic doctrine, or exhortations to Catholic morality, will not bring the wanderer into the fold, nor the faithful to the sacraments. Human reasoning will lead outsiders to acknowledge that the Catholic is the old Church of Scotland, and that of all the Christian Churches it is the most consistent and most logical; but it will not lead them to the confessional or the foot of the altar. Grace only can work that change, and grace is only promised to prayer.

6th.—What will be the future of religion in Scotland we are not prophet enough to say. A very far-seeing writer has said, speaking of the only old cathedral, except Kirkwall, that has been

spared : “ Now, ‘ last scene of all,’ after centuries of neglect, the breaches of St. Kentigern’s venerable High Church have been repaired, and its decayed places raised up—it is swept and garnished—those western portals so long closed are thrown open. Who, in these days of sudden and marvellous mutation, shall say for what or for whom they wait ? ” *

Of this we may be certain, that those who of old trod the ground we tread, did the work we are called to do, and have received their reward, lift up their hands like Moses (Exod. xvii. 11) in intercession for the land they love. St. Margaret—who lived and was buried at Dunfermline, but died in Edinburgh—St. David, and St. Rule, will pray for St. Andrews and Edinburgh. St. Patrick, who was born within its limits, and St. Kentigern pray for Glasgow. St. Machar, St. Maolrubba, and St. Magnus pray for Aberdeen. St. Fillan and St. Thomas of Arbroath pray for Dunkeld. St. Ninian and St. Martin pray for Galloway. St. Columba and St. Moluac pray for Argyll and the Isles.

Whilst of St. Andrew, the Apostle of Scotland, we may say as Onias said of Jeremias, *This is a lover of his brethren and of the people—this is he that prayeth much for the people*,† and as of old he brought to our Lord those who *would wish to see Jesus*, so may he by his prayers lead to the true faith of Jesus those of our country who are sincere.

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxv. p. 137, art. “ Scottish Abbeys and Cathedrals.”

† 2 Macc. xv. 14.

WHO ARE THE WORKERS?

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOCIALIST AND LADY REASON.

A CHANGE has come over the world since the middle of the century. At the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and for twenty years afterwards, we had it continually dinned into our ears that we were a great nation and were living in famous times. We had nothing but pity for earlier generations of men, that they had not beheld our light and the brightness of our rising. Macaulay, and a thousand imitators of Macaulay, with voice and pen emblazoned the splendours of the Victorian age. Now we have changed all that. We have taken to fault-finding and crying ourselves down. We have noted a dozen bright points on the escutcheon of the Middle Ages that are dark on our shield. We are not the men that we took ourselves for. Our age is in very grievous case and needs reforming,

The Church is for ever bidding the world do penance and reform itself. But the world will reform after its own fashion. And that fashion too often is to cure evil by evil. So that they who stand with the Church, and try to go by her guidance, have at once to run with the Conservative hare, and hunt with the hounds of Radicalism; I mean, they have to ask for great changes as remedies for great existing evils, and yet resist these or those changes at present proposed, as tending only to make matters worse. Such a change is Socialism. No one can complain of Socialists merely for the vastness of the alterations that they propose. Present arrangements are very far from ideal; and none can be blamed for beckoning us on to an ideal high above them, provided he will lead us thither at a sober and measured pace. But Socialists, many at least, want to go with a rush,

through pools of blood and over the ruins of cities. With the mention of blood and ruin our dialogue begins.

Lady Reason. To what purpose all this haste? What point are you making for?

Socialist. For Justice, my lady.

L. R. Justice? Is the road to where Justice dwells marked out with red flags and strewn with dynamite bombs? It is the road to the gallows for those who walk it.

S. Rest assured, explosions are only an incident on our way. Our aim is not to destroy society, but to save it. There is one class in society that preys on all the rest, the few on the many. We mean to draw the fangs of this predacious tribe, and to render them innocuous.

L. R. You mean?

S. What are called Capitalists.

L. R. Surely that is a large class to deal with.

S. They are likely to thin their own numbers by eating up one another. Your ladyship is aware that in earlier and happier ages Capital had not attained to the universal empire that it now wields. A large portion of mankind then supported life on the direct produce of their own industry. The farmer killed his own meat, grew and perhaps ground his own corn, which his wife made into bread; he had eggs from his own poultry yard, and chickens occasionally, butter and milk off his own cows, apples and plums from the trees in his orchard, honey from his bees, and very likely home-brewed beer. The clothes that he wore were spun and made up at his own fireside. His candles were home-made dips; his medicines were grown in his garden and in his fields. Even where he resorted for the supply of his need to a capitalist, or acted as a capitalist himself, there was no bringing in things from afar, or sending them out far. His tools were forged by the blacksmith of the village; his wheat found purchasers in the nearest market-town. There was no one there to under sell him with wheat raised three thousand miles away.

L. R. And therefore in a bad year he was like to perish with hunger.

S. I don't want to revert to that state of things. I allow it has its disadvantages; and what is more, it has passed away with the march of time and can never be brought back. We cannot live that way now. Contributions must be levied from the ends of the earth to supply our breakfast-table. A hundred mills are in competition to clothe us, rival water companies to wash us; everywhere and on all sides of us is the capitalist. But, as I said, capitalists are predacious animals. They prey on their workmen, they prey on one another. Like pikes, the big ones eat up the little ones of their own kind. The small agriculturist is driven out of the market by the big *bonanza* farm, employing one-third fewer men in proportion, and vastly better machinery. The retail shop is beaten by the huge bazaar. It is no longer worth a man's while to grind his own corn, to burn the lime on his own estate, scarce even to plant potatoes for his own use; he has recourse to some huge company, whose premises are hundreds of miles away, for all these things. All this is paving the way for the grand event that we Socialists are looking forward to, and striving by speech and pen, by vote and public meeting, to hasten on—the engrossing of all capital by the State.

L. R. Is that a mere suggestion or a demand?

S. It is a demand and claim of justice. I care not much about capitalist underselling capitalist; but I say the way the capitalist underpays his workmen is downright stealing.

L. R. This is strong language, Mr. Socialist; how do you justify it?

S. Why, the hands do all the work; and then the employer pockets the lion's share of the money, doling out to them just enough to live on and raise a family of other poor drudges to go on with the work. This is wages; the rest is capitalist's profit. Now I say the capitalist's profit is not worked for, not earned by him that gets it, but stolen.

L. R. In your model commonwealth to come, shall you have any managers to plan and direct the outlay of capital and to superintend the workmen?

S. Oh, yes, we shall have statisticians to calculate supply and demand; we shall have managers and foremen and "bosses" one above the other.

L. R. Will your managing men work with their hands or not?

S. They can't well work with their hands and superintend such large concerns as ours will be.

L. R. And will you give them anything for managing?

S. Oh, yes, we shall give them their salary.

L. R. But they have done no work. It was the workmen, remember, you said, that did all the work.

S. But the manager will have to be paid, for we can't do without him, and he can't do without wages; for there is nothing else to live on, not in our commonwealth, there is not.

L. R. But you won't pay wages to a man who does not work?

S. Well, I suppose I must say the manager works with his head as the rest do with their hands.

L. R. Headwork and handiwork, is it not?

S. Precisely.

L. R. Who does the headwork at present?

S. The capitalist has paid clerks and foremen to do it.

L. R. Does he leave it all to them?

S. Some do.

L. R. Come, be honest. Do capitalists generally leave all their business to their paid subordinates?

S. Nincompoop capitalists do, but the capitalist with a head on his shoulders takes the chief direction of his own affairs himself.

L. R. And this is the successful capitalist commonly speaking, while the nincompoop is riding for a fall?

S. He is.

L. R. Money-making capitalists, then, do a good deal of head-work among them. Think of the thought and acumen that is brought to bear on commercial matters by London merchants and bankers, by the owners of Manchester warehouses, or by shipping firms in Liverpool and Glasgow.

S. A good deal of that goes in running one another

down. There'll be no running down when the State takes all.

L. R. What, won't one State run down another? and will not the different branches of industry in the same State be rivals one of another?

S. It is hard to forecast the working of our scheme in detail.

L. R. Well, suppose you do get rid of competition: will that not be parting with the chief incentive to progress?

S. We shall create a noble form of competition: not a competition of private greed, but of public spirit—who shall achieve the most magnificent results for the common good. That frame of mind will be the creation of our new education, compulsory, uniform, thoroughly unsectarian, man-loving, and godless.

L. R. Oh! oh! oh!

S. You laugh, my lady?

L. R. I laugh from experience. But let me ask you this. At what rate will you pay your managers?

S. Our managers will be men who have gone through years of education to fit them for their post; we shall pay them accordingly for their day's work a day's wage, the same as to a hod-man or coal-heaver, but for the days that they have laboured to qualify themselves for that work, we shall give them extra payment.

L. R. Is not that paying them twice over?

S. How so?

L. R. While they are in training you provide their sustenance, which is equivalent to wages, day by day; and now that they have got to work, you pay them for those days all over again, time after time. It is monstrous, it is iniquitous.

S. Your ladyship, I confess it would be the more correct thing on our principles to pay the manager just what we pay the common labourer, and no more; but there are old-fashioned, inveterate notions against us, which we cannot wholly brush aside. To be sure, the manager should be content with the daily wage of the operative added to the honour and dignity of managing.

L. R. The worry and fatigue of the position may be a fair set-off to the honour and dignity. But do you really think the day's labour of a man in high office to be worth no more than the day of him that mends the roads? Does one benefit the common-wealth equally with the other? If the stone-breaker were run over, and the high officer of state shot, could both workers be replaced with equal ease? Are men with the capacity of ruling others as plentiful as men who can wield the hammer? Or could you take the first labourer you met and make a Cabinet Minister of him?

S. No, of course not: certain posts need a man of high education.

L. R. And is it all a matter of education? Could you make a Chatham of little Jack Horner, by educating him for the number of years that William Pitt went to school?

S. No; some men have got more brains to begin with.

L. R. Ah, there it is. You Socialists treat of men as if they were so many heads of cattle, all of one breed. This is the origin of your thinking that the day's work of one man who knows his business is as good as the day's work of any other man who knows his, time for time. I tell you, it is not a mere question of time, but of quality of labour; and that some men, by nature as well as by education, are fitted to do labour of a higher quality than others.

S. And what follows from that?

L. R. Simply, that the labourers of higher quality must be better paid.

S. Well, then, we will agree to pay them better than the rest in our social Commonwealth.

L. R. There, now, what has become of your equality? But how will you select these favoured individuals?

S. By examinations in their youth, and by results in their riper years.

L. R. That will be showing great confidence in your educational bodies, if all the plums of life are to be distributed as prizes for examinations.

S. But the prize-students will be judged by results later on.

L. R. And who are to be the judges in the last resort?

S. Why, the people: their votes will finally decide who is to be manager, and who is a common workman.

L. R. Are the people's votes never won by any other means than by the testimony of results? There is the fascination of eloquence, the glamour of prejudice, the tie of party, the pressure put by an association upon its members.

S. I have heard all that before: it is part of the general indictment of the people that it is ever on the lips of Conservative speakers.

L. R. Do you call it an indictment to tell the people the truth without flattering them? You are silent. I see you are weary of this conversation. Listen, and I will tell you a few home truths before we part.

Man is made up of mind and body. The mind rules the body, and it is well that it should, even for the body's sake. Men are not at all alike by nature, but some are fit for mental labour chiefly, and others for bodily labour. Education will not efface this natural difference, but will mark it still broader. The mental labourers are born to direct, control, and govern the bodily labourers, in the interests of both classes, governors, and governed alike. Roughly speaking, the upper and middle classes are the men of all men in the world best fitted for mental labour, as other men are for bodily labour. The separation of the one order of workers from the other is effected by the practical test of competition in the great school of the world, far better than by the artificial tests which Socialists would have to supply. The separation might be better made, granted; but not by Socialism. It might be done by a system of education that should give a better opening to poor boys with abilities, such as the old Scotch system, or by the influence of the Church; but not by levelling and hewing down. But there are idle men and idle women among the well-to-do class. So there are, many such; many, too, among the poorest and some most destitute, people who will not work even with the opportunity at hand. There are idlers on every round of the social ladder, some in misery, some in luxury

But the luxurious idlers are not the creators, but the dissipators of capital. Capital is created and kept together and increased by labour, by mental labour more than by the labour of the hands. But an industrious capitalist is not sprung of an oak or a rock: he is the scion of a family, and commonly the parent of one too: his ambition, the stimulus of his labour, is the desire, not merely to be wealthy himself, but to *found a family* in wealth. The distinction of being such a founder is the prize and price of his labour. The family when founded may contain idle and good-for-nothing members. These drones are the complement of the working bees. But idleness and waste, even in the scion of a noble house, is apt to end, as the proverb says, in poverty and "woeful want."

The division of rich and poor, of mental labourers and manual labourers, of a governing class and a governed, is nature's own ordinance, inasmuch as she has not made all men equal. There is no possible improving of the world by ignoring the laws that govern it. Socialists should take to heart Bacon's saying, that the only way to overcome nature is to obey her.

This is what Lady Reason was overheard saying to the Socialist. The sequel was that the Socialist went away, confuted, but not convinced. He remained as rooted in his ideas as ever, and became a little more reckless in the expression of them after that he had parted in a temper from Reason.

Something beyond reason is needed to disabuse the Socialist and reclaim the good-for-nothing rich: it is the spirit of loving control and sweet subjection and willing industry on supernatural grounds, the spirit, not of this earth, that breathed in the Home of Nazareth.

JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.

MODERN SOCIALISTS ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

THE average Social Democrat, whether in England or abroad, has not much affection for the Catholic Church.

One of the grave dangers of the time, indeed, is the divorce between popular movements and religion. It is to be hoped that this breach may be to a great extent healed, as all parties come to understand one another better; but for the moment it is wide enough.

Of all men, Socialist writers of the revolutionary type are the least likely to be unduly prejudiced in their views of what the Church has done for the people; and yet in their writings one finds a full acknowledgment of the good work accomplished for European civilization, not only by the Church as a whole, but by those very monks and nuns that are the special bugbears of anti-Catholic and anti-Christian writers. It is interesting to note how they see in the very wealth of the mediæval Church a factor of European civilization and national prosperity, and in the much-belauded Reformation a wholesale robbery of the poor and of the working classes. We propose to put before our readers some striking passages from recent Socialist literature bearing on these points. They afford, considering the source from which they come, no slight confirmation of the Catholic view as to the position of the mediæval Church in the social system of Europe.

It is curious to note the recent progress of Socialist views among English-speaking peoples. Twelve years ago Eng-

lish Socialists were almost unknown—to-day they are a large and an increasing body of men. The groups that look up to Mr. Henry George, or to Mr. John Burns, or to Mr. Hyndman, are themselves only fractions and not now the most important. The 'Fabian' Society has become a power in the State. English names that have a world-wide reputation in literature and science appear on the lists of adherents of this or that Socialist programme. Not a week, hardly indeed a day, passes without a number of Socialist meetings and lectures, and the literature of the party is a rapidly growing one and has a wide circulation. This change is the result of many concurrent causes. When Mr. Henry George published his now famous *Progress and Poverty*, he ventured to predict that it would find not only readers, but apostles: and the event justified his boldness. Mr. George only proposed the nationalization of one kind of property—land. Mr. Hyndman has a far more revolutionary programme. His chief work, *The Historical Basis of English Socialism*, and his more popular writings, which preach the same doctrine in more homely phrase, have found thousands of readers. We shall take our extracts chiefly from these two writers. Whatever may be thought of their political importance, they are typical. There are so-called Socialists, such as Mr. Bellamy or the group who wrote the 'Fabian Essays,' whose views are not more revolutionary than those of any other humanitarian radical. But for the present purpose we naturally select the most extreme among the critics of the past. If they speak well of the Church, it is because in spite of themselves, it compels their admiration.

First let us hear Mr. Henry George. Speaking of association as the basis of civilization, he notes that religion is one of the great means of banding men together. He admits that diversity in religion has been at times a cause of strife, but he goes on to say: "A common worship has often, as among the Greeks, mitigated war and furnished the basis of union, while it is from the triumph of Christianity over the barbarians of Europe that modern civilization springs. Had not the Christian Church existed when the Roman empire went to pieces, Europe, destitute of any bond of association, might have fallen to a condition not much

above that of the North American Indians.”* And again he says: “The progress that now goes on in our modern civilization began as the feudal system began to associate men in larger communities, and the spiritual supremacy of Rome to bring these communities into a common relation, as her legions had done before. As the feudal bands grew into natural autonomies, and Christianity worked the amelioration of manners, brought forth the knowledge that during the dark days she had hidden, bound the threads of peaceful union in her all-pervading organization, and taught association in her religious orders, a greater progress became, which, as men have been brought into closer and closer association and co-operation, has gone on with greater and greater force.”†

In the pages, a little later, where he is dealing with the causes which tended to promote the growth of political equality in Europe, side by side with the growth of civilization, there occurs another striking passage on the beneficent action of the Church in the middle ages. Even its very errors do not diminish its value for apologetic purposes, for they show that Mr. George, while he thus speaks the praise of the Catholic Church, is really an utter stranger to it, and as hostile to it as any Low Church Protestant or Parisian freethinker. Here is what he says of the Church in the thousand years that elapsed between the downfall of the Roman Empire and the beginning of the Reformation: “Though Christianity became distorted and alloyed in percolating through a rotting civilization . . . yet her essential idea of the equality of men was never wholly destroyed. And two things happened of the utmost moment to incipient civilization—the establishment of the Papacy and the celibacy of the clergy. The first prevented the spiritual power from concentrating in the same lines as the temporal power: and the latter prevented the establishment of a priestly caste, during a time when all power tended to an hereditary form. In her efforts for the abolition of slavery; in her Truce of God; in her monastic orders; in her councils with united nations, and her edicts which ran without regard to political boundaries; in the low-born hands in which she

* *Progress and Poverty* (ed. 1885), p. 362. † *Ibid.* p. 365.

placed a sign before which the proudest knelt ; in her bishops who by consecration became the peers of the greatest nobles ; in her "Servant of Servants," for so his official title ran, who, by virtue of the ring of a simple fisherman, claimed the right to arbitrate between nations, and whose stirrup was held by kings ; the Church, in spite of everything, was yet a promoter of association, a witness for the natural equality of men."*

He adds that it was the Church herself that nourished the very spirit of freedom which later on flung off her yoke—a proposition which we might dispute if this were the place to discuss the question. At an earlier page he points out that the property of the mediæval Church was really held for public purposes : "The Church lands defrayed the cost of public worship and instruction, of the care of the sick and of the destitute, and maintained a class of men who were supposed to be, and no doubt to a great extent were, devoting their lives to purposes of public good ;"† and as a necessary consequence of this fact he points out that the confiscations of the Reformation period were really a robbery of the people, inasmuch as estates, which were "essentially common property devoted to a public purpose," were "diverted from that trust to enrich individuals."‡

Mr. Hyndman dwells at much greater length on this robbery of the poor by the so-called Reformers. But before we turn to his principal work, let us take up a little pamphlet§ issued by the Democratic Federation, and written by Mr. Hyndman and Mr. William Morris, before the author of the *Earthly Paradise* set up a Socialist society of his own. In this pamphlet we are told : "That the influence of the Catholic Church was, in the main, used in the interest of the people against the dominant classes, can scarcely now be disputed ; nor that the equality of conditions to start with in the organization itself was one of the great causes of its extraordinary success throughout the so-called dark ages. Catholicism, in its best period, raised one continuous protest

* *Ibid.* pp. 370. 371. † *Ibid.* p. 267. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 270.

§ *A Summary of the Principles of Socialism.* Written for the Democratic Federation by H. M. Hyndman and William Morris. London, 1884.

against serfdom and usury, as early Christianity, in its best form, had denounced slavery and usury too.”*

Here is the account of the Reformation which these teachers of Socialism offer to the British working man after centuries of Protestantism and Protestant teaching of history in school and pulpit:

“The Reformation in Germany was as far from being a movement of the people as it was in England. In France also the Protestants were as little representative of the peasantry as the Catholic nobles. Luther himself, that fierce champion of individualism, was a bitter opponent of the peasants in their risings against the nobles. In fact the Reformation everywhere, though partly directly against undoubted abuses in the Church, was a thorough middle-class movement, representing fully middle-class aspirations for individual aggrandisement here and hereafter.

“In England, the King was shrewd enough to put himself at its head, knowing that more solid gain was to be had by the plunder of the Church than by maintaining a resolute attitude as Defender of a Faith that gave him nothing and took much. Thus the monasteries were destroyed, and the King was enabled to reconcile the barons to this pillage by giving them a good share of the plunder of the lands of the Church and the people. Nearly one half of the land of England, which had up to this time been used to a large extent for public purposes, now became the property of a number of nobles and courtiers, who recognized little or no duty of trusteeship, and who even allowed the public roads which the monks had kept up to go to ruin, as they suffered the magnificent abbeys to decay or be turned into quarries for building materials. Henceforth the people of England had no hold upon their own land; and all the duties which the monks and nuns had filled in the economy of the middle ages fell into abeyance and were left unperformed. As to the inhabitants of the monasteries—the monks and nuns, friars and sisters, who were turned out of their houses—they joined the army of miserable vagrants now yearly increasing on the public highways. With no means of earning a livelihood, they and the discharged retainers, the

* *Ibid.* pp. 10, 11.

expropriated yeomen and discharged hinds, were a never-ceasing source of annoyance to the classes which had driven them out to starve; whilst the very abolition of the monasteries which intensified the mischief, deprived these poor people of their last hope of succour.”*

All this of course speaks of a past time; but very likely many a working man who reads it, and learns from it to look at a ruined abbey with very different feelings from those of the average Protestant, may also come to think not unkindly thoughts of the modern representatives of the monks of long ago, and to see in the walls of monastery and convent the homes of friends who wish him well.

The same view is much more fully developed and defended in Mr. Hyndman's principal work, *The Historical Basis of Socialism in England*. We might easily extract whole pages from its opening chapters, but we must be content with a few extracts, and summarize other and longer passages. We quote at length the paragraphs in which he introduces the subject of the office of the Church in mediæval English Society:

“The relations of the Church, the monasteries, and the clergy to the people were most important from every point of view. There is nothing more noteworthy in the history of the human mind than the manner in which this essential portion of English society in the Middle Ages has been handled by the ordinary economists, chroniclers, and religionists. Even sober and in the main tolerably conscientious writers seem to lose their heads, or become afraid to tell the truth on this matter. Just as the modern capitalist can see nothing but anarchy and oppression in the connection between the people and the feudal nobles, so the authors who represent the middle-class economy of our times, the Protestant divines whose creed is ‘the devil take the hindmost here and hereafter,’ fail to discover anything but luxury, debauchery, and hypocrisy in the Catholic Church of the fifteenth century.

“It is high time that, without any prejudice in favour of that Church, the nonsense which has been foisted on to the public by men interested in suppressing the facts,

should be exposed. It is not true that the Church of our ancestors was the organized fraud which it suits fanatics to represent it; it is not true that the monasteries, priories and nunneries were mere receptacles for all uncleanness and lewdness; it is not true that the great revenues of the celibate clergy and the celibate recluses were squandered as a rule in riotous living. As a mere question of religion, Catholicism was as good as any creed which has ever found acceptance among men. Abuses doubtless there were, and most of them were bitterly attacked by members of the Church themselves; tyranny and persecution there were too in many forms; but the Church, as all know, was the one body in which equality of conditions was the rule from the start. There, at least, the man of ability, who outside her pale was forced to bow down before some Norman baron whose ruffianly ancestor had formed part of William's gang of marauders, could rise to a position in which this rough unlettered swash-buckler grovelled before him. Sixtus the Fifth was picked up out of the gutter; one Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, Adrian the Fourth, was a poor labourer's son; and these are but two instances out of thousands of distinguished ecclesiastics of humble birth."*

Then he tells how the authority of the Church was used to check the excesses of the dominant class; how the great art of the time was through religion devoted to public use; and even all this was trifling compared to the work done for education. "The conventual establishments and the parish priests did far more than is commonly supposed in the direction of elementary teaching."† He asks what would Oxford be to-day but for the munificence of bishops, priests, and nuns. Their foundations, he says, were largely directed to benefit the children of the people; and he reproaches the Church of England with having turned them into "mere preserves for the upper and middle classes." He then proceeds to show how Church property was held in the interest of the people: how the parish priest was obliged to spend only the smallest part of his legal income upon himself, two-thirds of it going to the

* *Historical Basis of Socialism*, pp. 14, 15. † *Ibid.* p. 51.

poor and to the service of his church. He tells that the existing account-books of the monasteries show how large a part of their revenues was spent on travellers, the poor, the sick, and in other good works, and he adds: "Granting that large sums were wasted on the useless ceremonies of Masses and candles, that some of the monasteries had a well-managed refectory and an admirable cellar of wine and beer, it is certain, nevertheless, that the abbots and priors were *the best landlords in England*, and that, so long as the Church held its lands and its power, *permanent pauperism was unknown*."*

Mr. Hyndman expresses a belief that the monks and nuns were "on the whole popular in England." Even the jests at their expense in contemporary ballad literature were less bitter in England than abroad. In a long note based on Eden's *State of the Poor*, he shows what good work they did in the improvement of agriculture. They also did a great deal of useful work in constructing and maintaining roads between their various possessions. Their monasteries were inns ever open to travellers, and infirmaries for the sick. They did all that is now done by our system of parochial relief. They were public almoners, teachers, doctors, and nurses. They were also chroniclers, copyists of manuscripts, &c.

"In those times, to retire from the world in order to live in seclusion, or devote life to good and charitable works, was not reckoned a certain sign of more or less complete insanity. . . . The monkish ignorance and superstition of which we hear so much, the 'drones' who slept away their lives in comfort and ease at the cost of other men's labour, were no more ignorant and superstitious than a Church of England pastor or a Wesleyan preacher, and were less dependent on the labours of their fellows than Baptist orators and Radical capitalists of to-day . . . That the Church, as a whole, held its lands in great part in trust for the people cannot be disputed; and as the children of the people in great part formed the hierarchy of the Church, Church property in land then meant something very different from Church property in land now."

* Pp. 16, 17. The italics are our own.

How little he is influenced in these judgments by any real sympathy with the Catholic Church he proves by immediately after this expressing his belief that it would be simply absurd to sigh for the restoration of Catholicism in England. Of the facts however there is no question. If anyone thinks that such general statements of the well being of the poor in Catholic England are unreliable he need only remember that Mr. Thorold Rogers—no friend of the Church—has proved by chapter and verse that the 15th century was the golden Age of the English works: and that that proposition is now a common-place to every instructed economist.

In the following chapter Mr. Hyndman shows incidently what a useful place the Church and the monasteries held in the social system, by describing the widespread misery which followed their suppression, and the general seizure of Church property. He probably exaggerates the extent of the Church lands when he estimates them at one third of the kingdom, but this is a matter of detail. Here is his judgment on the change effected by Henry the Eighth.

“The lands of the Church were, at the accession of Henry the Eighth, of an extent not less than one-third of the kingdom. But they were held in great part in trust for the people, whose absolute right to assistance when in sickness was never disputed. What useful and even noble functions the priests and monks, friars and nuns fulfilled in the middle age economy, have been stated in the last chapter. Universities, schools, roads, reception-houses, hospitals, poor-relief, all were maintained out of Church funds. Even the retainers who were dismissed after the Wars of the Roses, were in great part kept from actual starvation by these conventual establishments and the parish priests. Not a word was heard against them in high quarters, barely a sputter of ridicule came up from the people against the Church, until Henry the Eighth wanted to form an adulterous if not an incestuous marriage in the first place, and to get possession of this vast property in order to fill his purse and bribe his favourites in the second. Abuses no doubt there were; but the object which the King had in view was plunder, and when booty is in the wind, it should go hard indeed but King and barons between them would make out every monastery in the realm

to be a den of iniquity. . . . As to the whole infamous plot from the beginning to the end, it is almost enough to say that the heroes of the business were Cranmer and Thomas Cromwell, the victims More and Fisher. The manner in which our middle-class history has been written is evidenced by the strenuous attempts made to whitewash the pander and the rogue, and to belittle the philosopher and the patriot.”*

He then briefly traces the immediate effects of the suppression: The monks and nuns were turned out to swell with their dependents the growing mass of pauperism; property that had been used for the public advantage was appropriated by the King and his hungry favourites—and he concludes: “Admitting to the fullest extent—as who save Catholics would not admit?—the need for shaking off the yoke of Rome, a far heavier yoke was substituted in its place. The last hold of the English people in their soil was torn off for the benefit of a clique of oppressors. Thus the poor who had ever obtained ready relief from the Church, the wayfarers who could always find food and shelter in the religious houses, the children of the people who repaired to the convent for guidance and teaching, were deprived at one fell swoop of alms, shelter and schools. This great and powerful estate, which naturally sided with the people against the monarch and the aristocracy, now became a means of oppression in the hands of the landowners and the middle-class. Rack-renting and usury were henceforth sanctified instead of being denounced, and the Protestant Reformation became a direct cause of the increasing misery of the mass of Englishmen.”†

All this means that in England the Protestant tradition as to the blessings of the glorious and immortal Reformation is fast breaking up. It will soon linger only in Low Church pulpits and Sunday Schools. On these matters of English Church history the would-be organizers of a Socialist Utopia are teaching plain and simple truth. And it is only fair and right to recognize at once that these are not the only points on which they are on the side of truth and common sense. They oppose with sound and weighty argument the Malthusian theory in the form in which it has found favour with many non-Catholic economists, and

* Pp. 30, 31.

† Pp. 31, 32.

in which Mr. Bradlaugh and his friends long sought to popularize it in England. On this point they are doing good service to the cause of truth and morality.

Without accepting their own economic theories, we may freely admit that their objections to not a few of the pet maxims of current political economy are sound and valid. Indeed, on the negative side Catholic economists have several points of contact with their teachings; especially in the recognition of the evils resulting from the present relations of labour and capital, the so-called freedom of contract in the labour market, and the unequal sharing of the profits of labour, not a few Catholic writers, English, French, and German, speak quite as strongly as even Mr. Henry George. Even when they part company with the Socialists on the positive side of the problem, the remedies that Catholics propose for existing evils are only the just application to all men of those principles which a revolutionary seems to apply only for the benefit of the mob. Catholics refuse to accept a programme of wholesale confiscation and see in many Socialist schemes of government very terrible possibilities of bureaucratic tyranny. But these differences of standpoint and of policy should not blind us to the existence of many points of contact. In meeting an adversary nothing is gained by refusing to recognize whatever is true and logical in his position; and it would be a miserable piece of folly to defend existing abuses as if the very maintenance of social order depended upon their perpetuation. This was the mistake made by many excellent and well-meaning Catholics in France a hundred years ago. In the present hard and difficult times Catholics have nothing to fear if they will only—by acting up to the glorious traditions of the Church—let the world see that she is still what she always has been, the friend of the poor and the suffering; and that within her fold the rich and poor, the noble and the labourer, are brothers.

Everything that tends to bring men into friendly association in united work for the good of others, all intelligent action of Catholics in that wide field where politics and economics touch, will be certain to ward off many dangers, and help to bring about in some measure the ultimate king-

dom of God. In England, at least, there is good hope that practical sense of the necessities of reasonable government will save us from any serious menace of revolution, and there are abundant signs that many of those who call themselves 'Socialists' are prepared to seek only legitimate ends by lawful means. So to use the political power which has now been entrusted to the people, as to compel the government to do its duty to those who are helpless under the bitter stress of competition—so to improve our towns that these products of civilization may be a blessing and not a curse—so to regulate all monopolies, from that of the land downwards, that the interests of the community and above all of the poor may be rescued from their present perils—these are problems which not only Socialists, but all who believe in the brotherhood of men must wish to solve. It is the duty of Catholic citizens to do their share of the world's work, and in these as in other ways, they cannot but desire to help the true interests of the poor. The work is difficult and calls for all care and caution: but the need for thought and action is all the greater. The poor belong to the Church by right of the stable at Bethlehem, and the working-men by right of the workshop at Nazareth. It is well they should be taught how much the Church has done for them in the past, no matter who are the teachers: there will be the more hope of their learning that the Church can do something for them in the present.



The Venerable Edmund Arrowsmith

(1585-1628).

BY THE REV. F. GOLDIE, S.J.

OUR story has for its opening scene the heart of sturdy Lancashire, a Lancashire of the past, of farms and homesteads, not the county of to-day of coal-pits, of chimneys, and factories. About half way between Wigan and Warrington at Haddock in Winwick parish there was living in the dangerous days of Elizabeth Tudor a yeoman called Robert Arrowsmith. His wife Margery was a lady of gentle birth, of the ancient house of Gerard. It could have been no easy matter for Catholic maidens to find Catholic husbands in such times. But both the Gerards and the Arrowsmiths were ennobled by their sufferings for the Catholic Faith. Margery's father, when carried to Protestant service—a frequent practice in those days—by order of his renegade brother Sir Thomas Gerard, was unable to resist, for he was rendered helpless by an attack of gout. But the minister was glad enough to have the unwilling worshipper removed, for he sang out at the top of his voice the Psalms in Latin, and so lustily as to drown the responses of the parson and his clerk. The Catholic gentlemen and yeomen in York Castle had been obliged to defend themselves in like manner when dragged by their gaolers again and again to hear anti-Popery sermons.

Robert Arrowsmith's father, Thurstan, a farmer like

his son, after being robbed and worried by the hungry pursuivants, was often thrown into gaol—and we know what gaols were in those days—and there finally had rotted and died. There were some thirty-eight Catholics immured in Salford Gaol with Thurstan, during one of his imprisonments in 1583. These were of all ranks of life, noblemen and gentry, priests, schoolmasters, farmers and labourers, and women of high and low degree; and on all the men there was levied a fine of £240 for twelve months' absence from the Protestant church.

It was in 1585 that there was born to Margery Arrowsmith a child, who was christened Bryan or Barnaby. The little fellow had an early taste of what his faith would cost him. One night the pursuivants broke into his home, searched it from roof to cellar, thrusting their swords into any nook or corner that could hide priest or altar furniture, and then, tying the elder members of the family in couples, drove them off to Lancaster Gaol. Poor Bryan, then but a child, and three other little ones whom the ruffians had pulled out from their cots in their nightshirts, were left in the ransacked house, shivering in the cold, for the officers would not let the family put them back to bed. Some kind neighbours came in to look after these little confessors for the faith when their parents were gone.

Wearied with repeated imprisonments, and the extortions which were the only alternative, Robert Arrowsmith fled to Belgium, then the great refuge for persecuted Catholics, and with him went his brother Peter. The terrible revolt of the Netherlands was going on against the Spanish rule, and it had by that time become a religious war between Catholics and Protestants. Hardly had the two Lancashire men landed before they were forcibly enlisted in the Protestant ranks; probably in the English army which Queen Elizabeth had sent under her favourite Leicester in aid of the rebellion. Unwilling to shed blood in an unjust quarrel, the brothers, whenever they encountered the Catholic forces, took care to fire their muskets over their opponents' heads; and at last, when Sir William Stanley with his Irish regiment passed over

to the Spanish side, the two Arrowsmiths followed his example. Peter met with his death-wound in the service of Philip II., and was carried to Brussels, where he died, and was buried with the honours due to a brave soldier.

Whatever may be our view of Stanley's conduct, we can easily understand that Catholic soldiers took the side of Philip, not against their country, but against an unwarrantable intervention of her troops in the affairs of a foreign state, especially when the only reason of that intervention was to crush out the faith in a Catholic country, as it was being crushed out at home. Robert made his way to the English College at Douai or Rheims—for we do not know precisely where the College then found itself, as about this time it was forced to migrate into France from Douai, owing to the occupation of that place, then a Belgian city, by the Prince of Orange, the Protestant leader. The object of Robert's visit was to see another brother of his, Edmund, a distinguished professor at the College, who was then or afterwards a Doctor of Theology. Thence, some time after, Robert Arrowsmith returned to Lancashire, and there died a holy death.

Meantime his child Bryan began to show early fruits of his parents' good example, for as he went with his brothers to a school, a mile or so from his home, he used to say the Little Hours of Our Lady's Office with them, and in the same way they recited her Vespers and Complin while coming back. As soon as he reached his home, Bryan went to his little oratory and there recited the familiar Jesus Psalter, or the Seven Penitential Psalms, no short task for even older heads. He was a bright and gentle boy, and so well behaved that, when obliged to go to a Protestant master, the man became very fond of his Catholic pupil. But whether it was that his masters were not skilful, or that the boy gave more time to prayer than to his books, he seemed to have got "blunt-witted and dull." Still for all that, though he gave scant time to learning his lessons, he managed to beat his companions when he was asked to say his task.

He was "full of mettle and courage, for he never seemed daunted by any difficulty." His father's death had left his widowed mother in straitened circumstances; so a good priest* took Bryan off her hands, and in return for his services undertook to teach him grammar. Young Arrowsmith must have given some promise of success in his studies, for it was determined to send him to an English College in Spain. However, the scheme fell through—the journey was always full of perils—but Bryan managed to get across in 1605 to what is now French Flanders, to his uncle's College, which had then returned to Douai. Here "his wits began to sharpen, and very apt he was and desirous to attain to learning."

Though Bryan was then twenty years old and though Confirmation was so needed in such times, there was no bishop to administer that Sacrament in the length or breadth of England. Very soon, therefore, after his arrival at College, he was confirmed, and took his uncle's name, Edmund, a name which had just won a fresh lustre from Blessed Edmund Campion's martyrdom,† and by it he was afterwards called when on the English Mission. Unfortunately, after a stay of two years, and when he had not quite finished his classical studies, he got dangerously ill and was obliged to be sent home. However, Lancashire air soon restored him to health, and the kind priest who had been his master sent him back to Douai. During a spiritual retreat at the end of his course of philosophy, Edmund, for so we shall henceforth know him, resolved on entering the Society of Jesus, and informed the confessor of the College, who was of that Society of his intentions; and in fact a year after he seemed to have thought of leaving Douai for the English Jesuit novitiate, then just opened at Louvain. However, for reasons we do not know, it was ordered otherwise. He took the oath binding himself to serve the English Missions, but leaving him free to enter a religi-

* In parts of Lancashire, where Catholics were powerful and numerous, priests could live in comparative safety.

† See *Life of B. Edmund Campion* in this series.

ous order.* He thus became one of the Papal scholars, entitled to one of the burses founded by Gregory XIII., so liberal a benefactor of English Seminaries.

Edmund, who had matriculated in 1606 in the then University of Douai, worked very hard and very successfully, in fact so hard that his superiors had reason to fear that his health, never strong, would break down again. Twice in fact his life had been despaired of, and he had received the last sacraments. He had not finished his theological studies, but it was quite necessary that he should return to England. There were such risks in passing to and fro that his superiors would not expose him to them by returning again, and so his ordination was forestalled. Edmund received minor orders at Douai in St. Nicholas' Church on June 14. 1612, and was made subdeacon, deacon, and finally priest, at the cathedral city of Arras on the 9th of December of the same year, being of the age of twenty-seven.

Some months passed, perhaps because the scaffolds had been streaming with priestly blood, and prudence dictated that he should wait, until, on June 17, 1613, Dr. Kellison, the new president of Douai, sent him into the vineyard of the Lord, then a battlefield, a *via dolorosa*—"a way of sorrows"—and of toil, leading often times to prison and to death.

Edmund was in person small and rather uncouth, but he was of a bright and pleasant disposition, and very attractive in conversation. He did not spare his fun when he met with travellers on the road, and his companions had to restrain him, when he saw ministers riding by on their sleek steeds, from following his strong impulse to enter into dispute with them. A gentleman who came up with him one day began to play the fool with the simple, uneducated yokel, as Edmund Arrowsmith seemed to be, but he met with such clever rejoinders, and found the tables so thoroughly turned upon him, that "swearing a great oath, he said, 'I thought that I had

* Later on in 1625 Urban VIII. imposed a fresh oath on the alumni, which prevented their entrance into any religious order without leave of the Pope or of the Propaganda.

met with a foolish fellow, but now I see he is either a foolish scholar or a learned fool.”

For some ten years Edmund laboured hard in God's field. Then he was arrested. The wonder was that this came so late, so boldly imprudent and ardently zealous he always was. When lodged in Lancaster gaol, Edmund Arrowsmith was brought before Dr. Bridgeman, the Protestant Bishop of Chester. His lordship was at supper with a number of his clergy, and, though it was Lent, all were eating meat. Dr. Bridgeman made his own apology, saying that he was old and weak and dispensed withal. “But who dispenses your lusty ministers there?” said Father Arrowsmith, “for they have no such need.” Edmund Arrowsmith seized the opportunity for argument, and soon a hot discussion arose. “Turn all your dogs loose at once against me,” he merrily said to the Bishop, “and let us have a loose bait.” It seems he had the better of his adversaries, and silenced them by his learned references to history and authority. This happened probably in 1622, at the time of the proposed Spanish match, and he was shortly after released from prison.

After working some nine years with zeal and virtue as a secular priest, Edmund again felt a call from God to enter religion, and to become a member of the Society of St. Ignatius, through whose Exercises this call first had come. To enter a novitiate was no easy matter in those days, though there was one, and no small one, within the sound of Bow Bells; and in the register of the Jesuit novice-house at Clerkenwell, Edmund's name was found inscribed as a novice when, some three years later, the place was broken into and all the documents and books were seized.

But we do not know that Father Arrowsmith was ever there. When at last his desire was fulfilled, he withdrew for two or three months to Essex, during which time, no doubt, he went through the thirty days' retreat which forms so important a part of a Jesuit's training, and learned the rules and constitutions of his order. Perhaps he did go for a brief space to Clerkenwell, and there took his first vows, and then returned to the dangers of the battlefield.

At all events he entered the Society of Jesus in 1624. Each year he retired for ten or twelve days to some quite out-of-the-way spot in Lancashire, to spend the time with others of his religious brethren in retreat and meditation, and to renew his pledge of self-consecration to God's greater glory.

A Mr. Holden in Lancashire had married his first cousin, a Protestant, before a minister. He applied to the Father for a dispensation. It was at last obtained; but Father Edmund insisted on a separation for a full fortnight before the valid marriage should be celebrated. Though the woman was then a convert, both she and Holden became furious, and in their anger denounced the Jesuit to one Rostern, a magistrate, telling him at what time Father Arrowsmith could be found at the house of Holden's father. Recusants in Lancashire were as sturdy as they were numerous, and pursuivants often got a good beating for their trouble, and we read of one who had to eat his warrant. So the justice was loth to go, and when pressed by the malicious traitors, he warned the old man that he was coming, and of course the priest was off before the searchers arrived. This was in the summer of 1628, when the quarrel between King and Commons was running high. As the officers returned from their bootless errand they fell in with Father Arrowsmith himself, who was riding along on a good horse with a relation of his, dressed as his lackey. The justice's servant rushed at Father Arrowsmith with drawn sword. The Father put spurs to his horse, but in vain, for he got into a bog, and had to dismount and fly; but he carried so heavy a weight of books and luggage—no doubt his vestments and books of devotion—that he could get on but slowly, and his pursuer came up with him near a ditch and struck at him again with his sword. Though Father Edmund also carried a sword, he did not draw it, but parried the blow with a strong stick which he held, and it was cut right in two close to his hand. He seems to have thought his adversary a common footpad, and made off again. But at last he was overtaken, dragged to a public house, searched to the skin, and subjected to

every infamy. There his captors began drinking at his expense, and the saintly priest had to listen to the loose talk of the half-drunken crew. His words of grave reproof were afterwards made matter of accusation.

Before long Father Arrowsmith was lodged by the pursuivants in his old quarters in Lancaster gaol. The oath of supremacy was tendered to him, and of course refused and he was committed by the magistrates to take his trial at the next assizes, which were then close at hand. The judges on the circuit were Sir Henry Yelverton and Sir James Whitelock. The family of the Yelvertons, like many others of their day, were some of them Catholics, some Protestants. The judge's grandfather had compromised his faith externally to save his earthly goods. The barbarous judge had a first cousin who had become a Catholic, entered the Society of Jesus, and died on the English Mission.

But Sir Henry was a staunch Puritan, and to his zeal against Popery was added the personal motive that before coming down from London he had been told to his face he durst not hang a priest. The Commons, angry at the lenity of King Charles, and to show their displeasure at his Catholic Queen, had insisted on a rigorous enforcement of the brutal laws which the Crown would gladly have left in abeyance. Religious hate, wounded vanity, and popular fury left little chance of impartial justice holding her own. The very day after his arrival, on August 26 1628, Judge Yelverton summoned Father Arrowsmith to the bar, and there he stood amidst a crowd of thieves and felons, whose rough hearts he had won by his gentle manners and earnest words.

"Sirrah!" said the judge, going directly to the chief accusation against the prisoner, "are you a priest?" The Father made the sign of the Cross, and twice replied, "I would I were!" The proscribed priest held the lives of all who had sheltered him in his hands. To own his sacred character was to bring ruin on his hosts. "Yes," argued Sir Henry, "though he is not, yet he desires to be a traitor; this fact makes him guilty. But are you no priest?" Father Arrowsmith gave no answer.

"You may easily see," said the judge, turning to the jury, "he is a priest. I warrant you he would not for all England deny his order." Lee, a parson-magistrate, who perhaps had met the prisoner at the famous supper with the Bishop of Chester, was sitting on the bench, and he whispered something in the judge's ear, and then began to inveigh against Father Arrowsmith as a seducer, who if order was not taken would convert half Lancashire. Did the Father recollect the face of his assailant? At all events the judge dared to assert that the prisoner could say nothing in behalf of his faith. Father Edmund gladly offered, before the whole court, to defend his faith against all comers. Of this the judge would not hear, saying Father Arrowsmith only wanted to let people of his own way of thinking hear him talk. "I will not only defend it by words, but would gladly seal it with my blood," was the martyr's reply. Sir Henry was lashed into a fury. "You *shall* seal it with your blood," and he swore by all that was holy that he would not leave the town before the prisoner was hanged, and his bowels burnt before his face. "You shall die!" he said again and again. "And you too, my lord, must die," was Father Arrowsmith's calm retort.

Every means failed the judge to extort from the prisoner his own conviction. "If any man can lawfully accuse me, I stand here ready to answer him." The married couple seem to have repented of their treacherous betrayal, for no witness was forthcoming, save the son and the servant of the magistrate by whom the martyr had been arrested. The letter written by Holden and his mother, or his wife's mother, to the justice of the peace, in the first instance, was also produced. The two witnesses both swore that Father Edmund had tried to pervert them from the faith by law established, and the martyr answered by telling the disgraceful story of his arrest, which has been narrated above.

This was an unpleasant statement for Mr. Rostern, who was present, and he openly begged that no favour should be shown the prisoner, lest, were he acquitted, he should do his worship some mischief. Father Arrowsmith

could not help smiling at the justice's fears, and this raised again the anger of the judge, who abused him for laughing and flouting at those who sat there in the King's name. Father Edmund could not bear any reproof against a loyalty which his brethren were soon to prove at Naseby and at Worcester, and throwing himself upon his knees he prayed aloud for his Majesty, the bench, and all there present ; begging God to confound all heresy and make them all of one heart and one faith. "Look you, gentlemen of the jury," was the judge's answer, "how he wishes God to confound us all and root out heresy, by which he means our religion."

It is no pleasant thought for an Englishman to recal such a trial as this, where the judge was accuser and cross-questioner at once, and where he openly pronounced his sentence once and again long before the jury had given their verdict. Sir Henry, with no more evidence than has been told, then charged the jury, using his eloquence to crush out any lingering remnants of fairness that hatred of Popery might have left in their minds. The court went to dinner while the jury retired for the verdict, and Father Edmund, who was suffering acutely from toothache, gladly accepted the rest thus procured him. He did not, doubtless, wish to meet his sentence with even the appearance of sadness.

When the court assembled,* the jury appeared and gave their verdict—"Guilty of high treason." Father Arrowsmith's only answer to the usual question of the court was silently to lift up his eyes and hands to heaven. Then the brutal sentence was delivered by the judge. "You shall go from hence to the place from whence you came, from thence you shall be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution. You shall then be hanged by the neck till you be half dead; your bowels shall be burnt and your quarters shall be set on the four corners of the castle. And may God have mercy on you." But he added of his own to the revolting language of the law—

* Bishop Challoner, quoted from a printed relation, says that the court rose before the indictments and charge to the jury had been made.

"Know shortly thou shalt die aloft, between heaven and earth, as unworthy of either; and may thy soul go to hell with thy followers. I would that all the priests in England might undergo the same sentence!"

The long-wished for crown was won, the one desire of the Seminarist, the Missioner, the Jesuit. Father Arrowsmith sank on his knees, bowed down his head, and *Deo gratias!* burst from his lips. Then he repeated this thanksgiving in English, that all might know his joy. The ferocious judge sent the sheriff to bid the gaoler to load him with the heaviest fetters he could get, and to shut him up alone and in a dark dungeon. The gaoler, who seems to have had a kind heart, said there was no cell of the sort, and the answer he received was to put him into the worst he had. Father Edmund could hardly walk with the weight of iron at his ankles—the "Widow's Mite," so these shackles were called—and had almost to be carried to a den so narrow that one could not lie down at full length therein, and into which hardly a ray of light could enter. As he was borne along he recited in a clear, loud voice the *Miserere* psalm. Unable to stand, he had to sit on a bolster which was thrown in to him, and in that position he was forced to remain without taking off his clothes till his death. The very gaol-birds were stricken with pity, and raised a shriek of compassion when they heard of the sentence. Guards were kept at the martyr's door, and not a soul was allowed to enter his prison, under a penalty of £100, save the parson and Justice Lee, who came to accept in private the challenge which Father Arrowsmith had offered him in the court. But Edmund knew how once before a minister had boasted falsely of a controversial victory, gained under like odds, or rather not gained at all, by the same divine over a Catholic gentleman in prison. He simply declined the offer, and Mr. Lee went off boasting, much as Cassaubon boasted against Baronius, that his adversary was a weak, silly fellow, and not conversant with Greek. All his biographers are agreed that Father Arrowsmith was a ripe scholar. On a second visit, which he made towards nightfall, the parson-justice did not like the hideous

gloom in which his enemy was fettered, and called loudly for a candle, "lest that traitor should desperately mischief me in the dark."

There Edmund sat, with nothing but his martyr's reward to cheer him, from two o'clock on Tuesday till mid-day on Thursday, hardly any, if any, food or drink being allowed to pass his lips. Good people hoped that King Charles would send a royal pardon: but his Majesty was too busy with his rebellious Commoners and their Petition of Rights. Yet unexpected hindrances arose. The whole trial had been so entirely against the forms of law, that when Yelverton had drawn up the sheriff's warrant, and sent it to his brother Whitelock to sign, that prudent judge said Yelverton had better sign it himself first; nor would Whitelock even then have anything to do with it, but warned Sir Henry it would bring him into trouble.* However, by dint of altering some words and by warning the officer to conceal the illegalities, that difficulty was got over.

But no one would serve as executioner. A butcher offered for £5, to send his man, but the servant took to his heels and he never saw him more. A promise of life was offered to any felon if he would take the office, but all refused the bribe, till a deserter, whom Father Edmund had saved from starvation when in prison, offered for forty shillings to do the deed. He had to be protected from his fellows lest they should handle him roughly, nor would any one in the town lend his axe for the butchery. The judge, anxious to see the death of his victim, contrary to custom, ordered that the execution should take place at an earlier date than the day that had been originally fixed.

Sir Henry seems to have wished the martyrdom to have been as private as possible, and ordered it at mid-day, when the Lancaster folks would be at dinner. It was at eight in the morning on the 28th of August, when the High Sheriff came to tell the martyr that he must die

* "It would cost Yelverton £500," were his exact words; probably alluding to some fine to which the judge had subjected himself,

that day. "I beseech my Saviour to make me worthy of it," was his reply.

There was another priest in the prison at that time, one John Southworth, whose crown had been delayed, but not taken away; for, seven years later, he was found working side by side with the future martyr, Father Henry Morse of the Society of Jesus, during an outburst of the plague in London; and twenty-nine years after, in 1654, when Cromwell was practically ruler of England, he died at Tyburn. At the time of Father Edmund's condemnation, John Southworth stood reprieved, and they had arranged together that he should give absolution to his brother-priest before his death. But the guards and the bolts had hindered all possibility of this, till, crossing the castle yard, Father Arrowsmith gazed around for his last chance, and saw his friend looking down on him from a large window above. Our martyr raised his hands—the signal which had been agreed upon—received his last absolution, and passed out joyfully into the open street. A dense multitude was there awaiting him. Spite of the unusual earliness of the hour, there was hardly a soul in all Lancaster who had not come to be present at the last terrible scene. As the gaoler was handing his prisoner over to the sheriff, a Catholic gentleman burst from the crowd, and reverently embraced him, kissing tenderly the marks of the wounds he had received in his capture, till the sheriff caused him to be torn away.

Father Arrowsmith was tied down to the hurdle, with his head, out of scorn, towards the horses' tails, and so along the ill-paved road he was dragged, the javelin-men marching beside him to keep the Catholics from the martyr. Before him strutted the executioner bearing a big club, while Protestant ministers intruded their questions on the few minutes left to the Father to prepare for death. Father Arrowsmith had written out on a sheet of paper an act of love of God and of contrition, under the title of "The Two Keys of Heaven," and holding it in his hands, he kept his eyes and heart fixed upon them. He feared, no doubt, least the natural terror of the moment, the noise of the crowd, the wearisome

interruptions of the preachers should prevent his soul and thoughts from adhering to his Lord and God.

The journey was a short one, and at a quarter of a mile from the prison the gibbet was reached. The unwearied Mr. Justice Lee was at Father Edmund's side, and called his attention to the fire over whose flames roared the cauldron, to the knife and the block, and to the massive gallows and the rope. "Look you, Master Rigby,"—the assumed name by which the martyr was known—"see what is prepared for your torment and death unless you are ready to conform to the laws and accept the King's mercy." It was a sight to make the heart sick, and Father Edmund did not need a further tempter. "Good sir," he said, smiling, "tempt me no more. The mercy which I look for is in heaven, through the death and passion of my Saviour Jesus Christ, and I most humbly beseech Him to make me worthy of His death."

No sooner was the martyr freed from his rough hurdle, than he knelt down under the shadow of the gibbet and offered his life to the King of Martyrs in satisfaction for his sins. "I wish this little blood of mine may be a sacrifice for them." The parson was at his elbow to criticize his last prayer. "You attribute nothing to Christ's merits and passion." "O sir, say not so!" was Father Arrowsmith's answer, "Christ's merits are always presupposed." And so for a quarter of an hour he continued praying aloud, so that every word was noted by loving ears, and was exposed to the cavils of the unrelenting ministers.

At last the sheriff bade him to make haste. "God's will be done," he said, as he sprang to his feet, and reverently kissing the ladder, began courageously to mount it, begging all good Catholics as he went up to join their prayers to his. Lee assured him that there were none present, but offered himself to pray with him. "I neither wish for your prayers, nor will I pray with you," answered Father Edmund, "I will have nothing to do with you, and if what you say be true, that there are no Catholics here, I wish to die as many deaths as here are people, on condition that they were all Catholics." He paused on his ascent to pray for King Charles and his realm,

and especially for his persecutors, expressing freely his pardon for them, and begging pardon of any he might have wronged.

Not daring to show himself on the spot, but still unwilling to miss the cruel sight, Judge Yelverton had taken a place at a window, whence by help of glasses he could see everything that passed, and there he swore he would remain till he had witnessed the end of his victim. The martyr's prayer went up for him, but the grace, if given, fell on too hard a soil.

Father Edmund had got high up on the ladder, and then turned round to say his last words to the great crowd around and beneath him,—“Bear witness you, who are come to see my end, that I die a steadfast Roman Catholic; and for Jesus Christ's sake, let not my death be a hindrance to your well-doing and going forward in the Catholic religion, but rather may it encourage you thereto. For Jesus Christ's sake have a care of your souls, than which nothing is more precious; and become members of the true Church, as you tender your salvation, for hereafter that alone will do you good. I beseech you request my brethren, for His sake Who redeemed us all, to be careful to supply my want and insufficiency, as I hope they will. Nothing grieves me so much as this England, which I pray God soon to convert.”

He held a paper, the same, no doubt, that he had brought with him, and read some prayers from it, and then, with the rope round his neck, and with the cap drawn down over his face, he waited for his death. “Pray, sir,” cried the unwearying tempter, “accept the King's mercy. Take the oath of allegiance and your life shall be granted. Good sir, accept your life. I desire you to live. See, here is one come from the judge to offer you mercy. You may live if you will conform to the Protestant religion.” This was a full explanation of the sentence of high treason—it was the writing plain for all to see, that Edmund was there only to die for his faith. He lifted up the cap and sternly told Lee, “O sir, how far I am from that! Tempt me no more, I am a dying man.” And as he went on to exhort the sheriff

and all around him to embrace the one true faith, the ministers round about muttered, "We shall look after ourselves;" while the people at a distance began to cry out the cry of Calvary, "No more of that, no more of that. Away with him, away with him." Once more Father Arrowsmith covered his face. "*Bone Jesu*," came from his lips; the ladder turned, the body fell, but not till he was dead did the revolting butchery begin. The blood that spurted out at the quartering was carefully scraped up and thrown into the fire. The severed head was placed on the tower of the castle, and the quarters were carried from the cauldron to be viewed by the inhuman judge. A present of two stags had just been brought in, and the English gentleman and guardian of his country's laws placed them side by side with the martyr's remains, and cracked his coarse jokes at the comparison.

The quarters were hung up at the castle, and next day when Sir Henry was riding off, he turned his horse's head and looked back to take a last view of them. He thought that the head was not visible enough, and his last orders, were that it should be raised some six yards higher on the battlements. Many of the Protestants had other feelings, and wished their soul might be with the martyr's, while others said it was barbarous so to treat a man for his religion.

The very next January, Sir Henry Yelverton was at table at his house in Aldersgate Street, London, when he felt as if a heavy blow had been struck him on the head: he turned in a fury on his servant, and while the man was protesting that neither he nor any one else had touched him, the Judge felt a second stroke. He was carried to his bed, and died in great excitement the next morning, crying out, "That dog Arrowsmith has killed me."

The Catholics succeeded in securing some relics of Edmund Arrowsmith. His clothes were obtained by a priest of the name of Leigh, and they and the executioner's knife were deposited in the safe keeping of Sir Cuthbert Clifton. Portions of his body were got from the keeper

of Lancaster Castle. Rumours went abroad that the father of the martyr-priest Southworth, then in Lancaster Castle, had seen, just at the moment of Father Arrowsmith's death, "a most resplendent brightness, such a one as in all his life he never saw before, which did show itself from the prison unto the gallows, as if it had been a glistening glow, the sun at that time being obscured with clouds, and the most part of that day likewise." A little Catholic girl named Margery, whose father and mother lived in the same part of the castle as Father Arrowsmith, had stood by him as he was laid on the hurdle, and he asked her by name whether she wanted anything of him. She said, brave soul, she only wished for his company, and so he told her she must keep firm to her faith, and she would certainly be for ever blessed in Heaven. That night, Margery was sleeping in a room with the wife of one of the keepers, and suddenly the woman heard her cry out, "Lord! Mr. Rigby,* what a stately place is this where you now live, which is so bright, composed of silver and gold; would to God I might remain with you, for methinks the place is most sweet, like flowers or perfumes!" The child herself did not recollect next morning that she had had a dream, but her sleeping words were not forgotten.

A strange event occurred to one who was to suffer in the same way as Father Arrowsmith had suffered, and at the same place. Father Barlow, a Benedictine monk, was at that time working on the English Mission at a distance from Lancaster. On the night after Father Edmund's death, the Martyr appeared to him, standing by his bed-side, and said, "I have suffered, and now you will have to suffer. Say little, for they will try to take hold of your words." We have this narrative in a letter the monk penned to his brother, who was also a Benedictine, fourteen years later, in the cell at Lancaster, while awaiting his death. The prediction nerved him to win the crown, and he refused to hear of any proposal to make his escape from the gibbet.

* Father Arrowsmith's *alias*.

To appeal to the evidence of miracles is to excite the contemptuous smile of the modern enervated world. But a Christian ought not to forget that miracles are the grounds of his belief; and unless we deny the possibility of a miracle and so strike at the very existence of revelation, we must admit that God's arm is not shortened, and there is no intrinsic reason why a miracle should not take place to-day, no reason why we should not recognize it as a miracle, provided the evidence is trustworthy and complete. In approaching the wonders wrought by God to honour the memory of His servant, we do not pretend to go beyond our evidence much less do we forestall the strict inquiry which is always made by the Catholic Church before it endorses the truth of any miracle. We simply give these wonders for what they are worth, and leave our readers to decide how far they are supported by authority of credible witnesses.

Of the many relics of Edmund Arrowsmith, the only one that remains to us is one of his hands, taken no doubt from his arm as it stood on the walls of Lancaster Castle, and preserved with lively respect in the neighbourhood from which he sprang. The hand is dry, but perfect, except where the devotion of the faithful have carried off portions for relics. It is wrapped up in linen, and kept with much care and reverence in a silver casket in St. Oswald's Church at Ashton-in-Makerfield, in Lancashire.

In 1735 a boy named Thomas Hawarden, of Appleton-within-Widnes, in Lancashire, who had been strong and healthy until he was ten years old, when about twelve was stricken down with a slow fever, accompanied with pains in his legs and joints, which, in a little more than two months, reduced him to such a state that he could not walk, even with crutches. The fame of the many cures wrought by Father Arrowsmith's hand made the boy's mother anxious to try its efficacy on her child. The Holy Hand accordingly was sent for, and on the 25th of October, in the presence of several people, it was applied by the mother. But she had hardly done this twice when the boy said positively it had done him good, and at once stood up without any help, and then began to walk.

Protestants and Catholics alike crowded in to see the wonder of a boy walking about who had been for so long, and up till so recent a time, without the use of his limbs. Before long all trace of his illness was gone, and eyesight and memory were vigorous as before. A document drawn up on the spot and signed by a number of witnesses, Catholic and Protestant, attests to the cure.

Another miracle, equally well attested, was that wrought upon Mary Fletcher, of Prescott, in Lancashire. At the age of fifteen she lost the use of her right side. Taken by her aunt to St. Winefride's Well at Holywell, in North Wales, a noted place of pilgrimage, she returned decidedly better, though not completely cured. Fresh bad symptoms coming on, she was treated by the clumsy practitioners of the time in a way that only aggravated her condition. A slow fever with convulsions, continual pains in head and heart, an enfeebled stomach, left her at the age of forty-five unable to move or even to stand without help, and fits of great severity often-times seemed to bring her to death's door. The account of the boy Hawarden's cure made her hope for a supernatural remedy when all human remedies had failed. On November 20, 1768, she being then forty-nine years old, her brother brought her the Holy Hand. As her sister applied the relic, the sick woman prayed earnestly—"Holy Father Arrowsmith, pray for me to Almighty God, that I may receive the use of my limbs, if it be God's holy will and pleasure." John Fletcher, her brother, who had been waiting outside, was then called in, and the patient finding herself better was raised upon her feet.

Supported on both sides she walked, or rather shuffled, across the room with great pain and difficulty, then—we are quoting Mary Fletcher's own account—"leaning on a chair which runs on castors I found my strength increase very fast, still praying and repeating, 'Sweet Jesus, help me.' In less than six minutes after the holy hand had touched my breast my tremblings both interior and exterior left me, and have never since returned. I then knelt me down, but not in an erect

posture, to return thanks to Almighty God for the benefit I had received. Finding my strength still increase, I soon imagined myself able to kneel upright. Accordingly, I raised myself without assistance, and leaning on the chair with castors I went across the room and back again with ease, and without any other help. Soon after I walked about the room by the help only of two sticks, and finding my strength continue to increase and the use of my limbs restored, with tears of joy I returned thanks to Almighty God, Who had wrought this miracle in my favour by the intercession of holy Father Arrowsmith, and the ministry of the martyr's Holy Hand. After saying my usual prayers (which for the first time for above three years I recited upon my knees in an erect posture) I retired to rest. Unable to sleep for joy, I spent a great part of the night in thanksgiving, sometimes on my knees in bed, and sometimes walking about the room without a stick or any assistance. The next day being Monday, the 21st of November, I got up about six, and it being washing-day I assisted my sister Ellen at the washing-tub, after which I baked some cakes for the family, and performed several other domestic employs that day, to the great astonishment of those who had seen me a miserable cripple the day before, and had known me a wretched helpless object for many years.

“As to my other infirmities, thank God for it, they daily mend and grow better, without the assistance of any medicine or human application whatever. I have never yet had the least return of any convulsion, hysteric shivering, or trembling fits, but continue daily to improve in health and strength.

“A slight pain, indeed, serves frequently to put me in mind of the immense blessing I have received from the merciful and all-powerful hand of God, Whose wonderful goodness has wrought the above miracle in my favour, through the intercession and by the Holy Hand of Father Edmund Arrowsmith, to His own great honour and glory, to the adorning the crown of martyrdom in His servant; to my own unspeakable joy; to the edification of the faithful, and to the admiration of all who know me. In

testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand-seal, this 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1769."

Such is the simple statement of Mary Fletcher, attested to by Bishop Petre, by his Vicar-General, Rev. Philip Butler, Lady Blount, Mary Fletcher's sister and aunt, and Father Joseph Beaumont, who himself the following year proved in his own person the efficacy of the Holy Hand. Father Beaumont's throat and mouth had mortified, and instant death was expected, when upon the touch of the relic of Father Arrowsmith he was cured in a moment, "to the great surprise of the doctor and everybody else." It is from a letter of Father Francis Blundell, dated March 17, 1770, that we learn this fact, and the writer adds: "Several other attestations might be procured of cures no less miraculous by the same Holy Hand."

In the year 1832, Mary Selby, one of the children in the convent school of St. Mary's, York, daughter of Walter Selby, Esq., of Biddleston, in consequence of constitutional disease, had lost the use of one arm for many months. It was contracted, and had pined away to such a degree, that no flesh remained upon it; the skin was parched up, and the arm was of a burning heat. She had been attended by two eminent doctors, but without deriving any benefit from their treatment. Miss Selby had however the utmost confidence that the application of linen which had touched Father Arrowsmith's Holy Hand would effect the desired cure. She prayed earnestly for it, and all in the house made a novena, or nine days' prayer, to the martyr in her behalf. During the course of the novena she spoke of her cure with a certainty which made some of her companions remonstrate with her; but this only induced her to repeat her assertions still more energetically, and to specify the work she proposed for the poor as a thanksoffering. On the last day of the devotions, Mary, in full confidence, approached the altar rails, where the Rev. John Ball, who was doing duty for the chaplain applied the linen to the withered arm. Instantaneously it was restored to strength and flexibility, the flesh returned, and the arm became

in all respects like the other. After a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving; Mary wished to prove to her companions in the school the favour she had received. Going into a room, where one of the children, Miss Loura Stourton, was practising, she said merrily: "Laura, I am cured, I am cured!" "I don't believe it," retorted Laura, "I am not going to believe it." For answer, Mary pulled her off the piano stool with the cured arm, and with it dragged her round the room. There was no gainsaying such evidence; the cure was attested by medical men, as being beyond the power of human skill, and it proved its thoroughness by being as lasting as it was sudden.

Another wonderful cure took place in the same convent in 1844. Mary, the daughter of the Right Hon. Judge Ball, of Dublin, and niece of Frances Teresa Ball, Mother and Foundress of the Loreto branch of the Institute of Mary in Ireland, had, when quite a child, met with a serious accident, which threatened to leave her a cripple for life. The celebrated surgeon, Sir Philip Crampton, attended her without beneficial result; and the subsequent treatment of a Manchester bone-setter, though enabling her to walk at a slow pace, left her dependent upon a crutch and a stick. At this time she was placed in the school at York, and, before leaving it, several years afterwards, she became conscious of what she believed to be a religious vocation. The retreats given to the children by Dr. Gentili deepened her attraction into steady conviction, and the famous Father of Charity gave her the support of his cordial encouragement. But the lameness was an obstacle to her admission to the novitiate, and she was told on all sides that her state was incurable.

Matters were in this unpromising state when, some time after leaving school, she resolved as a forlorn hope to consult an eminent surgeon in Paris. On her way from Dublin, she stayed some weeks at the York Convent; and recognizing that the forlorn hope was her only refuge from hopelessness, the thought struck her of asking the English martyr, Father Arrowsmith, to obtain her admission into the convent as a nun, by curing

her infirmity. The same idea seems to have come to the Superiors of St. Mary's who were loth to lose a candidate in whom they saw singular capacities of saintliness, and who was besides remarkably well qualified for the duties of the Institute. Accordingly, at the beginning of January, 1844, a novena was made by all in the house to obtain Mary Ball's cure, through the English martyr's intercession; and at its close, which was on the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, some linen which had been wrapped round the Holy Hand was applied by the Superioress to the affected leg and knee. The moment they were touched the hitherto incurable cause of lameness disappeared, and after an earnest prayer of thankfulness, the quondam cripple cast aside her stick and walked easily and firmly. All pain was gone; the attendant surgeon confidently pronounced the cure miraculous; and to its permanence many who are now living can testify. Within three months the favoured client of our English Martyr was a postulant at York; July of the same year saw her receive the habit of St. Mary's Institute; and when, after a fervent noviceship, she made her profession in July, 1846, she added to her religious name of Mary Joseph Alfonsa, that of Edmunda out of gratitude to Father Arrowsmith, who, as a kindly pilot, had steered her safely into the haven of conventual life.

When the Process of the English Martyrs was compiled in 1874, some mention of twenty different miracles wrought at Father Arrowsmith's intercession reached the Postulator. Unhappily the witnesses were not forthcoming in most cases, but one or two were juridically examined. Bishop Grant said that he had just seen the last surviving witness of a miracle, an old man who had taken his son in a cart to Ashton. The boy was perfectly helpless, but on being touched by the holy hand, he stood up and walked home. In this case the priest was not at home, but the housekeeper took the holy hand out to the boy as he lay in the cart.

In 1887 the process of canonization of our Martyr reached the stage which gives him the right to the title of Venerable.

The cures effected by the Holy Hand go on to this day, and as many as twenty to sixty supplicants for health make their way to Ashton-in-Makerfield every week. If no record of cures is kept, it is because those who come rarely make any state of their case, nor do they send an account of the result of their petition. That health is granted is only learnt indirectly, and when it is difficult to get the necessary attestation. It could be wished that the pilgrims would out of gratitude to their heavenly benefactor take care to obtain a medical certificate as to the state of the patient before visiting the Holy Hand, and another after the cure has been effected, both of which should be sent, in authentic copy at least, to the priest in charge. The mere numbers of those who visit Ashton-in-Makerfield attest to the power of the martyr, and remind us of the Old Testament wonder, when at the touch of the bones of Eliseus (Elijah), the dead man sprung into life.*

* Kings xiii. 21.

The compiler of this sketch begs to acknowledge his obligations to Brother Foley's exhaustive work, *Records of the English Province S. J.*, from which, and from Bishop Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, the larger part of the narrative has been derived.



NETTIE'S BABY.

BY THEO GIFT.

“But surely an infant like that can't learn anything?”

It was a large, long room, with whitewashed walls and a bare, scrubbed floor. Round the wall a row of desks and benches in rough unpainted deal, and lined with girls, large and small, in dark brown dresses and white pinafores, and their hair cut to regulation length and plaited in regulation tails tied at either ear. Lighting them, a couple of large windows, set too high in the wall for idlers to recreate themselves by looking out; but letting in plenty of pure April sunshine and a view of turquoise-blue sky, and the boughs of a cherry-tree laden with blossoms and waving in the fresh breeze without. In the middle of the floor—a baby!

It was seated in the centre of a square patch of sunlight broken by the flickering shadow of the cherry blossoms; and the sunbeams streaming in on it seemed to blend and melt with the wealth of tangled curly gold, which hung over the round face and dimpled shoulders, and bring out the tender carnations of the little naked feet peeping from under the blue-checked frock, and held tightly in either fat rosy-fingered hand. A child for a monarch to own, and Leslie or Leighton to paint; but only a pauper baby all the same, though seated there like a queen in the midst of her courtiers, with a half-pout on the dewy scarlet lips and a saucy gleam in the broad blue eyes, which laughed up at me from under their silky lashes as I looked at her.

“Baby is in disgrace, ma'am,” said the teacher severely; “I wouldn't notice her if I was you, a-taking off her shoes and socks in school like a casual ward's child. I was just saying she don't ought to be here if she can't be'ave herself.”

Baby's eyes glanced curiously up at mine, and reading, I fear, some irrepressible mirth therein, laughed out more than before, turning away to contemplate with some satis-

faction the little worn shoes and blue socks lying on the floor beside her. She was evidently not a child with a keen sense of her own iniquities, but the teacher's eye was on me, and so to repress my own unseemly levity I made the remark previously mentioned. A movement among the girls ensued, and I saw that one was edging herself forward and putting up her hand as if she wanted to speak. The teacher seemed to understand it so at any rate, for she answered somewhat sharply :

"Yes, Nettie, I know what you want to say, but you mustn't speak without you're spoken to. She's the baby's sister, ma'am," turning back to me, "and, I believe, does her best to train her into decent, orderly ways; not but what of course it's agin all rules to have so young a child here."

"Poor little thing! Yes, indeed, I should think her too young to be trained," I said, stooping down to pat the golden mane; but as I did so my eyes turned on the sister, and I was startled by the anxious, pleading expression of those which met mine. They were very dark grey eyes, shining out with an almost weird-like depth from the framing of the sharp colourless face and pale hair with an ashy tinge in it, and belonged to a crippled girl about thirteen, with her shoulders drawn nearly up to her ears; a figure stunted enough for a child of ten, with hands so long and frail as to look painfully out of keeping with the square red fingers of her companions.

"Your little sister, is she?" I said: and then as she answered with a quiet "Yes, m'm," and a curtsy, her eyes turning with a flash of irrepressible pride on the culprit, I added, kindly:

"You seem very fond of her. Is she the only one?"

"Yes, m'm, please. I haven't got ne'er another left me nowhere, an' that's why they lets me 'ave 'er here; but she ain't a baby indeed, m'm. She's near three years old, an' you wouldn't think how quick she are to learn, an' as good as gold, leastways generally," with a sorrowful glance at the tiny pink feet. "I don't know whatever went wrong wi' 'er to-day, but it ain't often, teacher'll tell you it ain't. I don't doubt she'd do 'er countin' beautiful now, if so be you'd ask teacher to let her go back, please, m'm."

It struck me forcibly that it might be pleasanter for a chubby infant of three to roll about on the sunny floor than

be seated on a hard bench to "do her countin'"; but the wan-looking little elder sister evidently thought otherwise; so I made the request, and the next moment the little one was hoisted on to a bench at her sister's side, where she proceeded to drop certain dried peas into holes drilled in a thick piece of stick at the rate of three, two, or one, according to order; a process in which I much fear she was not unassisted by the suggestive finger of the elder girl, perched like a frail old bird at her nestling's side.

Baby, however, seemed to look on the whole affair as a capital joke, laughing out in a little clear treble when she had achieved counting four peas into a hole, and echoing the teacher's approving "There's a good girl," with a complacent "Es, me's welly dood dirl now," which provoked me to kiss the round, glowing cheek.

"Tell the lady your name, petsy dear," said Nettie, her own wan face quite radiant with my evident admiration of her pupil; and baby answered pertly:

"Aggalinairly," looking at me as much as to say, "There what do you think of that?"

Nettie came to the rescue.

"Magdalen Mary, she says, please m'm. Quite a growed up name too, ain't it pet? An' I don't know what they call you 'baby' for, as if you weren't out o' long clothes, a clever girl like you!"

"Tever dirl like me. Not in lon' toves at all," echoed Magdalen Mary, a sally which set off four or five of the girls laughing, and in the midst of which the matron led me out of the schoolroom to inspect the rest of the buildings.

It was nothing but a branch workhouse for junior paupers, though it went by the name of the "district school." A square ugly, brick building, divided into two parts to separate the boys from the girls, with a flagged courtyard in each, surrounded by a covered corridor, where the children could play in wet weather; and standing in the middle of a somewhat extensive potato and cabbage ground, in the cultivation of which some of the elder boys assisted. It stood on a hill a little above the village, and looked down on the red roofs and square church tower, half hidden by trees, and the subtle windings of the silver Thames beyond. A fair breezy place for children to find

home and shelter in; and I lingered on the doorstep while I asked a few questions respecting the strangely contrasted sisters who had so interested me.

It was rather a touching story.

Nettie and her baby were the children of a very decent woman, once a servant in the village below the hill. Like too many of her class, however, she had married unfortunately; and, after struggling for ten years to support her drunken husband and young children, had died, worn out by privations and overwork, about six months after the birth of Magdalen Mary. There had been several other children between this last baby and the crippled girl; but they had all died off in different childish ailments. Her husband had deserted her twelve months previously; and, when the poor woman died, it was found that so far from leaving anything for her children, there was not enough money in the old stocking under the mattress to pay for the coffin in which her worn-out body was carried to the grave. Naturally, Nettie and the baby had to go to the workhouse.

People were very kind to them, as they mostly are in cases of real trouble, let the world grumble as it will; and more than one offered to take Nettie, who was well-known to be a child unusually quick with her needle, and handy and helpful in all household matters, and make use of her in minding the children and other odd jobs for which her misshapen limbs did not incapacitate her; while one lady, for whom the mother had washed, wrote to say that she could get her into a "home" for crippled girls, where she would be well taught and cared for, and put in the way of earning her own livelihood.

But both these offers necessitated a separation from Magdalen Mary—the rosy, dimpled babe, whom almost from her birth Nettie had taken under her special care, and fed, tended, and watched over with a perfect passion of love and devotion, while the mother was toiling at her needle for them both—the child whom, with her last words, that mother had confided to her, saying, "Take care of baby when I'm gone, Nettie. She's most fonder o' you than o' me already. Bless her dear heart!"

And to think of giving her up to any one else after

that, and letting her grow fonder of other people, strangers who couldn't care for her one-half as much as she (Nettie) did—how could the jealous little elder sister bear that? Or the still worse idea—so infinitely worse, indeed, that it left no room for the former—of baby pining, perhaps sick, perhaps ill-treated, with only some workhouse woman to look after her, while she, her proper guardian, was being well fed and cared for far away.

No, if the alternative for separation were simply the workhouse for both, the workhouse it must be; and so into it they went, their united possessions tied up in an old blue coverlet, which had belonged to the children's cot as far back as Nettie could remember, and Magdalen Mary fast clasped in the elder's gaunt little arms—about the most helpless-looking couple that had ever entered that great receptacle for human want and improvidence. Yet even there, much as workhouses are abused, the sisters found friends and kindness.

"If I may only take keer on my baby myself," had been Nettie's one request, urged with quivering lips and brimming eyes, and such a pitiful clutch at the innocent object of her devotion, that it would have required a hard heart to deny her. Once her petition was granted, she showed herself so tremblingly anxious to prevent its withdrawal and manifest her gratitude, by giving a helping hand and eye to as many other babies as possible, and working doubly hard at school-hours into the bargain, that she not only became a favourite with the whole house, but, in course of time, won, by her good conduct and general proficiency, a title to be elected among the number of those damsels annually drafted off to that branch establishment, the district school already mentioned; which was regarded by the junior inmates of the house as a sort of rural heaven, conferring dignity and respectability "in perpetuance" on the happy denizens of its red-brick walls.

But even with this coveted honour within her grasp, Nettie felt that she could not be happy, nor care to exchange her coarse blue-check gown for one of neat brown stuff, with a snow-white bib and apron, and a seat in the pretty village church where her mother had been christened, unless Magdalen Mary might go with her; and though that young person was now between two and three years old—a healthy

and precocious damsel, petted by the whole establishment, and queening it over all about her, and her sister and slave in particular—she was much too far below the regulation age of five to have any chance of being admitted into the district school on her own account.

It seemed likely that, after going into the workhouse on the little one's account, Nettie would have to remain there for the same reason, and give up the superior prospects and advancement of the schools, as she had given up the home which her mother's friends had offered her two years back. But, as it happened, Heaven was kinder now to the deformed girl than she expected. Perhaps the good name she had earned during the last two years stood her in stead; or perhaps the clergymen and others constituting the Board had children of their own, and saw some argument beyond mere reason in the high-shouldered little girl with the wistful eyes, and thin hand fast clasping that of her pet and plaything. Anyhow, it was announced that the case was postponed till two months later for a decision. Babies, of course, were not eligible to the district schools; but if it could be proved that Magdalen Mary was not a baby, but a child capable of receiving tuition and dispensing with a nurse, the matter might be taken into consideration; and even with this glimmer of a hope, Nettie's spirits rose to such a pitch that, to have dashed them down again would have required the cruelty of a Nero.

Indeed, she worked hard to win the chance before her. It was from this day that baby ceased to be baby, and became, by her sister's ordinance, Magdalen Mary, both names in full, and abbreviations sternly prohibited. Also she learnt, at the cost of all poor Nettie's playhours, to point out A, B, C in an old primer, to count the pretty little pink fingers of one hand with those of the other, and amuse herself by sewing large buttons on to a piece of coarse sacking with a needle carefully blunted by Nettie, lest she should put out an eye, or stab herself to the heart in the attempt; efforts which, being triumphantly displayed at the end of the two months, won the day by an overwhelming majority, and carried her under the wing of the flushed and happy Nettie into the haven where I found them.

This was the story which the matron told me; and simple as it was, I suppose it served to fix the children in

my mind ; for though I left S—the following morning, I did not forget them ; and on my next visit to the little Berkshire village some twelve months later, one of the first things I asked my hostess was as to how the sisters were getting on.

Mrs. Bartram smiled.

“Nettie and her baby? Oh, very well, till just lately. Nettie won the prize for good conduct last Christmas; and Magdalen Mary is growing quite a big girl. Nettie, who has a very sweet voice, is to be taken into the choir at midsummer, and is trying all she can to teach the little one to sing the hymns that she may still have her at her side in church. I only hope they won't catch these horrid measles.”

“Have you got them at the schools?”

“Yes, we have five down with them now in the infirmary. It is very provoking; and I am sorry to say, Nettie has been twice in disgrace during the last few days in consequence. Her terror lest Magdalen Mary should take the infection seems to have quite put her beside herself. I am going up there now. Fortunately, my children have had it, so there is no danger.”

“And I will go with you. I should like to see little Goldenhair again. She reminded me of my little Suey.”

And so we set out, talking, as mothers will, of our children living and dead, as we walked up the breezy hill in the pleasant sunshine, with the vivid green leaves of the horse-chestnuts overhead opening their delicate fans and spires of pale green blossom, so soon to change into creamy white or rose-pink under the warmer rays of opening summer. Already, indeed, the snowy clusters of the blackthorn were beginning to fall under the pressure of the tiny emerald leaves quickly opening behind; and the primroses, which a little while before had made a pale yellow sunshine in grassy banks and hedgerows, were fading beneath the ruddier gold of the real luminary, while down under the shadow of the woods, the bluebells made an azure mist upon the ground, the hart's tongue unrolled its pale green blade, and the wild arum reared its yellow or dark red spike. It was a lovely day, one of those whose very freshness and purity seem to make sickness and death things too strange and far-off for realization; but when we reached the schools, the grave face of the girl who opened

the door, and the graver of the matron who received us, soon brought our minds back to the sorrowful inconsistencies of life, and Mrs. Bartram's kind face grew sober beneath the news which awaited her. Four more children had sickened, and one was dead. It was a particularly bad form of measles; and the infirmary would soon be full at this rate.

"It's chiefly the little ones that has taken it as yet, ma'am," said the matron, "and their having so little sense makes 'em more difficult to manage. Our hands are quite full; an' I'm glad you came up to-day, for that child Magdalen Mary, there's no doing anything with her without her sister. She seems quite crazy."

"Nettie's baby? Has she taken it, then?" Mrs. Bartram asked, but was answered by a shake of her head.

"No, ma'am, it's Nettie herself. She sickened yesterday; and indeed, I wasn't sorry when it came out on her, for she'd been that bad-tempered, not to say evil-behaved, for two days before, I couldn't think what had come to her. She went so far as to strike Sarah Watson, and was quite saucy to the teacher when spoke to about neglecting her work. We had to take away all her good-conduct marks, and threaten her with speaking to the priests, which she minds more than anything else; but yesterday evening the spots come out all over her, an' explained it; an' as I was saying, I'd be almost glad it was that, but for the little one, who kept the others awake by crying half the night for her sister, and has done little else all day."

"Poor child! I dare say she misses Nettie. I'll go and speak to her," said Mrs. Bartram, compassionately, and went off to the playground, whence indeed lusty screams were even then proceeding from a small golden-haired maiden, who was vigorously resisting the efforts of two bigger girls to lead her off somewhere, with shouts of, "Don't want oo! Wants my Nettie! Won't do nuffin 'less my Nettie comes."

There are some women whose very presence has a soothing effect; and Mrs. Bartram was one of them. I only waited to see the little scarlet cheek damp with tears, pressed against her gown, and hear the passionate voice breaking into a gurgle of infant laughter, before I went in search of Nettie to see how she was faring.

She was in the infirmary, a detached white cottage

standing at a little distance from the schools in a square plot full of wallflowers; and there was something very pitiful in the change from the ruby blossoms of the flowers gleaming in the sunshine, the brilliant blue sky and wind-tossed branches of the elm and larches, in all the first glitter of their April greenness, to the close still room inside and the ten little beds, five on either side, and all full save that from which the small occupant had been carried to a narrower resting-place only that morning. Nettie's cot was between this and the wall, and on leaning over the poor child I saw at once that she was very ill, her face so swollen and marked as to be almost unrecognizable, and her eyes half-closed and glazed with the fever which burnt in her little thin hands. She knew me, however, and her face brightened when I spoke to her.

"Oh, yes, m'm, I mind you well. You came to the schule one day last year an' took notice o' Magdalen Mary. Most folk do that; but you kissed 'er so kind, an' you'd on a violet gownd. She used to talk o' the 'pretty lady,' for a long time arter. Please, m'm, 'ave you seen 'er to-day?"

I told her yes, and that I had just left her very happy with Mrs. Bartram. Nettie smiled.

"Mrs. Bartram's always good to child'n, an' baby's real fond of 'er, she is. I've been fearin' she'd be dreadful lonesome an' fractious without me. Did you 'ear if she was, please, m'm?" and there was an anxious look in the dull eyes, a restless twitching of the fingers, which rather embarrassed me as to an answer. Smoothing back the scanty hair of her hot face, I answered gently:

"She misses you of course, Nettie. It wouldn't be natural if she didn't; but every one is very kind to her; and you mustn't fret about her now, or you'll make yourself worse, and then you will be longer in getting back to her."

"Yes, m'm, an' maybe they'd go for to be tired o' looking arter her, an' she'd get inter mischief. I will try to be quiet, but——" It was not easy, I saw, for even while I was reading to her she interrupted me twice—once to ask how long I thought it would be before she could get back to her baby, and once, was she quite well, quite well and happy, when I saw her? Poor child! she apologized humbly both times for breaking into the story, but it was plain that her little sister was more interesting to her than

any book children, and when I took her hand at leaving, the burning fingers clasped round mine in a tight clutch as she asked with feverish eagerness:

"M'm, please, you ben't going back from 'ere to the well children, be you?"

"My dear, did you think I should be so thoughtless? I am going for a long walk to gather cowslips; and I shall bring you some to-morrow! but not unless you promise me to go to sleep now, and put every thought out of your head, except getting well as soon as possible."

And then I went away, wondering if there were many children in rich nurseries who loved one another with the intense, unselfish devotion of this little orphan for her sister.

The following day was raw and chilly. The blue sky was blotted out in gray, broken up in ragged rain-clouds by a cold east wind. Drops hung heavily from the dark red blossoms of the wall-flowers, and the thatch on the eaves; and there was no sunbeam to pierce the corners of the shawl hung across the high window for the benefit of the sick children's eyes, and lighten the melancholy room. It mattered very little to Nettie. Three of the children were better, and had been removed to the convalescent room upstairs, and no others had filled their places; but she was just in the height of the disease, and lay covered up closely, too fevered and languid even to trouble about her baby, and only murmuring a feeble "Thank you, m'm," as I sat beside her, cooling her hot brow with eau-de-cologne, and fanning her with the bunch of fragrant cowslips I had brought in with me. Suddenly, the quiet was interrupted. Since the measles had broken out in the schools, the children had been allowed more than usual out-door exercise; and even in the sickroom we could hear, softened by distance, the merry voices and laughter of a lot of them at play in a field on the other side of the road. Of a sudden this stopped, and instead, there rose into the air a long, sharp cry. It was only one at first; but was echoed by a perfect chorus of cries and shrieks coming nearer, and forming themselves into such words as, "She's fallen in!" "Who?" "There she is!" "Oh, some one get her out!" And involuntarily I sprang to the window and looked out. On the other side of the little garden and

the road was a marshy field, with a pond in one corner of it, yellow at this season with marsh marigolds. Round this pond half-a-dozen girls were already gathered, straining at something dark in the centre of it. Other girls were running from the adjoining meadow, where they had been at play; and from a distant shed two labouring men were hurrying to the scene. Even some of the sick children sat up in their beds; and Nettie, who had fallen into a quiet doze, opened her eyes and asked feebly what had happened, that the people were crying.

"It is only a girl who has hurt herself," I said, dropping the curtain and speaking quite quietly. "I am going to help her, but I will be back in a moment; so lie still all of you, or you will catch cold."

And then I drew the blanket closer round Nettie, and hurried out of the room, shutting the door behind me. I had guessed at one glance that that dark object in the pond was a drowning child, and I could not sit still when any helping hand might be of use; but to my dying day I shall never forgive myself for not having called the nurse, who had left the room when I entered it, to resume her charge of the invalids. It was not a hundred yards from the cottage to the pond, but speaking to the children had delayed me, and the men were there first, and were dragging out a dripping, mud-stained figure, which they handed over to me just as I arrived on the scene. Ah, dear me! Well might poor Nettie worry herself about the truant feet and wilful spirit of her charge! It did not need the name repeated in a dozen keys of fear and sorrow by her playfellows; hardly the golden curls still gleaming through the weight of black mud which had soaked through the little brown frock, and dripped off the rounded limbs, to know that it was the plaything of the house, Magdalen Mary, who lay before me.

"She was with us yonder," several of the girls began explaining at once, as I hastened to take what measures I could for restoring the child. "She'd been talkin' o' yeller flowers for Nettie; but we didn't guess what she meant, an' she'd slipped away without none of us noticin', when we heard a screech from 'ere, an' guessed what it was, an' run——Oh, m'm," as the child moved in my arms, "she's comin' to. She ain't dead! O

Magdalen Mary! 'ow could yer? What would Nettie ha' said?"

A voice from behind answered—hardly a voice either, but a low, hoarse cry—so weak, and yet so full of anguish, that we all turned round and saw, perhaps, the most unlikely thing it could have entered into our heads to see. Nettie, whom I had left burning with fever and tucked up in bed—Nettie herself, standing behind us! How she had got out of the infirmary and across the road without being noticed, no one ever knew; only there she was, barefooted, with her fair hair hanging around her poor blotched face and feverish eyes, and nothing but her little cotton night-gown to protect her from the cold. Some one among the chorus of voices, uttering her sister's name, had reached her; and she had come in answer to it, and was standing in a breach in the hedge, clutching at the prickly, leafless boughs for support, not speaking, save for that one bitter cry, but with her eyes turned in a dumb agony of appeal upon us as the baby-girl, roused by the familiar name from the half-stupor brought on as much by fright as by her cold douche, lifted up her pretty round face and stretched out her arms to her sister with a passionate cry, "Nettie! Nettie! come to Maglin! Maglin fell in water. Wanted to fin' oo an' take oo de pitty flowers. Let me go, naughty lady! Let me go! Me wants my Nettie! O Nettie, take me; me so cold."

The child was struggling with all its might to escape from my arms. A few battered marsh marigolds, the cause of the accident, had fallen from the little blue fingers, as they tried to beat a way to freedom and Nettie. Some of the girls were crying with gladness because of her safety. Fortunately the matron came up at the same moment with one of the nurses and carried the sick girl back to the infirmary, while I took the little one up to the schools, to be dried and warmed and have her wet clothes removed by a good fire. She had not been in the water more than three minutes after all, so there was really nothing the matter with her beyond a ducking; but not even "sweets," or the loan of another child's coveted doll, could still her sobs for Nettie—Nettie whom she had been trying to reach, and

who had appeared for one tantalizing moment only to forsake her again—Nettie, who was in a far worse way now than the little sister had any power of imagining. She fairly cried herself to sleep before I left her.

The elder girl died early on the next morning. The sudden exposure to a bleak east wind from her hot bed had driven the disease inwards. Inflammation of the lungs set in within a couple of hours, and though all that could be done for her was done, it was evident, even before the doctor came, that the poor child's hours on earth were numbered. Before leaving he said the same thing, whispering, as he turned away from paying his evening visit, "Are you going to remain here? Very kind of you. She won't live through the night, you know. Sinking fast now."

She did, however, and I never left her; nor through all the long hours and the cruel pain she suffered did I once hear a word of complaint pass her lips. The nurse had told her that Magdalen was sleeping soundly, and none the worse for her bath, and from that moment there was a bright look on her face which even physical suffering could only cloud, not drive away for good. Later on in the evening, however, when she got so much worse that she asked and was told she was dying, her eyes filled with tears, and the poor little work-worn hands were clenched together on the coverlid as she wailed out:

"Oh, whatever will my baby do? Whatever, ever, will my baby do without me?" But when, kneeling beside her, I took her hands in mine, and whispered to her that Magdalen Mary should be in my care, and find a home with me till she was old enough to go to a good school, such a smile broke over the small face, a moment back all lined and drawn with pain, that it seemed as if the very glory of God were shining in it.

She spoke very little during the remainder of the night. Now and then exhaustion, or the pain of breathing, would force a moan from her, but it was always followed by a smile or an attempt to kiss my hand which she held in her shrunken fingers, as if there were some ingratitude in even feeling her own sufferings after the joy of my promise to her; and towards morning she fell into a

quiet sleep, which lasted till nearly seven o'clock. The sun was shining brightly when she woke, and lit up the mortal pallor of her face, and the yellow cowslips which I had brought her yesterday, and which stood in a coarse blue cup beside the bed. Up in the boughs of a pear-tree a blackbird was singing merrily, and a whole family of fowls clucked and clucked in the yard behind the cottage. Stooping down to her, I saw that there were tears in her eyes, and asked her if there was anything she wanted.

"Only to see my baby once again. If I could but ha' kissed her once; an' I can't, I know I can't;" and with the words, the tears rolled down her face for the first time uncontrolled.

"My child," I said, very much moved, "if it will comfort you, you shall see her; not in here, lest she should take the infection, but at the window. I will send for one of the girls to bring her, if it will comfort you, Nettie;" and I sent a message to the school accordingly. Poor Nettie's face was shining.

"Lift me that I may see nearer," she whispered hoarsely, and then lay back against my shoulder gasping for breath, her dim eyes gazing with a pitiful yearning into the blue sky beyond. Outside, the blackbird still filled the air with joyous trills of song, and a long straggling branch of sweet-briar tapped lightly at the casement in the gentle breeze. Another moment, and the branch was pushed aside by a sturdy pink hand and a round face rosy with health, and framed in wavy curls, golden as the guilty marigolds which lay on Nettie's pillow, was lifted up to the window instead.

"Me see my Nettie!" shouted the joyous baby voice. "Maglin see Nettie! Nettie, me dood now, twite dood; not go in water nor nuffin no more!"

Poor Nettie! I think she tried to speak, but she was too far gone for any words to be audible through the parched white lips. The morning sun, shining in at the casement, threw the shadow of the curly head and little clapping hands athwart Nettie's pillow, and the white-washed wall behind. With a last effort, the poor child turned her face round and pressed her lips to the shadow of the chubby fingers which were still beating at the window.

The next moment she was gone

THE SEA SWALLOWS.

—
By FREDERIC BRETON.
—

WE are far away from this green sunny England of ours ; far away from the smoke and traffic of the great city ; far away even from the sands where the children are digging castles and paddling in the pools left by the tide. Where we are, the waves are huge grey Atlantic billows, and the sands are covered with great jagged rocks, looking like the towers of haunted castles. Opposite us rise high mysterious mountains, and over the sea we behold far-away islands, which are inhabited only by the harsh-screaming ocean birds.

We are among the Hebrides ; those islands of mist and storm, which as you know, are situate on the western shore of mountainous Scotland.

A few houses are scattered along the shore of the wide, curious bay. Most of these houses are built of turf, with but old herring barrels for chimneys : one, however, is of grey stone, and stands by itself in the little garden which surrounds it. Behind the house are lonely moors which, in the autumn, are covered with the purple bloom of the heather and the golden plumes of the bracken-fern. If we walk along the firm white sand, we come to the high rock which guards the entrance to the bay, and against which dash the mighty grey waves. At the top of this rock there stands a ruined castle. It has almost all disappeared now ; only the four walls remain, and at one corner there is a moss-grown turret, with a winding staircase. The steps are very rotten, and it would scarcely be safe for any one to attempt to go up them : but that makes it all the better for the birds, who can build their nests there without fear of being robbed of their eggs by the children from the fisher village below.

The birds who build there are very different though from the piping blackbirds, the thrushes, the sweet-voiced

skylarks, whom we are accustomed to see in the woods and fields of England. They are wild, hardy creatures, which seem better fitted for the savage rocks, solitary moors, and moaning seas, among which they spend their lives. Look at that rock which is visible above the water, now that the tide is low! It is covered with cormorants—or skarts, as they are there called—while, in the air above them, is a flock of redbilled oyster-catchers, screaming harshly at one another. If we look along the shore, we can see two solemn long-necked long-legged herons, wading in a pool, and fishing for what they can find.

Nestling amid the moss and ivy on the castle are the nests of the sea swallows—the delicate slate-coloured sea swallows, with their white tail-feathers and orange bills and legs. How they twitter to one another as they whirl round the tower, and with what speed they dart through the air to search for food for their families.

Torquil and Oona were sitting on the bottom step of the turret, watching the birds as they skimmed overhead. Torquil and Oona were brother and sister; they lived with their father, who was captain of the fishing fleet, in the house which stood apart from the others, and was built of grey stone.

“I am glad it is such a fine day,” said Torquil.

“Why?” asked Oona.

“*Why?*” he repeated: “as if you didn’t know! I am glad it is fine, because I should not be allowed to go out with the boats to-night if it was stormy.”

“I wish you weren’t allowed to go any how,” said Oona. Of course the language they talked was Gaelic, and as Gaelic is a very old language, it is much more easily understood by the birds and animals than perhaps English would be. So it happened that Fleetwing, one of the sea swallows on the turret above, overheard their conversation.

“Here are Ronan and Somerlid,” said Oona, as two were seen coming towards the castle. Somerlid was their elder brother, who helped his father in managing their boat called *Nighean donn*, which means the “brown-haired maiden.” It had been called this after Oona, who had long brown hair, different from most of the village maidens whose hair was generally black.

Ronan was a friend of Torquil. He did not properly belong to the village, as he came from another island; but, as his parents were dead, he lived with his aunt, who had settled in their village some years previously.

"Well, Torquil!" said Somerlid. "So you are coming out with us to-night?"

"Yes," said he joyously; "now that I am eleven years old, mother was obliged to consent. Father would have taken me long ago, had it not been for her."

"I wish I was going with you," said Ronan.

"Please don't you go," said Oona, "or I shall be left quite alone. I wish, though, that you could go instead of Torquil."

Ronan did not answer this, but began to climb up the turret steps.

"You had better not go up there," said Somerlid warningly, "or you are sure to break your neck, or something."

"I am only just going to get that swallow's nest," said Ronan. "The eggs would be pretty for Oona."

"I would never take them," said Oona, rising, and looking like a princess in her impetuous anger; "and I think you are a horridly cruel boy, to wish to rob those poor birds of their nests."

"I thought you would like the eggs," muttered Ronan.

"Never!" said Oona, stamping her foot. "Why, the birds are my greatest friends: I often come and sit watching them for hours."

Fleetwing heard the words Oona was speaking, and she said to herself, that if ever a time came when she could do anything for Oona, she would most certainly help her as well as she could.

"We had better not begin to quarrel," said Somerlid, "on the day that Torquil is going on the sea: it would be unlucky. So we had better go down to dinner, for which Ronan and I came to fetch you."

Somerlid was older than the others, being indeed fifteen; so his words were listened to with respect, and, following his advice, all four went off in the direction of the village.

Soon after their departure, Bright-eyes, who was Fleetwing's husband, returned to the nest, and his wife told him of the children's conversation which she had overheard.

He quite agreed with Fleetwing that they should do something to show gratitude to Oona, and said he would mention the matter in the meeting which was going to be held that afternoon.

This meeting was held in a large cave, called the Cave of the Silver Foam. It opened on to the sea, and at high tide the waves made a noise like thunder as they broke on its rocky walls, and then fell back in the showers of silver foam which gave the cave its name. The cliffs on each side were very steep, and very seldom indeed did any one of the village folk enter such a wild and dangerous spot. It was low tide when the meeting was held, and the floor of the cave was a carpet of dazzling white sand, with rocks lying here and there. These rocks served as seats or perching-places to the birds of high rank, for the attendance was very large.

As the mouth of the cave faced the west, the interior was well lit up in the late afternoon, and truly it was a wonderful sight—"a sight for sair e'en."

The place of honour was, by common consent, granted to a tall and aged heron, who had been born so long ago that he remembered the days when all the islands had belonged to the long-haired sea-kings of Norway. Behind him stood the other herons in orderly ranks, each on one leg, which is as much politeness for a heron as kneeling on one knee is for a courtier. On his right and left were the chiefs of the different bands of birds, the cormorants, the oyster-catchers, the petrels, the gulls, and the sea swallows. Beyond the chiefs were the rank and file of their followers.

At the entrance of the cave stood those who had requests to make, messages to give, or any kind of news to offer. These came forward one by one, and talked of the scarcity of the fish, the number of young birds who could now fly, the hardness of the fishermen in trapping the unwary, and many other subjects which were interesting to the assembly. Bright-eyes also related his story of Oona's behaviour, and the chief of the herons praised him for his resolution to help her, if she were ever in need. The other birds would have laughed at Bright-eyes, but when the chief praised him they wondered, for the chief had more experience, and therefore more wisdom, than any of them.

The chief was just rising to tell the birds they might dissolve the meeting and go away to their own homes, when there was a slight confusion at the entrance of the cave, and there entered a deep sea messenger. It was a gannet. Gannets were used as deep-sea messengers because their strong wings enabled them to bear long journeys across the wild Atlantic with less fatigue than the others.

This one, however, seemed nearly exhausted; his wings drooped, his feathers were wet and ruffled, and he spoke with a painful gasp of breath.

"I have come," he said, "from the distant island of St. Kilda—the farthest away of all the western isles. I flew all night to bear my message in time for this meeting."

"What is it?" said the chief of herons; and a kind of excited murmur went through the ranks of the other birds of "What is it?"

"A most terrible storm," said the gannet, "is coming quickly across the Atlantic, and will break with great fury on all these rocky coasts."

"Who told you of it?" asked the chief.

"I heard it from a cormorant," said the gannet, "who flew across to St. Kilda from the wild Rockall, which is almost midway between this and the new found land. The cormorant was told it by one of those great ocean birds, the stormy petrels, who came to Rockall in order to take refuge until the worst of it was past."

"That is indeed important news," said the chief of herons, "especially to those of us"—looking round with a smile—"who are fathers of families."

He himself was a great-great-grandfather.

The news was so important that the meeting was at once dispersed in order that the various birds might return to their homes and make any necessary arrangements. The sun was just commencing to disappear behind the mountains when Bright-eyes returned to his wife and told her the news.

"It is lucky," said she, "that you took my advice, and built in this sheltered corner instead of just opposite the sea, as you wanted."

"Ah, it is indeed," he acknowledged, "for there, there would have been small chance of preserving our home or our eggs, if the storm turns out to be as terrible as the messenger seemed to think it would be."

"We are safe now, anyhow," said Fleetwing, "but I doubt if every one else is as safe."

"What do you mean?" asked Bright-eyes.

"I mean that this morning—but listen!" she said, suddenly stopping, for there was a sound of voices below them. Then they heard the following:

"We will be able to see them from here very well, Ronan," said Oona.

"Yes," said he, "I do not suppose we could have found a better place, for this is so high, and also so far out on the promontory."

They had come up to the castle to see the fishing-fleet start, for it was to-night that Torquil was permitted to sail with his father and Somerlid in the *Nighan donn*. On one side was the calm bay gilded in the sunset, and on the other was the white restless plain of cold grey ocean. The white houses clustered on the green shore of the bay, and the brown fishing-smacks rode at anchor amid the crimson waves. But there was now evidently a commotion among the fleet, for a distant noise could be heard—the hoarse shouting of men, the creaking of ropes, and the splash of anchors as they left the water. One by one the red sails were hoisted, and one by one the boats moved through the water, till at length they all passed in picturesque order just below Ronan and Oona.

"There they are," said Oona, pointing to a boat rather larger than the rest, which was gracefully heeling over before the light evening breeze.

"Hark!" said Ronan, and a shout of "Good-bye" was borne to their ears, while they caught sight of two figures waving white handkerchiefs, and a tall figure at the rudder who waved his arm.

Oona and Ronan stood watching the boats sail away over the green ocean. They made arches of their hands that they might shade their eyes from the crimson glare of the west, and see the boats distinctly.

"Ay, ay, little lassie, look hard at them, for it will be long ere ye see them again," said a harsh but not unkindly voice. The children turned and saw Eachan, a very old and decrepit boatman leaning on his stick; he never went out with the boats now, but always remained on shore, mending nets and doing other easy work of the kind.

"Go away with you, Eachan!" said Ronan; "you are always foretelling evil to other people—you're nothing but an old croaker whatever."

"I have reason," muttered the old man, "for I never saw a sunset of fire without there being a drowning by water."

"Don't attend to him, Oona dear," said Ronan, "but come down with me to the village; we will pick some flowers on the way."

They went off home, but old Eachan remained watching till the boats had disappeared, which was not until the sunset flush had faded, and a dark cloud rose threateningly in the northwest.

"Poor people!" said Fleetwing to her husband, when the children were gone, "I wonder if they know of the coming storm."

"They can't," said he, "or you may be sure that they would not go out in their boats."

"Can we not warn them?" said Fleetwing.

"It is too late now, even if we could," said Bright-eyes, "for the boats are already gone."

"Will they be drowned, think you?" asked Fleetwing.

"I cannot say," replied Bright-eyes, "but I should think it was very likely."

"Then I pity Oona," said Fleetwing, "for she will lose her brother, and will only have that horrid wretch Ronan, whom she prevented from taking my eggs this morning. I wish *he* had gone in place of Torquil."

After that, they went to sleep, for what help could two delicate birds render to boats contending in the waves?

Late that night, when the birds lay in their cosy nests and the children slept peacefully in their quiet homes, the storm burst. The fishing-boats were still far away at sea, though they were on the way home. They had seen the approach of the storm and hurried to return, fearing lest they should be overtaken before they reached the shelter of the bay; but they *were* overtaken, and now bent before the fury of the gale.

How the wind howled and shrieked through the rigging! How it tore off the crests of the waves, and hurled them at the boats! How furiously it churned the water, turning all the sea into one lake of creamy foam! How it whistled—then stopped—paused for an instant—then rushed madly

on its way, tearing and screaming like some demented animal! And above it all there came at times the crackle and long solemn cannon-boom of thunder, while the blue lightnings played like demons amid the torn waters.

In the middle of the storm there was a lull. The thunder ceased; the wind stayed; there was nothing but frightful darkness, while the oily roll of the monstrous waves alone broke the awful, dead, unutterable silence. Torquil had seen both his father and Somerlid washed away by the waves, and now he was *alone*—think of it!—quite alone in the terrible silence, with only the stern, the cruel sea, and the unearthly darkness for his companions. He was very fearful of it all, for this was his first night at sea, and the awe and the terror of it nearly maddened him.

The silence did not last very long. When it seemed most quiet, and when Torquil could almost hear his own heart-beats, there was a crash which nearly stunned him. It seemed just overhead, as if some mighty giant had rapped the clouds with an iron mallet. For the moment, the crash seemed to produce deeper silence; then came the long rolling echoes, deeply reverberating, as if among the stone-vaulted corridors of a haunted keep. Poor Torquil! He felt as if he had been crushed beneath a heavy weight of metal, which clashed and clanged almost into his very brain.

After this the storm again commenced, and the *Nighean donn* tore along through the foaming water, which was prevented from rising into waves by the violence of the wind. On it rushed, like a wild horse pursued by hunters; on it rushed, like a being flying for life, till at length it struck a rock. Torquil was thrown violently out, and clutched at the seaweed which grew in the fissures. How he managed to cling on, he knew not; but he did cling on, while the boat was washed away as a plaything for the waters. He clambered up the slippery stone, and came to a sort of platform covered with short grass. Worn out with the strain, he became insensible and there we will leave him, while we return once more to Oona and the sea swallows.

The storm had awakened her, and she lay in bed trembling for fear, but afraid to look up lest the glare of the lightning should strike her. The window of her

bedroom rattled and shook in the high wind, which howled in the chimney like the voice of some one in agony.

When the storm began to lessen, she heard a light tapping at her door.

"Come in!" she said.

It was Ronan, in a big great-coat, and holding a lantern in his hand.

"Get up and dress," said he, "and come downstairs; every one is up looking at the sea, for none of the boats are in yet. I will wait for you."

Then he closed the door, and softly went downstairs, while Oona quickly rose and huddled on her things, fastening them anyhow in her anxiety to be down quickly. When she was down, Ronan put round her a big great-coat which he had brought, and taking his lantern, they both went into the street. The clouds were just breaking, and as they scudded across the sky, the moon occasionally broke forth, lighting up the wild and curious scene. The street was full of the fisherwomen, some crowded together in little knots talking over the matter, others looking with straining eyes at the wild waves, which could just be seen gleaming whitely on the shore of the bay.

They had all evidently hurried out from their sleep, for their dresses were all awry, and their hair strayed loosely over their faces and necks. Many were bitterly weeping; and old greyheaded women were seen trying to comfort young girls who were crying, for their husbands or their fathers.

It was a sad sight, and one which Oona never forgot till her dying day.

"Come with me," said Ronan, taking her hand.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"To the castle," said he, "with old Eachan, who is going up to see if he can see any of the boats.

Oona went with him, and they both accompanied Eachan along the cliffs, though it was as much as they could do to keep up against the high wind.

At length they reached the castle rock, and all three gazed in silence through the mist, which took strange forms in the quivering intermittent moon-rays. For some time they saw nothing, and heard only the rushing of the waves as they fell on the rock, shaking it to its very foundations.

Then Eachan suddenly put up his hand—"Hark!" he said.

They heard a sound like the straining of a boat in a heavy sea, and immediately afterwards they caught sight of a dismantled boat coming swiftly towards the rocks, with one figure in her bows.

"Steer her to port—to port!" shouted old Eachan, fixing a staff he carried in one of the rock fissures.

The children looked at him, and saw in the moonlight that he was mad; the excitement was too much; he imagined that his stick was the rudder of a boat, and that he was steering.

"To port! to port!" he shouted, and leaned heavily on the staff. Of course it did not move; so seizing it in both hands, he pulled with all his might, and then it suddenly broke, precipitating him over the cliff into the boiling surf below.

"Take me home, take me home!" sobbed Oona, throwing both her arms round Ronan's neck; "or I am sure I shall die."

"Yes," said he, "we will go."

As they went, they heard a crash, and they knew that it was the boat running on the rocks.

"O Bright-eyes!" said Fleetwing to her husband, as they cowered in their sheltered nest. "how terrible it all is!"

"Go to sleep, dear," said he, "and we will see what can be done in the morning."

So, hiding her head beneath her wing, she tried to sleep, and at last succeeded.

The villagers did not obtain much rest that night, but sat on the shore watching and hoping for the return of the boats. Most of these came in, in a more or less shattered condition, about daybreak, but the *Nighian donn* and three others were missing. Slowly and sadly Oona's mother came home, and found Oona sleeping quietly in her room.

"Poor darling!" said the mother. "How glad I am that she has slept all through it."

She said this because she had been down at the shore when Oona had gone with Ronan to the castle, and did not know that Oona had even awoken. Very tired was the poor mother, and very exhausted with looking for those who did not come, so she went to her own room, and throwing herself on the bed, was soon fast asleep.

The storm was completely over when the sun rose, and except that the waves were rather bigger than usual, the appearance of the scene was not changed. The sky was blue as ever it was, and crossed here and there by a thin line of white cloud. The sun was warm, and the birds rejoiced in the summer air. Bright-eyes and Fleetwing were taking their morning flight before breakfast, when they caught sight of something still and white on a ledge of rock below.

It was Torquil. In the storm he had not been able to see whither they were going, but in reality the boat had gone ashore at the foot of the castle rock. You may remember how he climbed on to a kind of grassy platform; this platform was about a quarter of the way up the cliff, and was so placed that it was invisible from the land, and, even from the sea, it was scarcely to be distinguished from the rest of the rock. Torquil soon opened his eyes, and after thinking for a few minutes, remembered what had happened. Then, looking round, he saw the walls of the castle rising above him, and thus found out where he was. But the cliff was too steep to be climbed, and the sea below was too deep to be waded through. What was he to do?

He heard a soft twittering close to his ear, and turning, he saw two sea swallows looking at him, but not seeming in the least frightened. They were Bright-eyes and Fleetwing.

A thought suddenly struck Torquil, and feeling in his pockets he found a small piece of pencil and a scrap of paper. He managed to write on it:

"Oona, come to the castle for Torquil."

Then he turned to Fleetwing.

"Little swallow," he said, "will you help me? Let me give you this, and then fly with it to my sister Oona, at the grey house in the village."

Fleetwing understood what he wanted, and was only too glad to help him. She perched on his shoulder, and took the scrap of paper in her beak. Then she flew away with it to Oona, leaving Bright-eyes to keep her eggs warm till she returned. Oona was still sleeping when Fleetwing tapped at the window, for it was very early and she was very tired. But she soon awoke, and let Fleetwing into the room. She took the piece of paper and read it.

Then Eachan suddenly put up his hand—"Hark!" he said.

They heard a sound like the straining of a boat in a heavy sea, and immediately afterwards they caught sight of a dismasted boat coming swiftly towards the rocks, with one figure in her bows.

"Steer her to port—to port!" shouted old Eachan, fixing a staff he carried in one of the rock fissures.

The children looked at him, and saw in the moonlight that he was mad; the excitement was too much; he imagined that his stick was the rudder of a boat, and that he was steering.

"To port! to port!" he shouted, and leaned heavily on the staff. Of course it did not move; so seizing it in both hands, he pulled with all his might, and then it suddenly broke, precipitating him over the cliff into the boiling surf below.

"Take me home, take me home!" sobbed Oona, throwing both her arms round Ronan's neck; "or I am sure I shall die."

"Yes," said he, "we will go."

As they went, they heard a crash, and they knew that it was the boat running on the rocks.

"O Bright-eyes!" said Fleetwing to her husband, as they cowered in their sheltered nest, "how terrible it all is!"

"Go to sleep, dear," said he, "and we will see what can be done in the morning."

So, hiding her head beneath her wing, she tried to sleep, and at last succeeded.

The villagers did not obtain much rest that night, but sat on the shore watching and hoping for the return of the boats. Most of these came in, in a more or less shattered condition, about daybreak, but the *Nighean donn* and three others were missing. Slowly and sadly Oona's mother came home, and found Oona sleeping quietly in her room.

"Poor darling!" said the mother. "How glad I am that she has slept all through it."

She said this because she had been down at the shore when Oona had gone with Ronan to the castle, and did not know that Oona had even awoke. Very tired was the poor mother, and very exhausted with looking for those who did not come, so she went to her own room, and throwing herself on the bed, was soon fast asleep.

The storm was completely over when the sun rose, and except that the waves were rather bigger than usual, the appearance of the scene was not changed. The sky was blue as ever it was, and crossed here and there by a thin line of white cloud. The sun was warm, and the birds rejoiced in the summer air. Bright-eyes and Fleetwing were taking their morning flight before breakfast, when they caught sight of something still and white on a ledge of rock below.

It was Torquil. In the storm he had not been able to see whither they were going, but in reality the boat had gone ashore at the foot of the castle rock. You may remember how he climbed on to a kind of grassy platform; this platform was about a quarter of the way up the cliff, and was so placed that it was invisible from the land, and, even from the sea, it was scarcely to be distinguished from the rest of the rock. Torquil soon opened his eyes, and after thinking for a few minutes, remembered what had happened. Then, looking round, he saw the walls of the castle rising above him, and thus found out where he was. But the cliff was too steep to be climbed, and the sea below was too deep to be waded through. What was he to do?

He heard a soft twittering close to his ear, and turning, he saw two sea swallows looking at him, but not seeming in the least frightened. They were Bright-eyes and Fleetwing.

A thought suddenly struck Torquil, and feeling in his pockets he found a small piece of pencil and a scrap of paper. He managed to write on it:

"Oona, come to the castle for Torquil."

Then he turned to Fleetwing.

"Little swallow," he said, "will you help me? Let me give you this, and then fly with it to my sister Oona, at the grey house in the village."

Fleetwing understood what he wanted, and was only too glad to help him. She perched on his shoulder, and took the scrap of paper in her beak. Then she flew away with it to Oona, leaving Bright-eyes to keep her eggs warm till she returned. Oona was still sleeping when Fleetwing tapped at the window, for it was very early and she was very tired. But she soon awoke, and let Fleetwing into the room. She took the piece of paper and read it.

"Thanks, dear swallow," said she, "I am sure you *are* my best friend, and I will never let anyone harm you."

Fleetwing then flew away home, and Oona dressed herself. When she was dressed, she went out softly, for fear of waking her mother, and going to Ronan's house, woke him up, and asked him to come with her to find Torquil.

He was soon ready, and wisely took with him a long piece of rope.

They went to the top of the rock, and looked cautiously over the edge. Torquil saw them, and shouted. Then Ronan fastened one end of his rope to a rock, and let the other end down to Torquil. Torquil caught hold of it, and being a good climber was soon at the top, where he embraced Oona and shook Ronan's hand.

They all three went home together, and what was their surprise to see their mother talking to their father and Somerlid?

The three missing boats had come in, and on one were Somerlid and his father. They had clung on to a plank when washed overboard, and then been picked up by the other boat.

We can imagine what rejoicings there were in the house that day, and how each one told his adventures over and over again. And Ronan took part in the general joy, but he never again wished to rob the sea swallows of their eggs; for whenever he saw the delicate slate-coloured birds, he always thought of Torquil and Oona.

THE CHURCH OF THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

ONE evening in the year of grace 1815, after a day of excessive heat—the heat of a Spanish summer—the aged Curé of San Pedro, a village a few leagues distant from Seville, returned from a round of parochial visits, weary and exhausted, to his poor presbytery, where awaited him his worthy sexagenarian housekeeper, Señora Margarita.

No one, however accustomed to the sight of poverty, could have failed to observe the extreme bareness of the old priest's dwelling—a bareness all the more noticeable from a certain air of pretension in the arrangement of the few poor articles of furniture, which made the nakedness of the walls and the more than doubtful condition of the floor and ceiling still more evident.

Margarita had just completed the preparation of a small dish of *olla podrida* for her master's supper, which, except the sauce and the pompous name, consisted of the remains of his dinner, seasoned and disguised with the utmost talent.

"God be praised, Margarita!" exclaimed the Curé, as he inhaled the appetizing odours which welcomed his return. "The fragrance of your *olla podrida* would give a dying man an appetite! By St. Peter, comrade, you ought to recite the whole Rosary as an act of thanksgiving at finding so good a supper."

Margarita, looking round at these words saw that her master was followed by a stranger. Her face, suddenly disconcerted, expressed a curious mixture of disappointment and annoyance. Darting a glance first at the unknown personage and then at her master, the latter said, with the apologetic tone of a child before a wrathful parent, "Bah! enough for two is enough for three, and you would not have me leave a poor Christian who for two days has not tasted food, to die of hunger."

"Holy Virgin! a queer sort of Christian, I should say, when he looks more like a brigand." And she left the room muttering to herself.

The guest during this doubtful reception remained standing near the threshold. He was a man of lofty stature clad in garments that were torn in all directions. His flowing black hair, flashing eyes, and long carbine made up an appearance little calculated to inspire interest or confidence.

"Well?" he asked, "am I to go away?"

With an emphatic gesture the Curé answered: "Never shall he who seeks shelter beneath my roof be driven from it! Never shall he seek in vain a welcome! Put down your carbine; let us say *Benedicite* and sit down to table."

"I and my carbine never part company. The Castilian, proverb says, 'Two friends are one.' This is my best friend. I can sup with it between my knees: for though *you* may suffer me in your house instead of turning me out of it before I have a mind to go, there are others who would not show me the same consideration. Now then, to your good health, and let us begin."

The temperate Curé of San Pedro was struck with amazement at the voracious appetite of his visitor, who not content with devouring nearly the whole of the *olla podrida*, emptied the wine-flask and left nothing of an enormous loaf. While occupied in thus clearing the table, he looked from time to time uneasily around him, started at the slightest sound, and when one of the doors suddenly slammed in the wind sprang to his feet, grasping his weapon like a man who was determined to sell his life dearly. Then recovering from his alarm, he sat down and continued his meal.

When this was ended he said to his host: "You must now put the finishing stroke to your kind reception. I am wounded in the thigh; give me some linen rags, and then you shall be rid of me."

"I do not want to get rid of you, poor fellow," said the Curé kindly. "I am something of a surgeon, and can at any rate dress your wound better than a clumsy village barber. You will see."

So saying, he took from the cupboard a bundle in which were rolled up old linen and other needful appliances, and, turning up his sleeves, prepared to exercise the functions

of a surgeon. The wound was deep. A ball had traversed the thigh, and it must have required no small amount of courage and endurance for the man to have continued walking.

"You cannot go further to-day," said the Curé, as he probed the wound with the satisfaction of an amateur. "You must be content to pass the night here. A few hours' rest will give you fresh strength, lessen the inflammation, bring down the swelling, and——"

"I must go to-day, and at once," interrupted the stranger. "There are those who expect me," he added sighing; and then, with a fierce smile, "and others who seek me. Now, then, have you finished the dressing? Good! I feel quite fresh again. Give me a loaf. Take this gold piece for your hospitality, and *adieu!*"

The priest pushed back the money indignantly. "I am no innkeeper, and I do not sell my hospitality."

"As you please; and pardon me! Farewell."

Then taking the loaf which Margarita, at her master's bidding, had unwillingly brought, the strange visitor plunged into the woods which surrounded the Curé's lowly dwelling.

An hour later, in the same woods, the sound of a repeated firing was heard, and the stranger again hurried feebly into the presbytery, bleeding from a wound in the breast and pale as death.

Hastily putting down some gold pieces, he said to the priest: "My children—in the ravine—near the little river."

He fell exhausted on the ground. The Spanish gendarmes rushed in, gun in hand, and found no resistance on the part of their prisoner, whom they bound tightly, and then permitted the Curé to dress his wound; but, heedless of the priest's observations on the danger of removing him in his present state, they placed him on a cart and prepared to take their departure, saying: "Whether he dies now or with the halter round his neck, his business is settled all the same. He is the famous brigand, José."

José looked his thanks at the Curé and whispered, "Water!" As the priest leant over him, holding the cup to his lips, he said faintly: "You understood?"

The Curé nodded assent.

No sooner had the men departed with their prisoner than, regardless of the voluble representations of Margarita

"It means that I am Don José della Ribera," was the answer, "and that twelve years ago I was José the brigand. I made my escape from prison; times are changed, and they have made the robber-chief the leader of a political party. You have been a hospitable host to me, and a father to my sons. Embrace me, my children."

And he folded the boys in his arms.

Then, holding out his hand to the Curé, he said, "Well, Father, will you not accept the Church of the Cup of Cold Water?"

The Curé, greatly moved, turned to old Margaylla, who stood behind him weeping for joy, and said: "Did I not remind you that 'whosoever shall give even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, should in no wise lose his reward?'"

A year afterwards, Don José della Ribera and his two sons were present at the consecration of the Church of San Pedro of the Cup of Cold Water—one of the prettiest churches in the neighbourhood of Seville.

THE SON OF A KING FOR ME.

A MAIDEN stood on her tower and gazed
O'er the broad ancestral plain,
And the stream that shone like a silver band
'Thro' the fields of golden grain.

Fair Hildegard was a maiden rich
With the wealth of lands and gold ;
She shone with a beauty unsurpassed,
And her will no man controlled.

For many a noble suitor came
To crave for her hand and heart,
But she turned aside with a scornful pride,
And she bade them all depart.

In her pride she said, " I will never wed
Save one whose ancestral tree
Is rooted deep in a royal race—
The son of a King for me ! "

And last of all, young Randolph came,,
The child of a noble line :
" O Hildegard ! wilt thou be my bride ?
My blood is as pure as thine ! "

He had held her hand, and had gazed awhile
In the depths of her glorious eyes :
He had offered his all, and his own true heart,
To win such a matchless prize.

But she shook her head, and she proudly said,
" I cannot wed with thee ;
E'en if thy blood be as pure as mine,
The son of a King for me ! "

And now as she stood in her tower, and gazed
On the broad ancestral plain,
On the stream that shone as a silver band
'Mid the fields of golden grain ;

She cried in her haste to her waiting-maid,
“ Come hither and deck my hair,
And bring me the costliest robe of all,
And the gems most rich and rare.”

And she thought : “ I go to the Court this day,
With a hope I dare not tell ;
For the King's own son hath bid me come,
And I know that he loves me well.”

As she stood arrayed in her rich attire,
A vision of beauty fair,
She said to herself, “ Perchance 'twere well
If I kneel to say one prayer.”

She knelt where she had been taught to pray
'Neath the form of the Crucified ;
And with upturned eyes she clasped her hands
On a bosom that swelled with pride.

But a sudden thrill shot through her frame,
And she seemed to gasp for breath,
As she strained her eyes to the Crucified,
Who had loved her to bitter death,—

And a voice that pierced her inmost soul,
Said, “ Give thyself up to Me ;
For I am the Son of a mighty King,
And I gave up all for thee.”

She gave one cry, at His feet she lay,
While the burning tears fell fast ;
His power had triumphed o'er worldly pride,
Her heart had been won at last !

Then she flung aside her costly robe,
And she put her gems away ;
With her arms entwined around the Cross
She spent that festive day.

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MARINE PETRE.

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B.C.U.

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Translated and Selected from the

From a hollow shell the while,
 See, 'tis filling, with a smile,
 Pool as shallow as may be
 With the waters of the sea.

Hear the smiling Bishop ask,
 "What can mean such infant task?"
 Mark that infant's answer plain,—
 "Tis to hold yon mighty main."

"Foolish infant," Hubert cries,
 "Open, if thou canst, thine eyes :
 Can a hollow scooped by thee
 Hope to hold the boundless sea?"

Soon that child on ocean's brim,
 Opes its eyes and turns to him ;
 Well does Hubert read its look,
 Glance of innocent rebuke :

While a voice is heard to say,
 "If the pool, thus scooped in play,
 Cannot hold the mighty sea,
 What must thy researches be?"

"Canst thou hope to make thine own
 Secrets known to God alone?
 Can thy faculty confined
 Compass the Eternal Mind?"

Bishop Hubert turned away—
 He has learnt enough to-day.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE STORY OF CHRIST AND THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER.

EARLY in the morning
 The Sultan's daughter
 Walked in her father's garden,

Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.
And as she gathered them,
She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.
"In my heart," she said,
"I love him; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labour in his garden."

And at midnight,
As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And looking forth from her window
She saw a beautiful youth
Standing among the flowers.
It was the Lord Jesus :
And she went down to Him
And opened the door to Him.
And He said to her, "O maiden !
Thou hast thought of Me with love,
And for thy sake
Out of My Father's kingdom
Have I come hither :
I am the Master of the flowers.
My garden is in Paradise,
And if thou wilt go with Me,
Thy bridal garland
Shall be of bright red flowers."

And then he took from His finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter
If she would be His bride.
And when she answered Him with love,
His wounds began to bleed,
And she said to Him,

"O Love! how red Thy Heart is,
 And Thy Hands are full of roses."
 "For thy sake," answered He,
 "For thy sake is My Heart so red:
 For thee I bring these roses.
 I gathered them at the Cross
 Whereon I died for thee!
 Come, for My Father calls,
 Thou art my elected bride!"
 And the Sultan's daughter
 Followed Him to His Father's garden.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A CHILD'S WONDERFUL ANSWER.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Out of the mouth of babes, Thou hast perfected praise."

STAND the groups, serenely thoughtful,
 Upward lifting reverent eyes
 Where the starry flowers of heaven
 Brightly blossom o'er the skies;
 And they speak—those earnest gazers—
 Of the splendours all divine,
 That, beyond the fading star-beams,
 In immortal glory shine.

Then a wise and holy Prelate
 Questions thus that awe-struck band:
 "Is there anything in heaven
 That was made by human hand?"
 There are aged men and matrons
 In the upward-gazing throng,
 But to solve that wondrous question
 They had vainly pondered long;

And 'each heart is strangely burdened
With a weight of mystic fears.
But a lad whose eyes enshrined
Wisdom far beyond his years
Enters softly, as the Prelate
Thus repeateth his demand:
"Tell me— is there aught in heaven
That was made by human hand?"

Then his thrilling answer falleth
In a timid, childish tone :
"In our dear Lord's risen Body,
Seated on His fadeless throne,
"Are"—(the lad's sweet voice grew softer,
And with drooping head he stands)—
"Are the Five Wounds of Redemption,
Made by cruel human hands!"

From the "Ave Maria."

THE KAISER'S QUESTIONS.

THE Kaiser would go to the orphanage,
Upon a summer day,
And the children braided their flaxen hair
And tied it with ribbons gay.
They tied it with ribbons pink and blue,
And each wore her dress of white,
And the Kaiser said he thought no man
Could see a lovelier sight.

Then he took his plumed hat off his head
And they courtesied to him low,
He said, "God bless you, children dear,
And make you in wisdom grow."
He called to his side a blue-eyed girl
(She was fair as a child could be),
And he said : "Stand here, thou little one,
And answer me questions three.

"This lily, so fair and white and sweet,
 To what kingdom does it belong?"
 "To the vegetable kingdom, Sire;"
 And her voice was like a song.
 "And this little toy of purest gold?"
 (He showed her a mimic lyre)
 And she looked up with a smile, and said:
 "To the mineral kingdom, Sire."

"Now tell me, my clever little maid,
 To what kingdom do *I* belong?"
 She thought of lions, of cows and sheep—
 The *animal* sure is wrong!
 She looked at his knightly air and dress
 (She was but a child of eleven),
 And said, with a still and solemn air:
 "I think—to *the Kingdom of Heaven*."

The Kaiser looked down, and then looked up,
 And his eyes were full of tears,
 "The wisdom of Heaven dwells," he said,
 "In the child of tender years."
 He felt as if by an angel taught,
 And his soul to its depths was stirred;
 So he left a royal largess there,
 For the little damsel's word.

MARY A. BARR.

FRANCIS COSTER'S STORY.

ONCE—I've read in olden story—
 Lived a holy man of God,
 And two children 'neath his guidance
 Through life's pitfalls safely trod.

Every day's returning duties
 Found them docile at his side,
 There to draw from wisdom's fountains
 All his tender care supplied.

But the day's first, freshest hour . . .
At the altar found them prone,
Gladly giving to their Saviour
All He claimeth as His own !

There they served with purest offering
At the Sacrifice sublime,
Knelt, responded, and with reverence
Sounded oft the bell's clear chime.

And this duty then completed,
To the little chapel door
Turned their feet, and entering, vanished,
There to eat their humble store !

But one day, their teacher seeking,
Spake the elder one full clear :
" Tell us, Father, what fair infant
Doth so oft to us appear ? "

Then the priest replied in accents
Full of tender, loving care,—
" Son, I know not him you speak of
Who thy early moments share."

But they came again unto him
Day by day, with urgent word,
And it was with deepest wonder
That their simple tale he heard.

And he asked—" Of what sort is he ? "
And they answered him again—
" Father, he is clad in raiment
Seamless and without a stain."

" But whence cometh he ? " replying
Spoke the priest with accent mild ;
And they answered, " From the altar,
As it were, descends the child.

" And we asked him then to share
With us of our milk and bread ;
And he doth, right willingly : "—
This is what the children said.

And the priest was full of wonder ;
To the children then spoke he,
" Are there marks whereby to know him
If mine eyes the child should see ? "

" Yes, my father, yes, he beareth
In his hands and in his feet
Wounds that pierce his tender body, " —
These the words that they repeat.

" From his hands the crimson liquid
On the bread he taketh, flows,
Till beneath his touch it blushes
Like the deep heart of the rose ! "

Then with awe replied their master,
" O my sons, listen unto me !
Know it is the sweet Child Jesus,
The Holy One, that you did see !

" When again He cometh to you,
With these words your greeting be ;
' Thou hast breakfasted with us,
Grant us three may sup with Thee ! ' "

And the children did his bidding ;
Sweetly then the Child did say,
" Be it so, on Thursday next,
Be it so on Ascension Day ! "

On that day they came rejoicing,
But they brought nor milk nor bread :
Served they at the Mass right gladly ;
" *Ite, missa* " then was said,

But they still knelt on unheeding.
Thus they fell in Christ asleep ;
Master, children, with their Saviour
Thus his marriage-feast did keep !

MARIAN LONGFELLOW.

THE FIRST HYMN TO CHRIST.

This hymn is claimed by some to antedate the time of Clement of Alexandria; be this as it may, it is not found in writings of an earlier period. Many modern hymns to Christ are certainly richer in the graces of sacred melody, but there is much in this to attract the reader as the earliest hymn of praise to our Divine Redeemer known in the Christian world. The translation is as nearly literal as the exigencies of English verse allow.—E. P. WESTON.

CHRIST! of tender lambs the leader,
Shelter of each nestling bird,
Of our young the Guide and Pleader,
Let our song to Thee be heard:
While sweet praises each voice raises
To the everlasting Word.

King of saints, the all-prevailing
Message of the Father's grace,
Lord of wisdom, grief-assailing
Saviour of our mortal race;
Shepherd Jesus, guide and lead us
To Thy heavenly pasture-place!

Fisher in the sea of mortals,
Whom Thy grace alone can save,
Guarding from the tempest's perils,
Luring from the hostile wave;
With Thy life so sweet and tender,
Save Thy people, Christ, we crave!

Lead, O King! to life eternal,
In the footprints Thou hast trod,
In the heavenly way supernal,
Strength of those who worship God;
Fount of mercy, virtue's author,
Lead us with Thy staff and rod.

For Thy lowly life of teaching
 Find Thou here Thy blest reward,
 While the children, heavenward reaching,
 Sing the praises of their Lord ;
 Children tender, their Defender
 Praising in divine accord !

From the "Ave Maria."

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

THE King was sick. His cheek was red,
 And his eye was clear and bright ;
 He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
 And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know ;
 And doctors came by the score,
 They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
 And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
 And one was as poor as a rat,—
 He had passed his life in studious toil,
 And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book ;
 His patients gave him no trouble :
 If they recovered, they paid him well ;
 If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
 As the King on his couch reclined ;
 In succession they thumped his august chest,
 But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, " You're as sound as a nut."
 " Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
 In a ten-knot gale of royal rage ;
 The other leech grew a shade pale ;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a happy man.*

Wide over the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
But they found no happy man. . . .

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot ;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there !
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay ;
And one of them said, " Heaven save you, friend !
You seem to be happy to-day."

" O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad ;

" An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

" This is our man," the courier said ;
" Our luck has led us aright.

" I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black ;

" I would do it," said he, and he roared with the fun,
" But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes,

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
 And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
 He opened his window and let the air
 Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
 In his own appointed way ;
 And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
 And the King was well and gay.

JOHN HAY.

A LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

DEEP in the Pyrenees dwelt Pierre the drover,
 With six small children clamouring for bread
 While he had none to give them, and, moreover,
 A seventh child was coming to be fed.

Poor Pierre went forth at night and wandered lonely,
 He knew not where, with heart so sad and sore,
 His thoughts were centred on his young ones only
 Whose cries rung in his ears still more and more.

"Halt !" said a threatening voice, "your gold count over !"
 (It was the robber-chief El Capitan).

"Alas, my lord, I'm but a wretched drover
 Flying from hungry mouths as best I can."

He told his story to the lawless ranger,
 "Here, take this gold and buy your children food,
 And when the stork comes with the little stranger,
 I'll stand as gossip while I'm in the mood."

The outlaw kept his word, thus lightly given ;
 A boy was born, but after three short years
 He died, and his young soul took flight to Heaven,
 And at the gate he stood with ravished ears.

"Enter, my child," said Peter, "swell the chorus
 That surges round the Throne of the Most High."

"I cannot," said the child, "Apostle glorious,
 Except you also let my godsire by."

"And who is he?" "A robber of the mountain."

"My son, a robber cannot enter here."

At which the boy sat down, and like a fountain
Dropped from his eye tear after bitter tear.

But then approached a Lady robed in splendour,
Celestial brightness shone around her head,
To him she said in accents soft and tender
"My child, why weepest thou? Come in, nor dread."

It was our Mother Mary, Queen of Glory,
Who spoke thus sweetly to the drover's child,
Who, gathering courage, told his simple story,
Which, having ended, Mary Mother smiled.

"Take to thy godfather this cup—a measure
From which my Son drank vinegar and gall
When sore athirst, and, when 'tis filled with treasure,
The gates of heaven will open at his call."

El Capitan outside his cave lay sleeping,
A pistol and a dagger in his hands;
But, when the shades of eve around were creeping,
He wakes, and starts, for lo! beside him stands

A cherub with a lovely face and holy,
And wings of silver. "Spirit, who art thou
Who comest from high heaven to me so lowly,
A man of crime—'tis written on my brow."

"My godfather, the Blessed Virgin Mary
Sends thee this cup to fill it with thy tears.
For thy salvation's sake, then, be not chary
Of them, and weep away the sins of years."

Years fled. St. Peter stood at Heaven's portals,
And saw approach two figures robed in white;
And well the Guardian knew that they were mortals,
Redeemed and saved, who came to claim their right.

One was a cherub, with the stamp of Heaven
Set on his face; the other, meek and mild,
Seemed as a sinner who had been forgiven
Through penitence. Thus spoke the angel child:

"Behold this cup ; 'tis filled to overflowing
With tears of anguish for the misspent years."

"Enter," Saint Peter said, with face all glowing,
"There is no passport like repentant tears."

From the "Montreal True Witness."

THE SONG OF THE SCHOOL.

SING to the Lord the children's hymn,
His gentle love declare,
Who bends amid the seraphim
To hear the children's prayer.

He at a mother's breast was fed,
Though God's own Son was He ;
He learnt the first small words He said,
At a meek mother's knee.

He held us to His mighty breast,
The children of the earth ;
He lifted up His hands and blessed
The babes of human birth.

So He shall be to us our God,
Our gracious Saviour too ;
The scenes we tread, His footsteps trod,
The paths of youth He knew.

Lo ! from the stars His face will turn
On us His glances mild ;
The angels of His presence yearn
To bless the little child.

Keep us, O Jesu Lord, for Thee,
That so, by Thy dear grace,
We children of the font, may see
Our Heavenly Father's face.

Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,
His tender love declare,
Who bends amid the seraphim
To hear the children's prayer.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

CONTENTMENT.

ONCE on a time an old red hen
Went strutting round with pompous clucks,
For she had little babies ten,
A part of which were tiny ducks.
" 'Tis very rare that hens," said she,
" Have baby ducks as well as chicks—
But I possess, as you can see,
Of chickens four, and ducklings six ! "

A season later, this old hen
Appeared, still cackling of her luck,
For, though she boasted babies ten,
Not one among them was a duck !
" 'Tis well," she murmured, brooding o'er
The little chicks of fleecy down—
" My babies now will stay ashore,
And consequently cannot drown ! "

The following spring the old red hen
Clucked just as proudly as of yore—
But lo ! her babes were ducklings ten,
Instead of chickens as before.
" 'Tis better," said the old red hen,
As she surveyed her waddling brood,
" A little water now and then
Will surely do my darlings good ! "

But, oh, alas ! how very sad !
When gentle spring rolled round again
All of the eggs had turned out bad,
And childless was the old red hen !

Yet patiently she bore her woe,
And still she wore a cheerful air,
And said, "'Tis best these things are so,
For babies are a dreadful care !"

I half suspect that many men,
And many, many women, too,
Could learn a lesson from the hen
With plumage of vermilion hue ;
She ne'er presumed to take offence
At any fate that might befall,
But meekly bowed to Providence—
She was contented—that was all !

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

THE wild waves tossed their snowy caps,
And raved in their frenzied glee,
While they bore on their crests a human waif,
A speck on the stormy sea,
Lashed to a part of the splintered mast
That was riven by the lightning's power,
When the quivering bolts and crashing beams
Made the bravest seamen cower.

But a few short hours, and the good ship rode
Like a queen on the waters wide ;
And the name she bore was a queen's indeed—
They called her Albion's Pride ;
And now, full many a fathom below,
She lies a shapeless thing,
And the sea-birds sing, and the wild waves chant
The lost ship's requiem.

And this one spared out of all her crew,
Tender in years and fair,
With his mother's blessing still on his brow,
And his mother's fervent prayer

Offered for him, her darling,
Her widowed heart's one joy,
That God would save from the sailor's grave
Her Shemus, the cabin boy.

And now, as the blinding surf enfolds
His form as he clings to the mast,
He feels that each wave, as it bears him aloft,
May be for him the last ;
He bows his head on his trembling hands,
And his tears fall fast like the rain
When he thinks of his home in the Ulster hills
He may never see again.

He feels on his neck for the rosary
That his mother's hand placed there,
When she charged him, " Be true to the dear old Faith,
And remember the *Ave* prayer."
Quick as a flash his thoughts traverse
The desert of trackless foam,
And he sees in a vision his childhood's haunts
Around dear old Innishowen.

His mother's cot on the green hill side,
The fishermen's fleet on the bay,
And he joins with a shout of boyish delight
His former companions at play.
Once again in his dream he bounds o'er the path
Through the emerald dew-gemmed grass,
For it seems like the hour for the morning prayer—
The hour for the blessed Mass.

The chapel, the altar, the white-haired priest,
The vestments and stole wait him there,
And he serves as of old his *soggarth aroon*,
With a hushed and reverent air,
And joins in the prayers for the absent,
For friends far, far on the sea,
" Out of the depths I have cried, O Lord,
Lord, hear, and deliver Thou me."

And he hears like the sound of a great amen,
 That brings with it infinite rest,
 And the weary sea-boy sleeps on the wave,
 Like a child on its mother's breast.
 His prayer was heard and answered,
 For one gleam of the coming day
 Showed to the watch on a passing ship
 The wave where the sleeper lay.

They checked the vessel's onward course,
 And quickly the life-boat flew,
 Manned by strong arms and gallant hearts,
 The bravest of the crew.
 They thought him dead, but he only slept,
 So still lay the stripling's form,
 And he lived to praise, with a grateful heart,
 The Master who ruled the storm.

From the "Montreal True Witness."

THE TWO KINGS.

WHAT splendid array sweeps suddenly by,
 Outrider impetuous with steed reined back ;
 His bright tassel'd trumpet winding a cry,
 And the sun on his mantle of yellow and black ?

The sound is familiar to many who hear :
 See the people retreat, like a moon-smitten tide ;
 With uncovered heads, they stand ready to cheer
 For King Don Alfonso and his Austrian bride.

One glance at the pair, and the cavalcade passes,
 And the notes of the trumpet are heard from afar,
 The crowded street fills with the resurging masses,
 The cortège has vanished like the flash of a star.

Another procession saw Madrid that day,
 There was no call of trumpet, no shouting for joy :
 The broken light play'd on no brilliant display :
 It was only a priest, and a sombre-frock'd boy,

Tho' absent the clarion, there tinkled a bell,
And the people uncovered, and knelt on the ground,
Thro' all the long avenue a deep quiet fell,
For Jesus, the King, was passing, discrowned.

A very short pause, a softly-breathed prayer,
As He slowly moved by and was lost to the gaze.
The little bell's tone ceased to vibrate the air,
And the people uprose and passed on their ways.

Yet a call from the trumpet is heard faint and sweet,
Then all of a sudden it is lost to the ear ;
The two Kings are meeting at the turn of the street,
And again a deep silence is felt far and near.

But one moment of waiting, when out from the coach
Forth step Don Alfonso and his Catholic bride,
The humble priest stands, as they quickly approach,
And adoring, they kneel on the pave, side by side.

"Of all Spain I am King, and my majesty great,
But I bow to the greater of Jesus, my Lord.
Pray ascend to my place in this carriage of state,
'Tis not fit that I ride when my God walks abroad."

So the priest passes on, with our Lord, in his place,
And the people they follow with reverent mien,
Adoring the Christ, who has given this grace
To King Don Alfonso and his Austrian Queen.

And the little bell tinkles, but no trumpets blare,
And the movement is sober as befits the great rite,
The crowd it has vanished, the Prado is bare,
The cortège with Jesus has passed out of sight.

O thrice happy Spain ! how great is the blessing
In the Faith that you cherish, and cherished of yore,
When your King thus remembers, in public confessing,
The love that he bears for the God you adore.

From the "Illustrated Catholic American,"

THE BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"--
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon:
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of bryony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spurs on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts ;—
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in the naked stall,
And day by day, sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.
At length he said : " What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public ways :
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell !
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :
" Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong ! "
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed, dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of bryony.
" Domeneddio ! " cried the Syndic straight,
" This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd.
Had rolled together like a summer cloud
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at nought the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.
And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King ; then said :
“ Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot and begs its way ;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds !
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honour, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamour loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.”
The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud : “ Right well it pleaseth me !
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door
But go not into Mass ; my bell doth more ;
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time.”

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SISTER CLARE.

“ My child, your cheek is wan and pale ;
What ails you, sweet Kathleen ? ”
Thus spoke the gentle Sister Clare,
To one whose face had been
The brightest in the convent school,
In childhood's earlier days.
An Irish face, with dark blue eyes,
Whose eager, wistful gaze
Was fraught with a strange loveliness,
Though dimmed by want and care ;
Its silent pleading almost broke
The heart of Sister Clare.

Alas ! we sometimes meet those eyes,
So innocent and bright,
In our polluted London streets,
And sadden at the sight.
Some few there are who pass unscathed
Through scenes of sins and woe,
Keeping their Irish hearts unstained
As their own mountain snow,
Yet oftener far in poisoned air
Does purity decay,
E'en as the bloom from fruit or flower,
By rude hands brushed away.

But she who to the convent came,
With faltering step and slow,
And stood with that appealing look,
The Sisters too well know—
She had ne'er left her parents' home,
By the blue surging sea ;
She had ne'er seen the haunts of sin,
Or knew such things could be.
But pinching want and hunger keen,
Of these she had her share,
And harder work, in truth, at times,
Than such a child could bear.

Not always had they suffered thus,
Never so much as now.
The tale of woe was soon rehearsed :
A fever had laid low
Her father, the stout fisherman,
Upon the cabin floor ;
And Pat, the curly-headed boy,
Had sickened long before ;
And Bridget, Tom, and Norah looked
As ill as ill could be.
“ And mother ”—here the girl stopped short
And Sister Clare could see
The big tears rolling down her cheeks.
“ Have you no food ? ” she said.

“ Not one potato, Sister dear,
Not one poor scrap of bread ;
A meal of Indian corn we had—
’Twas yesternight ; but ne’er
Did mother touch one bit
Of her poor scanty share.
Just as the spoon had reached her lips,
She put it down, for Pat
Cried out he wanted more, the boy,
As on his bed he sat.
Dear Sister Clare, I could not stay,
I could not hear them cry ;
O Sister dear, I came away,
I could not see them die.”

“ Enough, my child ; come, wipe your eyes !
They will not die to-day,
Nor yet to-morrow. God forbid !
He hears us when we pray.”
The nun has ta’en her basket up,
Kathleen has led the way,
To where the fisher’s cottage stands,
Within the lonely bay.
Her welcome stores are soon displayed ;
A wonder ’tis to see

How patiently the children wait,
All hungry though they be.

“God bless you,” sighs the father; “may
The heavens be your bed!”
And “Glory be to God on high,”
The mother softly said.
“Please do not send *this* bread away,”
Poor little Norah cries,
While Sister Clare divides the loaf,
Watched by her wistful eyes.
A sad smile crossed the mother’s face—
A martyr’s smile, I ween;
To send away the bread erewhile
A martyr’s act had been.

The father raised his drooping head,
A light was in his eye,
The light of faith triumphant o’er
The parent’s agony.
“Ah, Sister dear, ’twas very hard
To close the door, and hear
The children weeping for the food,—
No greater pain could be.
But sooner will Pat Moran see
His darlings cold and dead,
Than send them to the souper’s school,
And sell their souls for bread.
We’ll not deny the faith at all,
We’ll have no souper here:
Pat Moran’s child shall never learn
To scorn God’s Mother dear.
And now here’s good thanks be to God,
And soon the work I’ll try;
And if the worst comes to the worst,
Why, sure, we then can die.”

Yes; you can die as martyrs die,
Sons of the saints of yore,

Who fell when Erin's fields were stained
 With her own children's gore.
 The sword, the rack, the outlaw's doom,
 You bore in bygone days ;
 But now the tempter's deeper art
 More subtle wile displays.
 'Tis easier far, with fearless heart,
 To meet a deadly foe,
 Than hunger's sickening pangs to bear
 Its tortures sure and slow.
 This have ye done, the Cross in hand,
 Like martyrs at the stake,
 Calling on Christ your souls to save
 For dear St. Patrick's sake.

God bless all those of every creed,
 Of every race and land,
 Who to a suffering brother e'er
 Have lent a helping hand !

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

ST. ELIZABETH'S ROSE.

NEAR Eisenach, in Germany,
 There is a graveyard fair to see.
 Not for the carved and stately stones
 That mark the rest of honoured bones ;
 Not for the soft green mounds that show
 Where humbler Christians sleep below ;
 But for the coloured glory shed
 By roses blooming o'er the dead.
 On every grave and mossy stone
 A rose-tree's tender shade is thrown,
 And lavish roses, red and white,
 Gladden the tombs with joyous light.
 The wind on each calm sleeper throws
 The radiant petals of the rose,

And bears the rose's perfumed breath
Like incense from the realms of death.
But why these blossoms fresh and fair,
Growing among the grave-stones there?
Men planted them in bygone days
In worthy honouring and praise
Of sweet Elizabeth, the saint
Whom to this day we carve and paint
With her own flower, the sacred rose—
And why her own the story shows.

One day in famine times she went
On secret charity intent,
Bearing, as silently she sped,
Within her robe a load of bread.
With quiet steps and downcast eyes
She brought the starving poor supplies,
Nor paused till in the public place
She met her husband face to face.
“What,” cried the proud Duke, “do I meet,
With burden in the public street,
Walking as one of low degree,
Elizabeth of Hungary?
Unfold thy robes at once, or tell
What secret thou dost hide so well!”
Then, with rude hand, he bared to view
Not bread—if this my tale be true—
Not bread, but heavenly roses lay
In her upgathered robe that day:
Unearthly roses, some as white
As new-fall'n snow in noonday light;
Some red as the last clouds of even;
Some golden as the dawn in heaven:
All brilliant with celestial dyes,
And fresh with dews of Paradise.
Their fragrance filled the wintry air;
Heaven's endless summer lingered there.
The Duke bent low before his Saint;
His soul renounced pride's evil taint;
One rose he took, and went his way.
And ne'er forgot that blessed day.

Therefore at Eisenach the rose
 By cottage and by churchyard grows.
 The people love and tend the flower
 In memory of that sacred hour.
 To them the rose's fragrant breath
 Recalls their saint, Elizabeth.
 And to each humble contrite heart
 These hallowed memories impart
 The perfume of the rose of heaven,
 Best gift to erring mortals given,
 The flower of heavenly graces three,
 The deathless Rose of Charity.

From "Catholic Progress."

THE SCHOOL.

We are scholars, nothing but scholars, little children at
 school,

Learning our daily lessons, subject to law and rule.
 Life is the school, and the Master is the Man Jesus Christ ;
 We are His charity scholars, His the teaching unpriced.

Slowly we learn, all His patience is hourly put to the test ;
 But often the slowest and dumbest He pities and loves the
 best.

Still, we sit at the feet of our Master, very low at His feet,
 Study the lessons He sets us, sometimes lessons repeat.

Some of the lessons are pleasant, pleasant and easy to
 learn :

The page of our task-book simple, simple and easy to turn.
 But anon the reading is painful, studied mid sighing and
 tears ;

We stammer and falter over it, do not learn it for years.

Yet that is no fault of the Master: all His lessons are good ;
 Only our childish folly leaves them misunderstood.

And still we go on learning, and learning to love our school ;
 Learning to love our Master, learning to love His rule.

And by and by we children shall grow into perfect men,
And the loving, patient Master from school will dismiss us
then.

No more tedious lessons, no more sighing and tears,
But a bound into home immortal, and blessed, blessed year !

ELIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS.

THE WAIL OF THE CORNISH MOTHER.

THEY say 'tis a sin to sorrow,
That what God doth is best :
But 'tis only a month to-morrow,
I buried it from my breast.

I know it should be a pleasure,
Your child to God to send :—
But mine was a precious treasure
To me and my poor friend.

I thought it would call me “mother,”
The very first words it said ;
Oh, I never can love another,
Like the blessèd babe that's dead.

Well, God is its own dear Father,
It was carried to church and blessed :
And our Saviour's arms will gather
Such children to their rest.

I shall make my best endeavour,
That my sins may be forgiven !
I will serve God more than ever,
To meet my child in Heaven.

I will check this foolish sorrow
For what God doth is best :—
But oh, 'tis a month to-morrow,
I buried it from my breast.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

LEGEND OF THE INFANT JESUS
SERVING AT MASS.

COME, children all, whose joy it is
To serve at Holy Mass,
And hear what once, in days of Faith,
In England came to pass.

It chanced a priest was journeying
Through wild'ring ways of wood ;
And there, where few came passing by,
A lonely chapel stood.

He stayed his feet, that pilgrim priest,
His morning Mass to say ;
And put the sacred vestments on,
That near the Altar lay.

But who shall serve the Holy Mass,
For all is silent there ?
He kneels him down, and, patient, waits
The peasants' hour of prayer.

When, lo ! a Child of wond'rous grace,
Before the Altar steals,
And down beside that lowly priest
In infant beauty kneels.

He serves the Mass—His voice is sweet,
Like distant music low,
With downcast eye, and reverent hand,
And footfall hushed and slow.

Et Verbum caro factum est,
He lingers till He hears ;
Then, turning to the Virgin's shrine,
In glory disappears.

Now, round the Altar, children dear,
Press gladly, in God's name ;
For once, to serve at Holy Mass,
The Infant Jesus came.

MARY E. S. LEATHLEY.

PALM SUNDAY

[Where there is only one priest, he says or sings the parts of the service which in High Mass are sung by the deacon and subdeacon.]

THE ceremony of Palm Sunday consists of three parts. First, the Celebrant blesses and distributes palm-leaves (for which, on account of the difficulty and expense of obtaining them in sufficient quantity, branches of box, willow, or yew are often substituted) to all present. Then comes the procession of palms; and, thirdly, the Holy Mass is offered, during which the "Passion" according to St. Matthew (being that Evangelist's narrative of the sufferings and death of our Saviour), is sung.

Now, during this service, the Church sets herself to picture to us two very opposite feelings : joy and gladness at her Master's triumphal entry into Jerusalem ; bitter sorrow at His approaching death. On this day, the first day of the week of the Passover, the week in which Jesus died, He entered the Holy City in triumph. We are told that His disciples were with Him, that the multitudes cut down branches of palm-trees and cried aloud with one voice : " Hosanna to the Son of David ! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." At the same

time the cloud of approaching tribulation was gathering dark and thick over the Church, for in five days her Master was to be crucified. To express to us, her children, these opposite emotions, she gives us, first, the blessing of palms, and, in the joyous procession, depicts the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem; while, in the Mass that follows, the mournful chant of the Passion shadows forth the coming desolation.

We shall now take each part separately, so that you may understand what the priest is doing, while you follow him in your Holy Week book. After the *Asperges*, which is the same as on other Sundays, except that the *Gloria Patri* is omitted as is usual in Passiontide, the priest begins—

I. THE BLESSING OF THE PALMS.

It is a rule in the Church's Liturgy to bless and sanctify everything that is used in the service of God or given to the people. The palms are blessed with great solemnity; and, indeed, we might easily suppose that the Mass had already begun, and was to be offered up in honour of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem. After a Collect, the subdeacon sings the Lesson you will find in your book, which relates how Moses and the children of Israel encamped in the wilderness under the seventy palm trees at Elim; the deacon chants the Gospel, giving St. Matthew's account of this day; a Preface is sung and even a *Sanctus*. After this preparation come the prayers

of blessing, in which we are reminded of God's gracious mercies in the past, how the dove brought the olive branch to Noe in the ark, and how God protected the Jews under the palm-trees of Elim.

Then comes the distribution of the palms. Receive the palm kneeling ; kiss it, as a mark of reverence to the blessing of the Church, and also kiss the priest's hand as an act of respect to the Church's ministers. During the procession, and while the Passion is sung, hold your palm in your hand.

II. THE PROCESSION.

As soon as the palms are distributed, the clergy and choir leave the sanctuary, following the cross-bearer and acolytes. The music is bright and joyous, in memory of the shouts of triumph which hailed our King ; while all carry palms to help us to realize the procession on this day in the Holy City. The procession leaves the church still singing, but on its return it finds the doors shut against it. Its progress is arrested, but its song of joy continues ; until at length the subdeacon strikes the closed doors with the cross he is carrying. The doors are then thrown open, and all enter singing the praises of our Saviour-God. By this symbolical act is signified that the gates of Heaven were shut against all men in punishment for the sin of our first parents, but that Jesus has opened these gates once more to us by His Cross, which has triumphed over sin and death

III. THE MASS

The third part of to-day's service is the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The parts sung by the choir are expressive of the deepest grief; and, indeed, the Church retains no trace of the short-lived joy and triumph of the procession of the Palms. St. Matthew's narrative of the Passion, which is sung to-day before the Gospel, imparts to this Sunday that character of sacred gloom which is known to us all. For the last five or six hundred years the Church has adopted a special chant for this narrative of the Holy Gospel. It is sung by three deacons (or priests vested as deacons) and the choir. One deacon takes the part of Chronicler, and sings all the narrative of the Evangelist. Another deacon, called the *Christus*, sings in a low and plaintive voice the words spoken by our dear Lord Himself; the third takes at a high pitch the words of Pilate, Judas and Caiphas, while the choir sings the words and exclamations of the crowd. When the Chronicler relates the death of our Saviour, all kneel for a few moments, in silent awe and contemplation of the Sacrifice that is consummated. After this the Gospel is sung; but to express our sorrow, lights are not carried; at the same time, to express the living hope of our Master's triumph, we hold in our hands the palms of victory.

After the Gospel, the Mass continues as usual to the end.

TENEBRÆ.

AS we enter the Church we are struck by many signs of mourning at this sacred time. The Sanctuary looks deserted and unfurnished. The Tabernacle stands open, for the Blessed Sacrament has been removed. The veil of the Tabernacle, flowers, and other ornaments are gone. Nothing remains on the Altar except the veiled Crucifix and the six candles. In the centre of the sanctuary stands the book for the Psalms and Lessons. At the Epistle side stands a large triangular candlestick, holding fifteen candles of common or unbleached wax.

The Office at which we are now to assist is called *Tenebræ* (meaning *darkness*), because it pictures to us, by the gradual darkening of the Church, the more than natural darkness that overshadowed the world at the death of Jesus Christ. It is the preparation which the Church gives us that we may assist in proper dispositions at the sacred function which is to take place next morning. On Wednesday evening we sing the *Tenebræ* of Thursday in preparation for the Mass and Office of Thursday; on Thursday evening we sing by anticipation the office of Good Friday; on Friday evening we sing the preparation for the Office and Mass of Easter Eve. In early times these Offices were begun at midnight, but we are allowed to have them at an earlier hour in order to enable more of us to be present.

The service consists of Matins and Lauds, and is a portion of the Divine Office which every priest of the Church is bound to say each day. We have remarked that no adornment and ornament, nothing but what is essential, is allowed to remain in the Sanctuary during these days of mourning. The Church carries this same spirit into her service of prayer, and leaves nothing in the Office save what is essential to it—the Psalms and Lessons.

The versicles and hymns, the invitations and responses which are used at other times, and form, so to speak, the drapery and adornment in which the Psalms and Lessons are clothed, are omitted on these days. The Matins consists of three parts, called *Nocturns* (night offices). Each nocturn is made up of three Psalms and three Lessons. The Lauds consists of five Psalms, followed by the Canticle of Zachary (*Benedictus*), and the whole Office is closed with the 50th Psalm (*Miserere*) and a Collect. The *Tenebræ* service for Maundy Thursday in the Psalms and Lessons brings before us the Passion of our Saviour, and in an especial way the treachery of Judas. In the third nocturn, however, the Lessons appropriately relate St. Paul's account of the institution of the Holy Eucharist.

The ceremonies of this service are rich in meaning. At the end of each Psalm one of the candles in the triangular candlestick is extinguished until, as the Office proceeds, one only is left alight. By this is shown forth how one by one the disciples forsook their Master and slunk away. The one candle that remains alight represents Jesus Christ forsaken and left to "tread the winepress alone." During the Canticle of Zachary (*Benedictus*), the six candles on the Altar are put out, and the lights in the Church are gradually lowered, to symbolize the noonday darkness that covered the earth at the death of its Creator.

At the end of the *Benedictus*, the single candle that still burns is hidden behind the Altar, while the *Miserere* is sung amid the gloom. A collect is then said in a low voice by the senior Priest present, and a confused noise is made, to express the convulsions of nature when the earth quaked, and the rocks were split, and the graves gave up their dead. The candle is then brought from behind the Altar, still alight, to represent that, after His Death and Burial, our dear Lord came forth immortal from the tomb. The Office ended, all depart in silence.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

IN spite of the mourning of Holy Week, the Church cannot allow this great day to pass without some signs of joy. It is the day of the Last Supper of our dear Lord—the day on which He instituted the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist; and in honour of that great Mystery the Church lays aside her mourning, at least during the celebration of Holy Mass, and bids us deck the Altar with our richest ornaments, and wear vestments of white, the colour denoting joy and gladness. We would remind our readers that the Last Supper took place on the first day of the *Azymes*, or the *Feast of the Unleavened Bread*, and it is for that reason that we always use unleavened bread for consecration in Holy Mass. Again, to show forth the unity and greatness of this Supper, the Church allows on this day only one Mass to be offered in each church, at which the clergy and congregation assist and receive Holy Communion, the priests wearing stoles, the token of their priesthood. This brings before us in a forcible way the scene in the Upper Chamber in Jerusalem, where our Lord alone consecrated and then gave Holy Communion to those present. We shall divide our explanations of the service into three sections.

I. THE MASS.

Amid the triumph of this great feast a web of sorrow is interwoven, to show that our joy is not lasting, for we have not forgotten the Passion of Jesus Christ. The Celebrant intones the *Gloria in excelsis*, and the bells ring out joyously in answer to the organ's peals; but after that, both bells and organ are silent until Holy Saturday, to show the sorrow of the whole world at our Saviour's death. The Collects recall to us Judas and the good thief; both are guilty, but one is pardoned. The kiss of peace is omitted, to show our horror of the treacherous kiss of Judas in the Garden on this night.

II. THE PROCESSION TO THE ALTAR OF REPOSE.

On Good Friday, as we shall see, the Church suspends the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to commemorate in this solemn way the Sacrifice that was offered on that day on Calvary. The priest consecrates two Hosts on Holy Thursday during the Mass. One of these

he receives in Holy Communion ; the other he reverently places in a chalice, and reserves to be consumed on Good Friday. The Blessed Sacrament could not be reserved with fitting respect at the High Altar, on account of the mournful ceremonies of this holy time ; and consequently a chapel or altar, apart from the High Altar, is prepared and adorned with rich hangings, lights, and flowers : here our Blessed Lord remains until Good Friday. When the Mass to-day is finished, the choir and clergy go in procession to this Chapel of Repose. After the cross-bearer and acolytes come the choir and clergy, singing the *Pange Lingua*, followed by the Celebrant and sacred ministers under the canopy. The priest does not carry the Monstrance, as in other processions, but the Chalice, containing the Blessed Sacrament, covered with a veil. When he arrives at the Altar of Repose he places It in the Tabernacle or urn, where It will remain until to-morrow's service. Until then Jesus will not be left alone ; by day and night loving souls will keep watch there in humble adoration, making amends for the scorn and insults which Jesus has suffered for our sins. More especially will they be present during the silent watches of the night ; for this is the night when He suffered the Agony in the Garden, and was betrayed by Judas, and delivered into the hands of His enemies.

III. STRIPPING THE ALTARS.

The procession then leaves the Altar of Repose, the sacred ministers go to the sacristy, and the other clergy and choir go to the Sanctuary to recite Vespers, which are said, not sung. At the end of Vespers the priests enter the Sanctuary to strip the Altar, as Jesus was stripped of His garments before the Crucifixion. The ornaments and flowers that were there to denote our joyful commemoration of the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament are taken away, the very altar-cloths are stripped off, because the Daily Sacrifice is suspended, in token of our grief : *They have parted My garments among them, and upon My vesture they have cast lots.* The holy water is removed from the porch, and none is put there until after the Mass on Holy Saturday.

GOOD FRIDAY.

WE have come now to the day of the Church's widowhood, and she would have it to be a day of desolation, as her true children feel it to be. The Sanctuary is altogether bare and unadorned. The Altar was stripped of its ornaments yesterday morning, and nothing remains except the Crucifix, now veiled in black, and the six candlesticks. The sanctuary carpet has been taken away, and even the candles are not lighted until the latter part of the function. To enable us to enter into the spirit of this service, and to appreciate fully the meaning of its various parts, we must bear in mind that to-day the priest does not offer sacrifice—that he does not, so to say, stand in the place of Jesus Christ and speak in His name and with His power; but rather as the spokesman and representative of the congregation present: as a consequence of this, they follow and take part in the various acts of reparation he performs. This is the key-note to the right understanding of the whole function.

The service of to-day consists of a series of distinct actions. We shall divide our explanation into four parts. 1. *History*, containing the Prophecies and the Passion according to St. John. 2. *Supplication*, containing public prayer for all sorts and conditions of men. 3. *Reparation*, containing the unveiling and adoration of the Cross. 4. *The Mass of the Presanctified*.

I. THE PASSION.

The choir and sacred ministers approach the Sanctuary in silence. Neither incense nor lights are carried before them, and the vestments are black, "as when one mourneth." On the Altar there is neither Missal nor Altar-cloth. When the sacred ministers reach the Sanctuary, instead of beginning by public prayer, they prostrate themselves on the ground in silence, while a cloth and the book are laid on the Altar. They then rise, and at once proceed to read the Lessons and Collects, which bring before us the Paschal Lamb, the type of the Lamb

of God, Who is to-day sacrificed for our sins. These Lessons prepare us for the "Passion," which gives us St. John's account of the terrible events of this great day. The Passion is sung, as on Palm Sunday by three deacons (or priests), who each take a part, the choir sustaining, as before, the part of the multitude.

II. THE PRAYERS.

The second part of the service consists of *supplication* and *petition*. The idea of the Church in this action is to make intercession with God on this day for all classes and conditions of men. While the Church bids us pray at all times for the conversion of sinners and evil-doers, on this day she makes *public* and *official* prayer for those who are "enemies of the Cross of Christ." For mercy knows no bounds; and our dying Saviour has given utterance to the words, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

The Celebrant sings eight prayers, each of which is prefaced by a few words to show its object. Before each prayer the deacon bids us all kneel for a moment, and the subdeacon bids us rise, to show by this bodily action our union in the petition made by the priest in our name. First comes the prayer for the Spouse of Jesus Christ, the Church of God; then the prayer for the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Pope happily reigning; then the prayer for bishops, priests and other servants of the Church; then the prayer for catechumens; then the prayer for all in tribulation or danger; then the prayer for heretics and schismatics; then the prayer for the Jews; and, lastly, that our charity may embrace all human creatures for whom Jesus shed His Blood, comes the prayer for pagans. Before the prayer for the Jews, the deacon refrains from bidding us to genuflect, because they turned this mark of adoration into an insult against our Lord in His Passion.

III. THE UNVEILING OF THE CROSS.

The third action in to-day's service is *reparation*. The Church will have us make what reparation we can to

Jesus Christ for the ignominy of His passion by showing honour and veneration to the cross in memory of His Crucifixion to-day. Accordingly, the Celebrant takes off his chasuble, the symbol of his priestly dignity, in order to be the first to humble himself on this day of mourning. He receives the veiled cross, and, standing at the side of the Altar, he uncovers a small part, raising it slightly for people to see, and sings in a low voice: *Behold the wood of the Cross, on which hung the salvation of the world*; and all kneel to pay their homage to the sign of our redemption. Mounting nearer the Altar, he goes through the same ceremony a second time; and then, coming to the centre of the Altar, he removes the veil entirely, and lifting the cross aloft sings on a high note the same words a third time, in memory of our Saviour's words: "When I shall have been lifted up, I will draw all things to Myself." By this uncovering of the Cross is represented the gradual preaching to the Jews and afterwards to the Gentiles the great mystery of the Crucifixion, "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles foolishness."

The Celebrant then places the Crucifix on the ground, and, in token of his humiliation and abasement, takes off his shoes, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground, and goes to kiss the feet of the figure that represents his dying Saviour. As he approaches, he kneels three times and finally kisses devoutly the symbol of our redemption. All who are present follow his example, either at this Crucifix or at one of the Crosses in the side chapels (according to convenience), taking care to make *three* genuflexions (not more), and making the third close to the Cross itself, so that as they kneel they can kiss the figure. During this touching ceremony, the choir sings in plaintive chants the *Reproaches*, which bring before us in a dramatic way the rebukes, loving and gentle, addressed by our Saviour to the Jews. It will help us much to realize to-day's events if we read these *Reproaches*, which our dear Lord addresses now to us.

IV. THE MASS OF THE PRESANCTIFIED.

We need not delay long over our explanation of the fourth action in to-day's service—the Mass of the Presanctified. The candles on the Altar are now lighted in reverence for the coming Presence of Jesus Christ. The clergy go in procession to the Chapel of Repose, and bring back to the High Altar the Blessed Sacrament, which has been reserved in a chalice since the Mass of yesterday. During the procession the choir sing the *Vexilla Regis*. On this day alone throughout the Christian year the Church suspends the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that our thoughts may be wholly taken up with the contemplation of the one Sacrifice that was consummated to-day on Calvary. The Blessed Sacrament, which the Celebrant receives to-day, was consecrated (or *presanctified*) yesterday. Consequently, since there is no actual Sacrifice to-day, this part of the service is called the *Mass of the Presanctified*. When the Blessed Sacrament is brought to the Altar, the priest incenses It. He then turns to the people and bids them pray (*orate, fratres*), and himself prays aloud, singing the *Pater noster*, He holds up for their adoration the Sacred Body of our Lord, and then reverently receives It. To mark our mourning and confusion to-day, the priest does not remain at the Altar to say any public prayers of thanksgiving or to give a blessing, as in other Masses; but straightway leaves the Sanctuary. As soon as he departs, the Vespers are recited as yesterday, and the altars are stripped. The Sanctuary is empty, its light is gone, no lamp burns in any part of the Church, the pictures are veiled; the naked Cross stands alone to proclaim the mourning of the Spouse for the Crucifixion of her Lord. *They shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for an only son, and they shall grieve over Him as is the manner to grieve for the death of the first-born.*

HOLY SATURDAY.

IT was the practice of the Church from the earliest ages that no Mass was said on Holy Saturday. For a thousand years after the foundation of the Church it was the custom to spend this day in prayer and fasting, in watching in spirit with the Holy Women at the Sepulchre until the morning of the Resurrection. At midnight, on Friday, the Divine Office for Easter Eve was sung; but the service and Mass that we have now on Holy Saturday really took place on Saturday night, and, extending till dawn on the Sunday morning, was the immediate herald of the Resurrection. As the sun went down on Easter Eve, the Bishop and clergy and faithful used to repair to the Church for this Office, and its magnificent functions occupied the whole night, until sunrise on Easter Day. We should bear this in mind if we wish to enter into the spirit of this service, and if we would understand the many allusions we find in it to the night. Another point to remember is, that the service of this night was specially ordained and fitted for the baptism of those converts, or catechumens, who had been previously found worthy of admission into the Christian Church. This will throw light upon the meaning of many of its ceremonies and prayers. We shall divide the service into two sections: the Blessings and the Mass.

I. THE BLESSINGS.

The Church, as we remarked on Palm Sunday, blesses and sanctifies everything she uses in her sacred

functions. Holy Saturday is in a special manner a day of blessings, for it is in a sense the birthday of the Church. The service begins, not in the Sanctuary, but at the very entrance to the Church, where new fire, kindled from a flint, is blessed. From this the light is taken for the candles and lamps throughout the church which were extinguished on Good Friday. This was of first importance in the Early Church, that the faithful might have light for the long night ceremony. Five grains of incense are then blessed, and the deacon lights a triple candle (in honour of the Three Persons of the Adorable Trinity), and leads the way through the darkness to the Sanctuary, thrice announcing as he goes *Lumen Christi*, the Light of Christ. When the procession reaches the Sanctuary, the deacon chants his song of triumph (*Exultet*), and solemnly blesses the great Paschal Candle. This candle is of unusual size, standing alone, of a pillar-like form; and in the ages when the service was held at night, shed a "dim religious light" over the Sanctuary during the long vigil. When lighted, it is the representation both of the pillar of fire which went before the people of God in their wanderings through the desert, and of the new-born glory of Jesus risen from the grave. During this grand song of joy the deacon pauses three times: once to fix in the candle the five grains of incense in the form of a cross, which, by their number, represent the Five Wounds, and, by their substance the precious spices which the holy women brought to the Sepulchre this night to embalm the Body of their dead Lord; a second time, he pauses to light the newly blest candle:

and a third time, while the lamps in the Church are once more lighted. After this *Exultet* come the Twelve Prophecies, which were primarily intended for the instruction of the catechumens who were to be baptized this night.

Then comes the blessing of the Baptismal Font. In front of the procession is carried the Paschal Candle, which leads these neophytes to the waters of salvation, even as the pillar of fire led the children of Israel to the saving waters of the Red Sea. When the Celebrant reaches the Baptistery, he sings the blessing of the Font. He divides the water in the form of a cross, and scatters some towards the four quarters of the world; he breathes upon it, and invokes the grace and power of the Holy Ghost upon it. He dips the Paschal Candle three times into the water. The people are then sprinkled with this Easter water, and after this the holy Chrism and Oil of Catechumens is poured into the Font to mingle with the baptismal water. This completes the solemn blessing of the Font, and after this the catechumens were formerly baptized and then confirmed. After the blessing of the Font the procession returns to the Sanctuary, and the Litanies of the Saints are sung, during which the Celebrant and sacred ministers lie prostrate before the altar. Towards the end of the Litanies the priests rise and go to the Sacristy to vest for Mass.

II. THE MASS.

As we have pointed out, the foregoing ceremonies formerly took place during the night of Easter Eve, and

the Mass at which we are now going to assist is really the Mass that used to be offered at daybreak on Easter morn, after the long vigil. This will explain why it is of such a joyous character. The vestments are white, the *Gloria* is sung, the bells ring out cheerfully, the organ is heard once more. Pictures and images are uncovered; flowers again adorn the altar, which is decked in white. The Collect of the Mass makes intercession for the newly-baptized, "the new offspring of Thy family." After the Epistle, the Celebrant intones solemnly three times the *Alleluia*, which is taken up by the choir; the Gospel relates to us the visit to the Sepulchre of Mary Magdalene and the other Mary at the dawn of day. The Creed is not sung, as it used to be reserved for the second Mass which was sung later on Easter day. The Kiss of Peace is still omitted, for it was not until evening on the day of the Resurrection that Jesus stood in the midst of His Apostles in the Upper Chamber in the Holy City and gave them His peace. For the same reason the *Agnus Dei* is left out. When this Mass was appointed to be sung on the Saturday morning (instead of at the dawn of Easter Day), it was necessary that it should be followed by Vespers. As the Service is already so long, the Church bids us sing, immediately after the Communion, Vespers containing one Psalm and the *Magnificat*. This now takes the place of the Post-Communion in other Masses, and when these have been sung, the Mass concludes with the blessing and the last Gospel according to St. John.

Questions and Answers.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

WHAT is your most important business in this life? It is to save your soul. This is the one thing necessary (St. Luke x. 42). "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" says our Blessed Saviour (St. Mark viii. 36).

What must you do to save your soul?—You must follow the religion taught by Christ. He is the way, the truth, and the life (St. John xiv. 6). "Go ye into all the world," He said to His Apostles, "and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, *shall be saved*; but he that believeth not, *shall be damned*" (St. Mark xvi. 15, 16).

How many religions did Christ teach?—Most certainly only ONE, for this plain reason, that He cannot contradict Himself. "There shall be *one* Fold and *one* Shepherd," He says (St. John x. 16). And St. Paul tells us, that there is "one Lord" and "one Faith" (Ephes. iv. 5).

What, therefore, is to be thought of the many religions in this country?—As our

Saviour taught but one religion, it must follow that all these religions are false religions, *except ONE*, wherever that is. Hence, St. Paul says, in his Epistle to the Galatians (i. 8), "Though we, or an Angel from Heaven, preach any other Gospel to you *than that which we have preached*, let him be accursed."

Is it not very uncharitable to say that all religions are false **except one**?—It is not more uncharitable than to point out the right road to you when you are on a journey, and to tell you that all other roads will lead you astray.

But are you not safe in following the religion in which you happen to be born?—From what you have been reading, it is clear as noonday, that you are not safe in following the religion you are born in, unless it be the one true religion which Christ taught.

What, then, are you to do?—You must strive to find out whether the religion you are born in be the one true religion or not; and if it be not, you must leave it, and go to the true religion.

But how are you to find out the true religion?—You must truly and heartily repent of all the sins you have committed; you must have *no other wish* than to learn the will of God and to do it; you must be resolved that neither persecutions, nor losses, nor worldly interest, nor anything else whatsoever, shall prevent you from doing the will of God, when you know what that will is; and you must often pray that He will teach you His holy will, saying, "*Lord what wilt*

Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6). If you will follow this advice, you may be sure that God will hear your prayer, and lead you into the right way, for He promises to give His Holy Spirit to those who ask Him (St. Luke xi. 13; St. Matt. vii. 7, 8).

You should also look about you, and enquire which is the one true religion. You will find, in the New Testament, that Christ established a Church upon the earth; that He built it upon a Rock, and declared that the gates of Hell SHALL NOT prevail against it (St. Matt. xvi. 18); you will find that He gave to this Church *authority* to teach His religion, and *commanded* all to hear and obey it (St. Matt. xviii. 17; St. Luke x. 16; Acts ix. 6, 7, x. 5, 6). You will find that this Church *cannot teach error*, being "the pillar and ground of the truth" (1 Timothy iii. 15); and that by following what it teaches, you will be freed from all doubt and perplexity about the way to Heaven, and will no longer be tossed about by every wind of doctrine (Ephesians iv. 11—15). You will find, in short, that you will be as sure of learning the religion of Christ from this Church, as if you heard Him speaking to you Himself (St. Luke x. 16; 2 Cor. v. 20; St. John xiv. 16, xvi. 13).

Such is the Church which Christ our Lord established upon the earth, with a living, speaking, and unerring authority to teach you the way to Heaven; and this, therefore, is the Church which you must endeavour to find.

A little more examination will discover to you

that this Church is no other than that which you often truly say was the first, and will be the last ; and which all Christians say they believe when they repeat the Apostles' Creed : "*I believe the Holy Catholic Church.*" Yes, this is the Church which Christ built on a rock, which has stood for more than eighteen hundred years, and has triumphed over all the persecutions raised against it : this is the Church from which all other Churches have separated, whilst it has always remained the same as our Saviour made it.

You have heard many things said against the Catholic Church : there has been an ugly mask thrown over it to hide the truth of its doctrines. But if you will examine with sincerity, you will find that it teaches neither *idolatry* nor *superstition*, nor any of the wicked doctrines laid to its charge. You will find that it does not wish to keep you in ignorance ; that it does not stifle free inquiry, but wishes only for a full and fair inquiry into all that it teaches. Its truth to be loved needs only to be seen. (See Revelations xxii. 17 ; Psalm xxxiv. 11 ; St. Matthew x. 17 to the end of the chapter, xix. 29, v. 10—12, vi. 25 to the end of the chapter.)

DEATH! JUDGMENT!
HEAVEN! HELL!
ETERNITY!

WHY AM I A ROMAN CATHOLIC?

For very many reasons, and this is one.

BECAUSE I believe in Jesus Christ. I believe that He has the words of eternal life. I believe that He, being the Son of God, knew what to teach, and how to teach it, and that, consequently, what He said is law for ever. Though Heaven and earth shall pass away, His words shall not pass away (St. Mark xiii. 31). I can only believe, therefore, in ONE Christianity, and that must be the ORIGINAL Christianity which came from the lips of Jesus.

Now Christ entrusted all His doctrine to a certain body of living teachers, to be spread by them throughout the world. These teachers were the twelve Apostles, the first Bishops of the Christian Church. They were first instructed by Christ in the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven (St. Matt. xiii. 11), and in all that He had heard from the Father (St. John xv. 15); the Holy Ghost was promised them to make them remember it all (St. John xiv. 26); and lastly, they were commanded to teach that doctrine, Christianity, or Christian religion, to all the nations (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20).

Now in order to provide a written record of the founding of the Church, and of the glorious promises made to it, and of its constitution and organization, and some of the very words of

Christ and His Apostles, certain of the Apostles and their disciples were inspired by the Holy Ghost to write the Books of the New Testament. The Testament, therefore, is the inspired Word of God.

The Testament, however, nowhere says or implies that it contains "all the counsel of God." It nowhere tells us what books form a part of it, nor even how many inspired books there are. It prescribes no system of public worship; it does not give in full the rite for administering any sacrament. It makes allusion merely to many things, in which the reader is supposed to have been already instructed (See Heb. vi. 1, 2; 2 Thess. ii. 14; 2 Tim. i. 13). Thus the Bible shows that the Bible alone was never intended to teach the whole religion of Christ.

On the contrary, it points to a body of living men who were the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God (1 Cor. iv. 1, 2). Moreover, it describes them as forming a Kingdom or Church, and as having one Lord, *one faith*, one baptism (Ephes. iv. 6). And it speaks of the Church as a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle (Ephes. v. 27); as the pillar and ground of the truth (1 Tim. iii. 15); as founded on Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ being its chief corner-stone (Ephes. ii. 20): as a Kingdom that shall never be destroyed (Dan. ii. 44); against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail (St. Matt. xvi. 18); and to which from the beginning God has added daily such as are to be saved (Acts ii. 47).

In other words, if I want true Christianity, I must seek it in the true Christian Church; and the true Christian Church must be the original Christian Church; and the original Christian Church is that which is Roman and Catholic. Roman, because its chief pastor has always been Bishop of Rome, since the day when St. Peter, on whom Christ built His Church (St. Matt. xvi. 18) first fixed his See in that city; and Catholic because it is universal or world-wide in its extent, teaching *all nations* to observe *all things* commanded by Christ.

Here, then, is a consideration which alone would suffice to make me a Catholic. It destroys whole volumes of Protestant objections. You tell me, for instance, that the Church of Rome, pure in the beginning, in course of time corrupted its doctrine, introduced practices unwarranted by Scripture, and so ceased to be the true Church of Jesus Christ, and hence the need of the "glorious Reformation," as you call it.

But observe, the original Church, having Christ with it all days, even to the end of the world (St. Matt. xxviii. 20), and the Holy Ghost abiding with it for ever (St. John xiv. 16), and leading it in all truth (St. John xvi. 13), could never lose the purity of its faith. Whoever else might fall, the Church could not apostatize. We have God's promise that it shall stand for ever (Dan. ii. 44), and that the gates, or power, of Hell shall not prevail against it (St. Matt. xvi. 18).

And again, when Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII., and their followers were starting in their mad

career, either the true religion was then in the world or it was not. If it was, they committed grievous crimes in making new religions to oppose it. If it was not, they were powerless to create it. It takes a Christ, not a Luther, to create a Christianity. On either supposition, therefore, Protestantism is not the true religion of Jesus Christ.

My dear friend, you talk nonsense when you tell me that the doctrines of Transubstantiation, Purgatory, Papal Supremacy, and the like, are corruptions. For first, they are taught in the Bible; and secondly, they are portions of the doctrine of the ORIGINAL CHURCH; and God has given to that Church the commission to teach all nations, and therefore to teach both you and me, what are corruptions and what are not. He has given you no commission to teach His Church. Nor did He give any such commission to the first Protestant preachers.

Submit yourself then to the Original Church. Learn and believe its doctrines. They are all scriptural, all holy, all beautiful. You may possibly have much to suffer from friends or foes, for the devil hates converts. But if you want genuine, true, and perfect Christianity, you can only find it in the Original, Catholic, and Roman Church.

WHY ARE YOU A PROTESTANT?

GOOD morning, Mr. Thompson; a fine morning, is it not? Are you off for a stroll?

I am going to Mass, Mr. Harris; will you walk with me?

H. With the greatest pleasure; only I must request that you do not try to convert me. My ancestors were Protestants ever since the time of Good Queen Bess, and I mean to live and die in their faith.

T. So, you are afraid of my succeeding should I attempt it; but it is my intention to ask you about your religion, and not to speak of the doctrines of my own. Now, can you tell me, why are you a Protestant?

H. Why, because I believe in civil and religious liberty, of course, and in allowing every man to believe whatever he thinks is right.

T. Then why don't you act up to your principles, and accept what your private judgment tells you is the truth?

H. So I do. I believe the Protestants to be right and the Catholics wrong.

T. How have you found that out?

H. I have always been taught that it is so.

T. So you admit the authority of Tradition?

H. No, I don't; I admit the authority of nothing but the Bible.

T. Not even of private judgment?

H. Of course not; no man can be infallible in the exposition of truth and error.

T. Not even your ancestors?

H. I don't see what that has to do with the question. My ancestors believed what they thought was right, and taught it to me.

T. And you accepted and believed it without first finding out whether your judgment told you it was right, thus admitting two things which you have just denied, Tradition and Infallibility.

H. But my judgment does tell me it is right.

T. I never heard of a judge deciding a case after

having heard only one side of the question; yet is not that just what you have done?

H. I have read and studied the Bible, and that tells me, as far as I can see, all that I want to know.

T. Well, how do you know that the Bible is what you say it is?

H. Because I have always been taught so.

T. Yes, on the authority of Tradition, for the Bible itself nowhere says what it is or whence it comes.

H. There you are again with your bothering Tradition. Does not the Bible say "Search the Scriptures?" and St. Paul says, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God" (2 Tim. iii. 16).

T. Yes, all those Scriptures which at that time were written, namely, the Old Testament; but does St. Paul anywhere say that the Epistle he was writing to Timothy, or indeed any of his Epistles, were inspired?

H. No, but we may safely infer that if they were not inspired they would not be in the Bible.

T. Well, did the Apostles collect and bind together all the Books as they now stand in your version?

H. Certainly not.

T. Did the Bible, then, by a special act of God, put itself together?

H. Of course not.

T. Well, then, if the Apostles did not collect it all together, and the Bible did not descend, ready bound and printed, from Heaven, pray who arranged it in its present form?

H. Why, men, I suppose.

T. From whom you received, on Tradition, the belief that it was the Word of God; besides which, those men must have been inspired and infallible, in order to decide, among all the different Epistles and manuscripts, what was Bible and what was not. Now, you say we may safely infer that all the Books were inspired, or they would not be in the Bible; then why do you retain the Apocrypha, which you say is uninspired, and therefore cannot be Scripture?

H. I cannot say; that is for wiser and more learned men than myself to decide.

T. Then where is your private judgment, when you are obliged to receive and believe what another man tells you, concerning the very foundation of your religion itself; for you profess to accept the Bible and the Bible only, and you say that upon that your religion is built?

H. Most certainly I do; the Bible is the Word, and the only Word of God.

T. And every man has a right to interpret it as he thinks best?

H. Certainly.

T. Then how can it be the Word of *God* when every *man* may put his own meaning upon it?

H. Well, of course there can be only one true meaning, and that is for every one to find out for himself, and if he puts the wrong interpretation on it, that's his own fault and nobody else's.

T. Then what is the use of clergy and churches, when every one can settle beforehand what he is going to believe before he goes there?—since, from your showing, the clergyman may be right and you wrong?

H. Oh, of course there must be teachers to keep order; and any man may go to a minister and ask him questions on any point.

T. But he is not bound to believe what the minister says?

H. Not unless it coincides with his private opinion.

T. Then pray can you tell me how all the world was converted to Christianity before the whole Bible was so much as written in one volume? Was it through teaching by word of mouth?

H. I suppose so.

T. And did the Apostles and their successors say to the heathens they were converting: "We have delivered a religion to you which is true according to what our private opinion tells us of it, but you are not bound to believe it; you can use your own private judgment in deciding as to its truth, and if you reject it, or any part of it, we cannot condemn you?" Or did they say, "We preach Christ and Him crucified: this is the Gospel of the living God,

which they who refuse to believe shall be eternally damned?"

H. I suppose they said the latter, but you see that was only a temporary state of affairs.

T. Then when Christ commissioned His Apostles to preach by word of mouth, did He tell them that was only to be until the Bible was printed, and that then they were to give up teaching and let every man be his own teacher?

H. I never met such a fellow as you before, for asking awkward questions. How should I know anything about it beyond what the Bible tells me?

T. And as the Bible does not tell you that it was ever to be the substitute of teaching by word of mouth, how do you know that?

H. Well, of course there are some things that cannot easily be explained, and that is one.

T. My dear friend, it seems to me that there are many more things in your religion which cannot be explained; for instance, you say your reason for being a Protestant is belief in the Bible only and nothing else, and yet you are obliged to go against the Bible in several instances, notably, in keeping Sunday instead of Saturday—where is your authority for that? Again, you neglect to pay attention to many important commands in the Bible, one, that women shall not teach in the Church, and yet you make a woman Head of the Church, which surely means principal teacher; and another injunction, to fast, Protestants hardly ever observe. And again, even if Extreme Unction may not rank as a sacrament, there is the distinct command of St. James to use it. Last, but not least, is St. Paul's statement that Scripture shall be wrested by many to their own destruction, and no text of Scripture is of private interpretation.

But here we are at the church gates. I hope the few questions I have asked you may be the means of showing you the danger of your state. Whatever you think of the subject, remember this, it concerns your eternal welfare to believe the Truth, and there is no middle way between Truth and Error.

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

DOES the Bible afford conclusive evidence, as many believe, *against* the doctrines of the Catholic Church? Catholics say not; on the contrary, they say that the Bible plainly *proves* the doctrines of the Catholic Church? Who are right? Let us be impartial, and examine the principal doctrines of the Catholic Church by the light of the Holy Scripture: we can use for this purpose the Protestant version.

Protestants deny that our Lord appointed St. Peter to be His Vicar and the Head of His Church upon earth. Now, on the headship of St. Peter,

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

“And when Jesus beheld him, He said: Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is, by interpretation, a stone” (hence Simon was called Cephas or Peter, that is, a stone or rock) (St. John i. 42).

“And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven” (St. Matt. xvi. 18, 19).

“Jesus said to Simon Peter: Feed My lambs. He said to him again: Feed My sheep. He said to him a third time: Feed My sheep” (St. John xxi. 15—17).

Protestants deny that the Church of God is unerring in teaching the doctrine of Christ. Now, in regard to the Church of God,

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

“Go ye, and teach all nations, . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world” (St. Matt. xxviii. 19, 20).

“And He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of truth” (St. John xiv. 16, 17).

“But the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you” (St. John xvi. 26).

“Upon this rock I will build My Church, AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT” (St. Matt. xvi. 18).

“He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me” (St. Luke x. 16).

“The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth” (1 Tim. iii. 15).

Protestants say the Holy Sacrament is not the true Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, but only bread and wine. Now, on this point,

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

“The bread that I will give is MY FLESH, which I will give for the life of the world” (St. John vi. 51).

“And Jesus said to them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of

man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you" (St. John vi. 53).

"And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat : THIS IS MY BODY. And He took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, for THIS IS MY BLOOD of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins" (St. Matt. xxvi. 26—28).

"For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body" (1 Cor. xi. 29).

Protestants deny that the priest of God has power to forgive sins, though Christ Himself gave a solemn commission to His ministers to do this by His power and in His name. Now, on this point,

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

"Then Jesus said to them again : Peace be unto you. As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost : WHOSE SOEVER SINS YE REMIT, THEY ARE REMITTED UNTO THEM ; AND WHOSE SOEVER SINS YE RETAIN, THEY ARE RETAINED" (St. John xx. 21—23).

Protestants condemn Catholics for honouring the Blessed Virgin Mary so much. Whether Catholics or those who condemn them, are right, is decided by asking—

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

"And the angel (Gabriel) came in unto her and said to her : Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the

LORD is with thee: BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN" (St. Luke i. 28).

"And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost: and she spake out with a loud voice, and said: BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" (St. Luke i. 41—43).

"And Mary said, . . . For behold from henceforth ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED (St. Luke i. 48).

Protestants consider it superstitious and ridiculous to anoint the sick with oil, as the Catholic Church does. Now, in regard to this matter,

WHAT DOES THE BIBLE SAY?

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the Church; and LET THEM PRAY OVER HIM, ANOINTING HIM WITH OIL in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him" (St. James v. 14, 15).

Reader, the WORD OF GOD is not to be trifled with. No man can explain it away, or evade the duty of obeying it. Read it, then, in view of this most heavy responsibility, and faithfully follow its teachings, if you would save your soul.

CAN BOTH CHURCHES BE TRUE ?

“WELL, Mary, I’m not satisfied,” said a respectable-looking young tradesman to his wife, as he was walking home one Sunday evening from the Anglican church where they had been together. “I don’t see how there can be two faiths and two Churches, when the Apostle tells us there is but ‘one faith, one hope, and one baptism,’ and that our Lord Himself said He had founded His Church on a rock, and the gates of Hell should not prevail against it.”

“But, Ralph,” replied Mary gently, “don’t you recollect Mr. Andrews telling us that though all this was very true, we might be quite content, because we were a branch of this one true Church?”

“That’s all very fine talking, my dear,” answered her husband, “but if it be a branch, why are we not allowed to go to the parent tree? Whereas you know very well he blew us all up in the pulpit last week for going to see that procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the Catholic chapel; and said it was being ‘unfaithful to our

mother, the dear Church of England, and all the rest of it."

"But Mr. Lewis told me the other day, Ralph, that when he went abroad with his master, Mr. Andrews said he might go to the Catholic church as much as ever he pleased; and so he did."

"Yes," replied Ralph, "he was telling me all about it the other day; and he and I agreed there was no sense at all in Mr. Andrews saying that. It's making the truth just a matter of geography! Why, if it's wrong in England, it ought to be just as wrong in France or Italy. Don't you see that too?"

"Well, yes, I couldn't make it out," answered Mary; "but, then, Mrs. Wills, she tried to explain it to me in this way: that *here* the Church of England was the established religion, and so it was schism to leave it; but *there* the Catholic is the established Church."

"But if that's the case," replied Ralph, "we're all in schism—because this Church of England was only established 300 years ago to please Henry VIII.; a bad man, as I have heard people say, who first wrote a book to defend the true Church, and then turned against it because the Pope wouldn't let him put away his lawful wife and marry another. And so he set up this new Church, and made himself the head of it, and put to death everybody who stuck to the old faith and

wouldn't come in to his new-fangled notions! Give me the old faith again, I say, and not the imitation of it!"

Mary walked on, looking rather sad and grave. She felt, it is true, much in the same way as her husband; but she was of a timid, shrinking nature, and she dreaded very much the idea of taking any step which would separate them from their old friends, and from the clergyman whom they loved, and would probably injure their business besides. So unconsciously, perhaps, she always tried to shut her eyes to the truth, and to put the subject from her. This evening, however, she seemed to be fated not to be left in peace; for, on reaching home, they found an old friend who had come from the country to see her husband; and this man was himself of an old Catholic family. He had taken a great interest in the young couple, and had shown them substantial kindnesses in many ways; so that his arrival was hailed with pleasure by both husband and wife.

"Why, if you're not the very man I was just thinking of, and longing to see," exclaimed Ralph, warmly shaking his friend's hand. "Sit down here by the fire, and Mary will get us our supper, and we can have a good talk."

"What, on the old subject?" asked Mr. Richards,—“the difference between the two Churches?"

"Yes," replied Ralph. "My wife and I get more puzzled every day. Our parson here is a very good man, and says he is a Catholic; but yet he don't obey the Catholic Church. And then he tells us we are a branch of it, and that I can't believe, because we're cut off from the main stem."

"And a branch that's cut off must be a *dead* branch, mustn't it?" answered Mr. Richards, "because it's got no sap and no life."

"But surely, sir," exclaimed Mary, "it would be a wrong thing to leave the Church of our baptism because we fancy we should like another better."

"Stop a bit, Mary. In what were you baptized? What does your creed say you believe in?"

"In One Holy Catholic Church," replied Mary, instinctively folding her hands as she had been used to do when she said her Catechism.

"Very well, then you see that you are baptized into that 'One Holy Catholic Church,' not into the Church of England; and so if the Church of England does not hold the same doctrines as the Catholic Church, your very baptism, it appears to me, binds you to leave it. It is a dream to call a communion 'Catholic' when you cannot appeal to any clear statements of Catholic doctrine in its formularies, nor interpret these ambiguous formularies by the

received and living Catholic sense, whether past or present."

"But don't you believe we are Catholics then?" said Mary timidly; "Anglo-Catholics, I mean? That's what Mr. Andrews says he is, and we too."

"And thinks so, I've no doubt," replied Mr. Richards drily. "Every set of heretics has done the same from the beginning, as St. Augustine tells us. But if he and you be all 'Catholics,' as you say, why don't you join the Catholic Church? St. Cyprian says: 'God is One, and the Church One, and the Chair One, founded by the Lord's word *upon a rock*. There shall be *one flock*. How, then, can he who is not of the number of the flock be reckoned in the flock?' And again, 'The spouse of Christ is His Church. She owns but one Home; she keeps us for God.'"

"But," persisted Mary, "Mr. Andrews is a very learned man, I've heard people say; and I'm sure he's a very good man. Why, he gives everything away that he's got! and he so mortifies himself he hardly ever eats anything, his servant tells me, but carries off his dinner day after day to some sick person. Surely, if a religion is to be judged by its fruits, his must be the right one!"

Mr. Richards smiled at Mary's warm praise of the minister, and still more at her conclusion. Then, gently taking her hand, he said:

“Listen to me, my dear child. I have no doubt whatever that Mr. Andrews is a very good and holy man, but that is no proof that he is right. The very best man I ever knew, almost, was a Unitarian; but that did not blind me to the fact that he was in the wrong! Mr. Andrews has been brought up to believe in the Church of England, and to consider himself a priest in that Church, and he acts up to that belief. But we know that he is in error. We know that what is called the ‘Church of England’ is no Church at all, and that his priesthood is no priesthood at all. For to be a priest you must be rightly ordained, and ordination is invalid in the Anglican Church. I won’t enter into all the proofs now; but I will tell you one thing which will show you the mind of the *real* Catholic or Universal Church on this matter. Ordination is a sacrament with us; and it is one of those sacraments which cannot be repeated without the sin of sacrilege. Yet no convert Anglican clergyman, from Cardinal downwards, has ever been received into the Catholic priesthood without going through all the forms of ordination as if he were a mere layman. This proves to you that the Catholic Church does not for a moment admit the possible validity of Anglican orders.

“Therefore, see how poor Mr. Andrews stands. He is a member of a communion which has wil-

fully separated itself from the centre of unity, which is the rock of Peter.

“He has been ordained by men who have no power to confer that grace; and therefore he, in his turn, cannot consecrate the elements, or give absolution, or perform, in fact, any priestly function.

“So now you see why I speak and feel so strongly about it. All these things which he does in his church are simply *shams*. Mind, I don’t say he does them *thinking* they are shams; but that does not prevent my words being true; and he is so good a man, that I firmly believe the day will come when he will have the grace given him to see the truth, and then he will have as great a horror of his present imitations as we have.”

Ralph had listened with the deepest attention to Mr. Richards’ conversation with his wife, and at the conclusion said: “Well, I’ve quite made up my mind. What you have just said settles the question for me. I’ll go and see the Catholic priest to-morrow. He comes every Monday to some Sisters of Charity who are doing a wonderful work down in our neighbourhood, and they say he is a very learned man himself, besides being so kind, and good, and patient with people like us; so I’ll go to-morrow night. Will you come too, Mary?” A squeeze of the hand was her reply. She felt the step they were about to

take very keenly ; but in her heart she was convinced that her husband was right.

The following evening found them both kneeling in the Sisters' little chapel ; and after some quiet instruction from the Superior and a more lengthened interview with the good priest, both pronounced their abjuration and were admitted into the fold of the One Holy Catholic and Roman Church.

HOW CAN I FIND GOD'S ONE TRUE CHURCH?

ANSWER: Ask our Blessed Lord Himself to lead you to it. Read your Bible and see how that describes it. Use your common sense. In other words, SEEK, AND YOU SHALL FIND (St. Matt. vii. 7).

For a thousand years before the so-called "Reformation," the Catholic religion was the religion of our country. This religion came from Rome. And in Rome it had been established by St. Peter, on whom Christ built His Church as on a Rock (St. Matt. xvi. 18), to whom He gave power and authority to feed His whole flock, both lambs and sheep (St. John xxi. 15—17), and whom He charged to confirm or strengthen his brethren (St. Luke xxii. 32).

The religion of Rome, therefore, was the religion which Jesus Christ established. The Faith of Rome was incorruptible, because it was the Faith of Peter, and that could never fail (St. Luke xxii. 31). And the Church of Rome, whose Faith was the Faith of the whole Western world, England included, was the One true Church of Jesus Christ.

In the sixteenth century the English people were violently robbed of their Faith by the wickedness of their rulers. The Catholic Church in this country was plundered and persecuted. Fines, imprisonment, exile, torture and death were the means by which the Faith of our fathers was almost driven from our shores.

But God was merciful to our country. He

28. *How can I find God's One True Church?*

They handed on to other men their gifts, their Faith and their authority: Timothy, Titus, the Angels of the Churches (Rev. i. and ii.), Linus, Cletus, and Clement, as Scripture or history tells us, appear in due time, as rulers in their places, continuing the work which they had left unfinished, preaching and teaching with all wisdom and authority, and contending even unto death for the Faith once for all delivered to the saints (St. Jude i. 3). And we have still in our Bibles St. Paul's direction to Timothy to commend this Apostolic truth to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also (2 Tim. ii. 2). The Apostles and elders went to their account, but the Apostolic Church remained.

And the great question is, which is now-a-days the everlasting Apostolic Church? Who are to-day the faithful men in whose keeping is the Truth of Christ? Who are the true stewards of the mysteries of God (1 Cor. iv. 1)? There is only one Christian Church, or organized religious society, which has existed all days, through nearly nineteen centuries since the death of Christ: which has all that time been recognized by the greatest part of Christendom as the only Church which Christ established: which has never increased, diminished, or changed its faith, though as various errors arise it defines, or points out, the truth: which has always preached Christ crucified, and has never forgotten that it has a mission to teach all nations. It is the Catholic and Roman Church, which speaks to you, dear reader, in the name of God this day.

WHAT DO CATHOLICS BELIEVE?

WE believe in one only true and living God, the Lord and Creator of all things: subsisting in Three Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. To this God alone we give Divine honour and adoration, and we detest with our whole souls all kinds of idolatry: that is the giving of Divine worship to any false god, or idol, or any person or thing whatsoever, besides the one true and living God. We honour indeed the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ, but not as a goddess, nor with any part of Divine worship. We honour the angels and saints of God, as His servants. We honour His priests, His churches, His altars, His Word, and whatever else has relation to Him: but all for His sake, and by an honour that is referred to Him, not with that honour which He has appropriated to Himself. Such also is the veneration we have for the Cross, for relics, for the pictures or figures of our Redeemer and His Saints: we value them as memorials of Christ and His holy ones: as representations of our Redeemer, or of our redemption; as helps to pious thoughts and affections; but we condemn and anathematize all such as would pray to them, or believe any divinity inherent in them, or give them Divine worship.

We believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God; Who for us sinners, and for our salvation, was made Man; that He might be

28 *How can I find God's One True Church?*

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We believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God; Who for us sinners, and for our salvation, was made Man; that He might be

the Head, the High Priest, the Advocate and Saviour of all mankind. We acknowledge Him our only Redeemer, Who paid our ransom by dying for us on the Cross; that His death is the fountain of all our good: and that mercy, grace, and salvation can by no means be obtained but through Him. We confess Him to be the only Mediator between God and man, the only Mediator of redemption: and the only Mediator of intercession Who intercedes in such manner as to stand in need of no other merits to recommend His petitions. But as for the Saints, although we address ourselves to them, and desire their prayers (as we do those of God's servants here upon earth) yet we mean nothing else than that they should pray for us, and with us, to our common Lord, Who is our God and their God, through the merits of the same Jesus Christ, Who is our Mediator and their Mediator.

We believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the Word of God: we have the highest veneration for their Divine authority. If at any time, or in any place, the pastors of our Church have restrained the ignorant from reading them, it was not out of disrespect to those Sacred Volumes, much less out of an impious design to keep the people by that means in ignorance and error, but purely because the unlearned, as the Scriptures themselves inform us, are apt to "wrest them to their own destruction" (2 St. Peter iii. 16). If we also receive unwritten traditions, as part of the Word of God, we mean no other traditions but such as are Divine; and which we

believe to be Divine by the same authority by which we believe the Scriptures.

We believe that in order to enter into eternal life we must keep the Commandments of God ; and that whosoever dies in the guilt of a wilful breach of any one of these Divine precepts in a grave matter will be lost eternally. That no power on earth can authorize a man to break the Commandments of God, or commit sin, or do any evil whatsoever in order that good may come of it. That neither the Pope, nor any man living, can set aside the Law of God, or make it lawful for a man to lie, or forswear himself, or do anything that is forbidden in the Divine Law.

We believe that neither Pope, bishop, nor priest, nor any power in heaven or earth, can forgive any man his sins, without a hearty repentance, and a serious purpose of amendment. That the Indulgences granted in the Church are neither dispensations to commit sin, nor pardon for sins to come, but only a remission of the temporal punishment due to sins committed ; and that no Indulgences can avail any man towards this remission, until by a hearty repentance he has renounced the guilt of his sin.

Our faith teaches us to detest all massacres, treasons, and murders whatsoever, whether committed by Protestants against Catholics or by Catholics against Protestants. We look upon these as among the very greatest of crimes that can be committed betwixt man and man, and such as cannot be justified by any pretext of religion. And so far are Catholics from think-

ing it lawful to murder heretics, that in all kingdoms and states which profess the Catholic religion, such murderer of heretics must certainly expect nothing less than death by the laws of his country, and damnation if he dies impenitent, by the faith and doctrine of his Church.

We believe the Blessed Eucharist to be both a Sacrament and a Sacrifice. In this Sacrament we adore not the bread and wine, which would indeed be a most stupid idolatry, but Jesus Christ, the Son of God; Whom, upon the strongest grounds of the Word of God and authority of His Church, we believe to be really present in the Sacred Mysteries. And it is to His Passion and Death which we there celebrate and offer to God, that we attribute all that propitiation and grace which we look for from the Sacrifice of Holy Mass.

In conclusion, we believe that no man can be justified, either by the works of the law of nature, or of the law of Moses, without faith in Jesus Christ. That we cannot, by any antecedent works, merit the grace of justification. That the merit of our good works is the gift of God, and that every merit and satisfaction of ours depends on the merits and Passion of Christ.

These are our real principles, taught by our Church in her councils and learnt by her children in their Catechisms. We renounce, detest, and anathematize all contrary doctrines imputed to us by those who are, and always have been, busy to misrepresent and slander the Church of God.

A SCRIPTURE LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

WITH NOTES BY THE REV. W. H. COLOGAN.

The Immaculate Conception foretold.

Genesis ii. 13—15.

The Lord God said to the woman (Eve), Why hast thou done this? And she answered, The serpent deceived me, and I did eat. And the Lord God said to the serpent (the devil) . . . I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, but thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.

By the Immaculate Conception is meant that Mary, by a special favour, through the merits of her Divine Son, was conceived without the stain of original sin; or, in other words, that the soul of Mary was created in a state of grace and justice. We, at our creation, are not in a state of grace; we have lost it, and with it the right to Heaven, and all favour with God, through the sin of Adam; and we have therefore God's displeasure upon our souls. This we call original sin. We are sanctified at our baptism; Mary was holy at her creation. Christ redeemed her as He has redeemed us; but us He has cleansed from original sin, Mary He preserved from being stained by it.

This privilege of Mary is foretold in the text cited above, for it is foretold that there shall be enmities between the woman and Satan. These "enmities" relate to sin. St. John says, "He that committeth sin is of the devil. . . . In this the children of God are manifest and the children of the devil." * Now, the "enmities" here referred to are something special, above the ordinary "enmities;" greater than could exist between any other of God's saints and Satan; nay, the "enmities" between the woman and Satan were to be the same as those between "her seed" and Satan. "Her seed" is clearly Christ our Lord, Who crushed the serpent's head by redeeming us. Who, then, is the woman?

"The woman" is, in the first instance, probably the Eve who was actually present when the words were spoken, and who had herself just been crushed by the serpent—when she committed the sin. But the prophecy of the future enmities—"I will put enmities between thee and the woman"—could only apply to her as she represented another "woman," between whom and Satan there were to be full and perfect "enmities." This "woman," the "second Eve" as the Fathers often call her, was *Mary*.

"Every one," says Bishop Bull, a Protestant, "now knows that the seed there spoken of is Christ; and consequently that

* 1 St. John iii. 8.

Mary's Virginity foretold.

Isaias vii. 14.

A Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel (*God with us*).

The Annunciation.

St. Luke i. 26—38.

In the sixth month, the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to

the individual woman, whose immediate seed He was to be, is the Virgin Mary." *

The Immaculate Conception is expressly taught by the early Fathers. St. James of Sarug, in Syria, who lived in the early part of the sixth century, says that "if there had been any spot or defect in her soul He would have looked Him out some other mother with no spot in her."† St. Ambrose (A.D. 397) calls Mary "a Virgin by grace entirely free from every stain of sin,"‡ and St. Augustine (A.D. 430), proving against Pelagians that original sin has passed to all men, expressly declared that he did not intend to speak of the Holy Virgin Mary, of whom when treating of sins no question is to be moved for the honour of the Lord. §

A VIRGIN SHALL CONCEIVE. In the time of Achaz, King of Juda, the King of Syria and the King of Israel came together to fight against Jerusalem, and God sent the Prophet Isaias to comfort King Achaz. And Isaias at God's command chose a sign—the Incarnation; as surely as the Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son Who shall be both God and Man, so surely shall the land of Juda be freed from the two kings. Mary appears in this great prophecy as a VIRGIN, or more properly THE VIRGIN. Many writers think that by the article *the* is meant *that particular* virgin, the one well known, namely, the one spoken of in Genesis ii. 15. St. Ambrose tells us that when Mary was saluted by the Angel and was told that she was to be the Mother of God, she believed that that mother was to be a virgin, for she had read this passage of Isaias, but she had not read *how* it was to be, therefore she asked the Angel, "*How shall this be done?*" ¶ The Protestant Bishop Pearson writes: "That she was a Virgin, not only when she was with child but after she had brought forth, is evident out of the application of the prophecy, 'Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son.' . . . We believe the Mother of our Lord to have been not only before and after His Nativity, but *for ever* the most Immaculate and Blessed Virgin." **

* *On the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin.* n. 2.

† *Carmen I. in B.V.M.* v. 193. ‡ In Psalm cxviii. Serm. xxii.

§ *De Nat. et Gratia,* c. 36.

¶ Amongst others, the Protestant Bishop Blomfield, in St. Matt. i. who quotes Dr. Owen and Bishop Middleton.

¶ *Exposit. in Luc.* c. ii. n. 17. ** *On the Creed,* Art. iii.

a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the Virgin's name was Mary. And the Angel being come in, said to her: Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. Who having heard, was troubled at his saying, and thought within herself what manner of salutation this should be. And the Angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God. Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a Son; and thou

The virginity of Mary is also foretold, figuratively, by the Prophet Ezechiel: "*The Lord said to me, this gate shall be shut; it shall not be opened, and no man shall pass through it; because the Lord God of Israel hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut.*"*

St. Ambrose says that Isaias spoke of Mary by those words, "Behold the Lord will ascend upon a light cloud and will enter into Egypt," † and he says that by the light cloud is meant Mary the Virgin, who carried our Lord into Egypt when Herod sought to kill Him.‡

The parents of the Blessed Virgin were Joachim and Anna, who probably lived at Nazareth. At a very early age Mary was taken by her parents to the Temple at Jerusalem and presented there to God. It was not uncommon among the Jews for parents to present their children in this way, and there were special apartments in the buildings of the Temple for such children. Mary, then, remained there several years, spending her time in learning, reading the Holy Scriptures, working in the service of the House of God, and in prayer. At the age of fourteen, as many writers think—for in the East women marry very young—she was espoused to her near kinsman, Joseph. Both she and St. Joseph were "of the house and family of David." The Church keeps the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin on the 21st of November, and of the Espousals on the 23rd of January.

IN THE SIXTH MONTH—from the time that the Angel appeared to Zachary, telling him that his wife was to have a son, St. John the Baptist.

HAIL FULL OF GRACE. The Protestant Testament has: "Hail thou that art *highly favoured*;" the Revised Version (in margin), "Hail thou that art *endued with grace*." But all the Latin Fathers have *gratia plena*—"full of grace." In St. Luke xvi. 21, a word of similar form is translated "*full of sores*." Our Lord's saying of Lazarus that he was "full of sores" is explained by St. Chrysostom to mean that his whole body was one great sore. In the same way when the Angel said to Mary that she was "graced" or "full of grace," he meant that her soul was "all grace." Origen (A.D. 254) says on this text: "I

* Ezech. xliv. 2.

† Isaias xix. 12.

‡ *Exhort. Virgin. c. v.*

shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever, and of His Kingdom there shall be no end. And Mary said to the Angel, How shall this be done? because I know not man. And the Angel answering

do not remember to have read elsewhere in Scripture what he (the Angel) said, '*full of grace*,' which in Greek is expressed by *εχαριτωμένη*; nor is there any such word addressed to any man. *Hail full of grace* is a salutation addressed to Mary alone." * St. Ambrose says: "This salutation was kept for Mary alone. Rightly is she alone said to be *full of grace*, for she alone obtained that grace, which no one else had merited, that she should be filled with the Author of grace." †

BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN—that is, "blessed *above or more than* other women." The same words were used to Jahel, who killed Sisara, but they are used in a more excellent way to Mary, as the reason of her being blessed is the greater. "Not only blessed among women," says the Venerable Bede (A.D. 735), "but with an eminent blessing among all blessed women," ‡ "Truly blessed," says St. Peter Chrysologus (A.D. 454), "for she bore Him Who carries the world, she brought forth Him Who created her, she nourished Him Who gives food to all living beings." § "Therefore do we say to her," exclaims St. Proclus at Ephesus (A.D. 431), "*Blessed art thou among women*, who alone hast brought relief to the sorrow of Eve; and alone hast wiped away the tears of her who was groaning; and alone hast borne the price of the world's redemption." ||

THOU HAST FOUND GRACE WITH GOD. The grace or favour which Mary had found with God was that she should "conceive and bring forth a Son," Who should be the "Son of God," and that Mary should be the Mother of God. But how was it that she found such grace or favour with God? It was through her great holiness, particularly through her humility and chastity, and her great love for God, for "charity is the bond of perfection." On account of her excellence in these virtues, Mary was chosen out of the whole human race to be the Mother of our Saviour. How great, then, must have been her holiness! "If," says Dr. Hickes, a Protestant, "we had no particular account of her graces, we might rationally conclude all this of her from the history of our Lord's Incarnation; for nothing less than superlative holiness could receive such a testimony of Divine honour from the Holy Trinity;" and he declares that Mary "ought to be honoured and celebrated and praised for her great holiness and for being chosen to be the Mother of God." ¶

* *Exposit. in Luc.* c. ii. n. 9. † *Hom. iii. in Luc.* ‡ *Homily on the Visitation.* § *Serm. 143.* || *Orat. v.*

¶ *On due Praise and Honour of the Blessed Virgin.*

said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy (One) which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren: because no word shall be impossible with God. And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word. And the Angel departed from her.

HOW SHALL THIS BE DONE? Mary here lays before the Angel her vow of virginity. "She would certainly not have said these words," says St. Augustine (A.D. 430), "had she not already vowed herself to God. But as this was at that time unusual among the Jews, she was espoused to a just man who should be her guardian." The same Doctor says that the Virgin Mary "had resolved to keep virginity, and her husband was its guardian; rather, not its guardian, for God himself protected her, but the witness of her virginal modesty." Again: "A Virgin she conceived, a Virgin she brought forth, a Virgin she remained." He states that "the dignity of virgins began from Mary;"* and the Venerable Bede says: "She was the first of women to offer her virginity to God."†

SHALL BE CALLED. This means according to the way of speaking of the Jews: The Holy One that shall be born of thee *shall be* the Son of God.

BEHOLD THE HANDMAID. Wonderful humility of our Lady, who, though now become Mother of God, yet called herself His handmaid or servant!

BE IT DONE TO ME ACCORDING TO THY WORD. Mary here gives her consent that the Redeemer should be born of her. Without doubt God could have taken flesh of Mary without asking her consent; but this is not His way. As the first Eve did with free will and consent induce Adam to sin, and thus was a willing instrument of our fall; so Mary, the second Eve, was, with free will and consent, to bring our Saviour into the world, and thus be the willing instrument of our salvation. Hence St. Augustine says: "By a woman (Eve) death came, and by a woman (Mary) came life."‡ This likeness between the part taken by Eve in our fall, and that taken by Mary in our salvation, and the free will and consent of each, is drawn out by several of the Fathers. Tertullian (A.D. 220): "Eve had believed the serpent; Mary believed Gabriel; the fault which the one committed by believing, the other by believing has blotted out." St. Irenæus (A.D. 202): "Though the one (Eve) had disobeyed God, yet the other (Mary) was drawn to obey God; that of the virgin Eve the virgin Mary might become

* *De Sancta Virginitate*, c. 4; Serm. 225 and 51, c. xi. et xvi. (*alias De Diversis*, 53 and 63). † *De Annunt. Virginis*. ‡ Serm. 232.

The Visitation.

St. Luke i. 39—56.

Mary, rising up in those days, went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda. And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth. And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she cried out with a loud voice and said:

the advocate (or comforter). And as by a virgin the human race had been bound to death, by a virgin it is saved, the balance being preserved, a virgin's disobedience by a virgin's obedience." *

Mary, as Origen tells us, † and as we may gather from her having spent so many years in the Temple, "had the science of the Law, and was holy, and knew by daily meditation all that the prophets had foretold." She knew, therefore, that the Redeemer was to be "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows;" that He was to be "wounded for our iniquities and led like a lamb to the slaughter." She must therefore have known that His Mother would have a part in all these sorrows; so when she gave her consent she must have been aware that it was not a mere title or dignity that she was taking, but an office that called for the endurance of great suffering: she must have known even then, what holy Simeon told her a little later; "Thine own soul a sword shall pierce." With all this knowledge she gave full consent—through earnest desire to do, in all things, God's will, and through love of mankind. Who then, after Jesus, has such a claim upon our love and gratitude? She is truly "the Mother of all living," for whereas Eve in giving us a temporal life gave us eternal spiritual death, Mary by consenting to be the Mother of the Redeemer has given us eternal life. ‡

Thus was the "Word made flesh," in the womb of the Virgin Mary, and Mary became the Mother of God. She is truly the Mother of God and not merely the Mother of Christ, because she is Mother of the Person, and the Person Who became her Son, receiving His human nature from her, is truly God. The Council of Ephesus, which was held in 431 and is admitted by all Christians, defined that "the Holy Virgin is Mother of God, for she bore according to the flesh, the Word of God (the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity) made flesh." "Run through in thy mind all created things," says St. Proclus, at that Council, "and see if there is anything equal to or perhaps greater than the Holy Virgin Mary Mother of God. . . . Count

* See these and other passages in Cardinal Newman's *Letter to Dr. Pusey*.

† Hom. iii. in *Luc*. ‡ St. Epiphanius, *Hæres*, 78, 18.

Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? For behold as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy. And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord. And Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my

up all new and wonderful things, and see how the Virgin surpasses them all; for she alone, in an unspeakable way, bore in her womb Him Whom every creature praises in fear and trembling."

It is a pious Catholic custom to recal, thrice daily, the great mystery of the Incarnation, by which the Son of God was conceived of the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mary. This is done by saying devoutly the *Angelus*—a prayer so called from the words by which it begins: "The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary." The "Hail Mary," so frequently used by Catholics, also brings to our minds the Incarnation; and when we say with the Angel and St. Elizabeth: "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb," we are praising our Blessed Lord Himself, for Mary was "blessed among women," because she was the mother of God, and "the fruit of her womb," Whom we bless in the Hail Mary, is Jesus her Son. Thus this beautiful prayer, of which the first part is made up entirely from the Gospel, is not only a prayer in honour of our Blessed Lady, but also a direct praise and worship of her Divine Son.

MARY WENT INTO THE HILL COUNTRY. It was a journey at one hundred miles and more. Mary went that she might take Jesus to John and convey the grace of the Saviour to His Forerunner; also that she might help her cousin St. Elizabeth at the birth of St. John. The superior goes to the inferior! Admire the humility and charity of Mary.

CITY OF JUDA, probably Hebron.

THE INFANT LEAPED IN HER WOMB. Mary is made by her Divine Son the channel of grace; her salutation is the instrument through which St. John is sanctified while yet in the womb, and his mother is filled with the Holy Ghost. Grace passes from Jesus to Mary, from Mary to John, from John to Elizabeth. St. Ambrose says: "Elizabeth was the first to hear the voice, but John the first to feel the grace. The infant rejoiced and the mother was filled with the Holy Ghost; the mother was not filled before the child; but when the child was filled with the Holy Ghost, he filled the mother also." What the Angel had foretold to Zachary* is now fulfilled: the child "shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb."

* St. Luke i. 15.

Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me: and holy is His Name. And His mercy is from generation unto generations, to them that fear Him. He hath shown might in His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy. As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and his seed for

BLESSED ART THOU. Elizabeth was inspired to know what had happened to Mary, and she greets her with the same words as the Angel had used, adding a special praise of Mary's Son: "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

WHENCE IS IT TO ME? Words of humility and reverence. Elizabeth, though herself the mother of him who was to be "great before the Lord," yet is astonished at receiving a visit from one of still greater dignity; for as Christ was greater than St. John, so the Mother of Christ had a far greater dignity than the mother of St. John.

THE MOTHER OF MY LORD. He Whom Elizabeth called her Lord was foretold by Isaiah as "God the Mighty, Father of the world to come, Prince of Peace;"* St. Paul, later on, calls Him "The Lord of Glory" Whom the Gentiles crucified, Who is "over all things, God blessed for ever," "the Great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ Who gave Himself for us."† He also is the "King of kings and Lord of lords;"‡ "the beginning and the end, Who is and Who was, and Who is to come, the Almighty;" for "the Word (the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, 'Who was made flesh and dwelt amongst us') was God," and "all things were made by Him and without Him was made nothing that was made."§ He is God the Creator, and Sovereign Lord of all. He, the true God, became Man for us, and died for us upon the Cross, and Mary is His Mother, the Mother of God. Elizabeth must have known this when she addressed Mary as "the Mother of my Lord," for she was acquainted with the prophecies, especially that of Isaiah, which spoke of the Christ as God; and, moreover, from what the Holy Ghost had revealed to her, and from the leaping of her son with joy at his Saviour's presence, she must have known that "the Holy One" that should be born of Mary, was the Son of God.

IN GOD MY SAVIOUR. Jesus is Mary's Saviour as He is ours; He died for her as for us, and she was saved through His

* C. ix. 6.

† 1 Cor. ii. 8, Rom. ix. 5, Titus ii. 13.

‡ Rev. xix. 16, i. 8.

§ St. John i. 1—3.

ever. And Mary abode with her about three months, and she returned to her own house.

The Revelation to St. Joseph.

St. Matt. i. 18-25.

When Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Whereupon Joseph her husband, being a just man, and not willing publicly to expose her, was minded to put her away privately. But while he thought on these things, behold the Angel of the Lord appeared to him in his sleep, saying: Joseph, son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a Son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. For He shall save His people from their sins. And Joseph, rising up from sleep, did as the Angel of the Lord had commanded him, and took unto him his wife. And he knew her not till she had brought forth her first-born Son: and He called His name Jesus.

Precious Blood as we are. But, as Venerable Bede says on this text, Mary "had a special right above all other saints to rejoice in her Jesus, that is her Saviour;" for the graces and privileges she received from Him were greater than those given to other saints.

FOR BEHOLD FROM HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. Because God has looked down upon His servant, so poor and vile compared to the majesty of God, and has raised her to the high honour and office of being Mother of God, therefore shall, not Elizabeth only, but all people from this time forth "call me blessed." How well is this prophecy fulfilled in the Catholic Church, in which, day by day, Mary is blessed and praised and venerated! And though Catholics give supreme honour to God alone, yet Mary is exalted and honoured above all other creatures because of her relation to God, because she is His Mother; and thus all honour that is paid to her is, indirectly, paid to God. Dr. Ellicott, Protestant Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, says on this text: "What a vision of the future these words must have implied on the part of the village maiden who uttered them! Not her own kinswomen only, but all generations should join in that beatitude."

HE KNEW HER NOT TILL SHE BROUGHT FORTH HER FIRST-

The Birth of our Lord.

St. Luke ii. 4—19.

Joseph went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flock. And behold an Angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the Angel of the Lord said to them: Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude

BORN. St. Jerome* (A.D. 420) remarks on this passage that we are not to conclude from it that Joseph lived with Mary as his wife after the Birth of our Lord. "Joseph," he says, "was himself a virgin through Mary," and in Scripture, where the word *till* or *until* is used, we are only told what happened up to that time, not further. So in the Book of Isaias,† God says: "Even to (until) your old age I am the same," in Psalm cix.: "The Lord said to My Lord, sit Thou at My right hand *until* I make Thine enemies Thy footstool." But surely God exists the same for ever, and Christ will be at the right hand of God for ever, even after His enemies have been subdued. Nor because our Lord is called *first-born* are we to conclude that there were other children. The first, even if the only, male child was called the *first-born*, and the ceremonies concerning the first-born had to be observed without waiting to see whether others should be born or not.

* *Contra Helvid.*

† Isaias xlvi. 4.

of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good will. And it came to pass, after the Angels departed from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us. And they came with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood the word that had been spoken concerning this Child. And all that heard wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart.

The Purification.

St. Luke ii. 22—35.

After the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished, they carried Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the Lord. As it is written in the law of the Lord: *Every male opening the womb shall be called holy to the Lord.* And to offer a sacrifice according as it is written in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons. And behold there was a man in Jerusalem named Simeon, and this man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel, and the Holy Ghost was in him. And he had received an answer from the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord. And he came by the Spirit into the Temple. And when His parents brought in the Child Jesus to do for Him according to the custom of the Law, he also took Him

HER PURIFICATION. There was no need for Mary to go through the ceremony of purification, for she had, in a most pure manner, given birth to the Holy of Holies. But she was purified as an act of humility and obedience, and to avoid singularity. Our Lord Himself, though the only-begotten Son of God, was presented in the Temple, and later on was baptized by St. John the Baptist with the baptism of penitent sinners.

into His arms and blessed God, and said: Now dost Thou dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy Word in peace. Because mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples. A light to the enlightening of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel. And His father and mother were wondering at those things which were spoken concerning Him. And Simeon blessed them and said to Mary His mother: Behold this Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thine own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed.

The Adoration of the Wise Men.

St. Matt. ii. 1—11.

When Jesus therefore was born in Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying: Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and are come to adore Him. And King Herod hearing this was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And assembling together all the chief priests and the scribes of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born. But they said to him: In Bethlehem of Juda, for so it is written by the prophet (Micheas): *And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come forth the captain that shall rule My people Israel.* Then Herod privately calling the wise men, learned

THINE OWN SOUL A SWORD SHALL PIERCE. Simeon here foretells the bitter sorrow that Mary was to suffer through her Son. The prophecy was fulfilled more particularly on Mount Calvary, when Mary stood by the Cross and saw Him Whom she loved so tenderly as her God and her Son, dying in such pain and disgrace. "Great as the sea was her sorrow." For this reason the Church calls her Queen of Martyrs.

diligently of them the time of the star which appeared to them; and sending them into Bethlehem, said: Go and inquire diligently after the Child, and when you have found Him, bring me word again, that I also may come and adore Him. Who having heard the King went their way; and behold the star which they had seen in the east, went before them, and it came and stood over where the Child was. And seeing the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And entering into the house they found the Child with Mary His mother, and falling down they adored Him; and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And having received an answer in sleep that they should not return to Herod, they went back another way into their own country.

The Flight into Egypt.

St. Matt. ii. 13—15. and 19—23.

After the wise men were departed, behold an Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph, saying: Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt: and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him. Who arose and took the Child and His Mother by night and retired into Egypt: and he

THEY FOUND THE CHILD WITH MARY HIS MOTHER, AND FALLING DOWN THEY ADORED HIM. A beautiful figure of Catholic devotion to our Blessed Lady. We, like the shepherds, find Jesus with Mary His Mother. The worship of Jesus leads to reverence for Mary; the love of Jesus leads to love of Mary. Yet, however much, for His sake and for her own, we may love her, reverence her, exalt her—we *adore* HIM. To Him we give the *supreme* worship which is due to God alone; to Him we offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which is offered to God alone; Him we ask for grace and salvation. The devotion to Mary, however great it may be, is just that kind which cannot be given to God; it is a *relative* devotion—given to Mary on account of her relation to God; it is a devotion of *intercession*, by which we ask Mary to *pray for us* to her Son, for we know that while of herself she cannot do anything towards our salvation, yet by prayer she can obtain all from Him Who is Lord of all and still her Son.

was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the prophet (Osee) saying: *Out of Egypt have I called My Son.*

But when Herod was dead, behold an Angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph in Egypt, saying: Arise, and take the Child and His Mother, and go into the land of Israel: for they are dead that sought the life of the Child. Who arose, and took the Child and His Mother and came into the land of Israel. But hearing that Archelaus reigned in Juda in the room of Herod his father, he was afraid to go thither; and being warned in sleep retired into the quarters of Galilee. And coming he dwelt in a city called Nazareth.

The Finding of our Lord in the Temple.

St. Luke ii. 41—51.

And His parents went every year to Jerusalem, at the solemn day of the Pasch. And when He was twelve years old, they going up into Jerusalem according to the custom of the feast, and having fulfilled the days, when they returned, the Child Jesus remained in Jerusalem; and His parents knew it not. And thinking that He was in the company, they came a day's journey, and sought Him among their kinsfolks and acquaintance. And not finding Him, they returned into Jerusalem, seeking Him. And it came to pass, that after three days they found Him in the Temple sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them and asking them questions. And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers. And seeing Him, they wondered. And His Mother said to Him. Son, why hast Thou done so to us? behold, Thy father and I have sought

SON, WHY HAST THOU DONE SO TO US? Here Mary made a tender complaint to her Son. His answer contained some mystery which even His parents did not fully understand.

Thee sorrowing. And He said to them, How is it that you sought Me? did you not know that I must be about My Father's business? And they understood not the word that He spoke unto them. And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and was subject to them.

Mary's Power with her Son.

St. John ii. 1—11.

There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the Mother of Jesus was there. And Jesus also was invited, and His disciples, to the marriage. And the wine failing, the Mother of Jesus saith to Him, They have no wine. And Jesus saith to her: Woman,

HE WAS SUBJECT TO THEM. Jesus, as the true Son of Mary and foster-son of Joseph, gave to them on all occasions the obedience, reverence, and love due from a child to his parents. He Who came to be our pattern in all, gave a most perfect example of filial piety and of observance of the commandment: *Honour thy father and thy mother*. St. Bernard (A.D. 1153) says: "He was subject to them. Who? To whom? God, to men: God, to Whom the Angels are subject, Whom the principalities and powers obey, was subject to Mary." *

From this time till the commencement of our Lord's Public Life, we hear nothing more of the Holy Family. Eighteen years were passed in retirement: we call them the Hidden Life of our Lord. It was probably during this period that St. Joseph died, and Jesus and Mary were then left alone, Jesus working at His trade as a carpenter, and Mary looking to the household duties of their little home and waiting upon her Divine Son. What a blessed home and what happiness for Mary! What heavenly lessons she must have learnt from Him, what graces she must have received! And if a cup of cold water given in His Name to the least of His is not to go without reward, what must Mary have merited by so many years of unstinted service given so generously and lovingly to the Lord Himself?

THEY HAVE NO WINE. Mary, seeing that the supply of wine had failed, and wishing to spare her hosts the shame of having apparently neglected to provide for their guests, tells her Son of their need, implying a request that He would supply the want. She asked something *very difficult*—a miracle before the appointed time. And when He answered her, she knew that her request, hard as it was and almost doing violence to her Son, was granted, for she went to the waiters at once and told them to be sure and do whatever He should say; and then our Lord did what she had

* Hom. i. super *Missus est*.

what is it to Me and to thee? My hour is not yet come. His Mother saith to the waiters: Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye. Now there were set there six water-pots of stone, according to the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three measures apiece. Jesus saith to them: Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim. And Jesus saith to them: Draw out now, and carry to the chief steward of the feast: and they carried it. And when the chief steward had tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was, but the waiters knew who had drawn the water; the chief steward calleth the bridegroom, and saith to him: Every man at first setteth forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee; and manifested His glory, and His disciples believed in Him.

asked by changing the water into wine. And *this beginning of miracles did Jesus at Cana*, at His Mother's prayer. And if her prayer was heard *then* while she was still in the world, and in a matter of so great difficulty, still more will her prayers have power now that she has entered into the joy of her Lord.

WOMAN, WHAT IS TO ME AND TO THEE? Dr. Ellicott, Protestant Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, says on these words: "It may be hoped that the day is now passed when anything other than thoughts of reverence and love is to be connected with the title of *Woman*, least of all in the words of One Who claimed as His own highest dignity sonship of, identity with, humanity; and Who was here addressing the Mother to whom He had been subject and from whom His own humanity had been derived." Doctor Trench, late Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, says: "It is quite true that in the address *Woman* there is nothing of severity or harshness, however much it may have some such sound to our English ear. In those last and tenderest words which our Lord addressed to His Mother, He used the same language, 'Woman, behold thy Son.' So far from any harshness, the compellation has something solemn in it, and cannot but have such where the dignity of woman is truly felt. But it is otherwise with the words, 'What have I to do with thee?' (What is to Me and thee?) . . . Any severity which these words may seem to have in the reading, we cannot doubt was mitigated in the manner of its speaking; suffering as it did a near compliance with her request to look through an apparent

Mary is Praised.

St. Luke xi. 27, 28.

And it came to pass, as He (Jesus) spoke these things, a certain woman from the crowd, lifting up her voice, said to Him, Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that gave Thee suck. But He said: Yea rather, blessed are they who hear the Word of God, and keep it.

“His Mother and His Brethren.”

St. Matt. xii. 46—50.

As He was yet speaking to the multitudes, behold His Mother and His brethren stood without, seeking to speak to Him. And one said unto Him: Behold Thy Mother and Thy brethren stand without, seeking Thee. But He answering him that told Him, said: Who is My Mother, and who are My brethren?

refusal. For when ‘she saith unto the servants: Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it,’ it is evident she read a Yes, and as the sequel shows rightly read it, in His apparent No.”* St. Cyril says of this miracle: “Especially by this does Christ show that the honour which is owed to parents is worthy of account, undertaking as He did to do what He had no mind to do, out of reverence for His Mother.”† St. Augustine: “Did He then come to a marriage to dishonour a Mother, when marriages are celebrated and wives taken in order to have children, whom God bids to honour their parents? Beyond a doubt, brethren, there is some *hidden meaning* here.”‡

BLESSED IS THE WOMB THAT BORE THEE. The first public fulfilment of Mary’s prophecy; *All generations shall call me blessed*. Somewhat similar to this is the praise of Mary uttered by St. Cyril in the Council of Ephesus: “Hail, Mary, the most precious thing of the whole world; hail, Mary, incorrupt dove; hail, Mary, inextinguishable lamp; for from Thee was born the Son of Justice.”§

YEA RATHER. St. Augustine says: “Mary was more blessed in receiving the faith of Christ than in conceiving the flesh of Christ. For to some one who said to Him, ‘Blessed is the womb that bore Thee;’ He (Christ) answered, ‘Rather blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it.’”|| Our Lord “assents to the testimony of the woman”—these are the words of the Venerable Bede¶—but declares that Mary is even more blessed on account of her holiness, than on account of her relationship to Him.

HIS BRETHREN. These were James (afterwards Bishop of

* *On the Miracles*, Sermon i. † *In loc.* ‡ *In Joan.* tr. viii.

§ *Orat. contr. Nestor.* || *De Virgin.* c. 4.

¶ *Hom.* 19.

And stretching forth His hand towards His disciples, He said: Behold My mother and My brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of My Father that is in Heaven, he is My brother, and sister, and mother.

Mary at the Foot of the Cross.

St. John xix. 25—27.

There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother, and His Mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen. When Jesus therefore had seen His Mother and the disciple, standing, whom He loved, He saith to His Mother, Woman, behold thy Son. After that, He saith to the disciple, Behold thy Mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own.

Jerusalem), Judas (not the traitor), Joseph, and Simon. They were not "own brothers" to our Lord, for the Blessed Virgin had no children besides Him Who was the Son of God, but His cousins, and sons of another Mary, sister-in-law to our Blessed Lady, and wife of Cleophas (also called Alpheus).^{*} This is the opinion of St. Jerome, and is followed by most Catholic, and many Protestant, writers. We often find in the Scriptures near relations called "brothers." Abram speaking to Lot, his nephew, said, "we are brethren," and Laban called Jacob, his nephew, "My brother."[†] Our Blessed Lord, when dying, left His Mother to St. John, passing over "His brethren," which He could not have done had these been her own sons; and this, as the learned Dr. Lightfoot, Protestant Bishop of Durham, observes,[‡] is fatal to the view that Mary had other children than Jesus.

THERE STOOD BY THE CROSS OF JESUS, HIS MOTHER. The sword of sorrow, foretold by Simeon, was now piercing Mary's heart, as with heroic bravery she stood at the foot of the Cross and witnessed the death agony of her beloved Son (see note p. 12).

WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON. There is something very solemn in these words, almost the last of the dying Saviour. Mary is now established as "the Mother of all living," as she is styled by many of the Fathers. St. Augustine says: "She was clearly the Mother of His members, which we are, for she took part in causing that the faithful should be born in the Church, and they

^{*} A Lapide, in *h. l.* Many of the Greek writers hold that they were sons of St. Joseph by a former marriage, and therefore half-brothers to our Lord; but the almost universal opinion in the Latin Church is that St. Joseph was espoused to the Virgin Mary only.

[†] Gen. xiii. 8; xix. 15.

[‡] On Galat. i. 19. Dissertation ii.

Mary praying with the Apostles at Pentecost.

Acts i. 14.

The Apostles were persevering with one mind in prayer with the women and with Mary the Mother of Jesus and with His brethren.

Mary's Glory.

A great sign appeared in Heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; and being with child she cried travailing in birth and was in pain to be delivered. And there was seen another sign in Heaven; and behold a great red dragon having seven heads, and ten horns: and on his head seven diadems, and his tail drew the third part of the stars in Heaven, and cast them to the earth; and the dragon stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered, that he might devour her son. And she

are members of the head (Christ);" * and Origen declares that "no one can arrive at the true meaning of the Gospels, without reclining on the breast of Jesus (that is, being like St. John) and receiving, from Jesus, Mary to be his Mother also." † Truly, as we call Jesus our Elder Brother, for He is "the first-born among many brethren," in the same way may we call Mary our Mother.

THE DISCIPLE TOOK HER TO HIS OWN. From that time Mary dwelt with St. John and was to him as a Mother, and he took care of her like a son. We do not read in the Gospels that our Lord ever appeared to His Mother after His Resurrection; but as St. John tells us, ‡ "there are also many other things which Jesus did, that are not written," and we cannot think that He Who commanded us to "honour our father and our mother," would Himself leave His widowed Mother, who for His sake had been so sorely afflicted, without consolation. He showed Himself to Mary Magdalen twice, and also to other women, and it is only natural to believe that on His Resurrection He went at once to His Mother, that she who had borne a chief part in the sorrows of His Passion, should be gladdened by the sight of His glory. And how great must have been Mary's joy that Easter morning, when "according to the multitude of sorrows in her heart, His consolations brought joy to her soul!" §

* *De Virgin.* n. 63.
‡ St. John xxi. 25.

† *In Joan.* i.
§ *Psalms* xciii.

brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, and her son was taken up to God and to His throne.

The death of Mary took place twelve, or, some think, eighteen years after our Lord's Ascension, probably at Jerusalem. It is the common belief of Catholics, though not expressly defined by the Church as an article of faith, that soon after death Mary's body was raised to life and *assumed*—that is, *taken up*—into Heaven. This opinion is very ancient, and the feast of the *Assumption* has been kept in the Church since at least as early as the sixth century.

The bodies of all men shall be raised to life on the last day, but there are good reasons why Mary's body should be raised without waiting for the general resurrection; for it does not seem fitting that that body from which the human nature of the Son of God had been formed, should see corruption; it is also reasonable to suppose that our Lord would honour His Mother in some special way after death.

A WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN. Here at the end of the Bible, as at the beginning, we have a woman, a man, and the serpent or dragon. The serpent is the devil; the "man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron," and Who has His throne in Heaven, is our Blessed Lord; then the woman "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars," who "brought forth a man-child," must be Mary His Mother.

Cardinal Newman says of this vision: "Of course it has a further sense also," besides the one given above, "which is the scope of the image; doubtless the Child represents the children of the Church, and doubtless the Woman represents the Church, this, I grant, is the real or direct sense, but what is the sense of the symbol? *Who are the Woman and the Child?*" And, "The holy Apostle (St. John) would not have spoken of the Church under this particular image, *unless there had existed a Blessed Virgin Mary, who was exalted on high, and the object of veneration to all the faithful.*" (*Letter to Dr. Pusey*, p. 62).

DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin rightly understood—for I do not speak of that which is merely the creation of misunderstanding or bigotry—arises naturally from a right understanding of *who Mary is*; and to get this right understanding we cannot do better than go to the Holy Scriptures. As our space is very limited we will confine ourselves to the Gospels.

Now, what do the Holy Gospels tell us about Mary? They tell us that Mary was a privileged person, *Blessed amongst women*, that is, according to the manner of speaking of the Jews, *Blessed above or more than* other women; they tell us that she was *full of grace*;* that she conceived and bore a Son not by the power of man and in the common way of nature, but, as had been foretold centuries before, † in a manner above the order of nature, by the power of God and the working of the Holy Ghost—and that this Son was the Son of God. They tell us that at her salutation the infant Baptist leapt for joy in his mother's womb, and Elizabeth herself was astonished that Mary should pay her a visit: "Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

Mary, then, is an exalted person, with dignity and privileges above other women—we may say, above the rest of mankind; and why? Because she is the Mother of Jesus. Who, then, is Jesus? He is "God, blessed for ever;" God, endless in all perfection, in wisdom, in holiness, in mercy, in justice, in power. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made." He is the Sovereign Lord of All, in Whose sight the very angels are not clean and "all nations of the earth are but as a drop in the bucket." Jesus is the great God—and Mary is His Mother. As truly as God died for

* St. Luke i. 28. The Protestant Authorized Version has: "Hail, thou art highly favoured," the Revised Version in margin: "Hail, thou that art enriched with grace." The Catholic version, translated by St. Jerome, and ~~many~~ ^{some} one of the Latin Fathers, have "Hail, full of grace."

† Isaiah vii. 13.

us upon the Cross and we are redeemed by the Precious Blood of God made man, so truly is that God made man the Son of Mary, and Mary the Mother of God. This is the secret of Mary's greatness, the source of all her privileges—she is the Mother of God. Compared with this dignity, that of the highest of the angels dwindles away, as the lustre of the brightest star grows dim in the blaze of full moonlight.

Mary the Mother of God! and—as far as this is possible—a *worthy* Mother of God, because He Himself made her worthy. St. Augustine says: “We know that more grace was given to her to conquer sin in every way, for this reason, that she merited to conceive and bring forth Him, Who, it cannot be denied, was sinless.”* So when the Archangel was sent by God to announce to her the great tidings that she was to be the Mother of the Redeemer, he saluted her as already *full of grace*—already fit by her holiness that the Lord should *look down upon the humility of His handmaid* and do great things to her. But how must she have increased in grace during the months and years of closest union with Him; ministering to Him as no other creature had done or could do; loving Him with a Mother's love a thousand-fold stronger than the love of other mothers, as He Whom she loved and knew so well was the more worthy of love; receiving from Him in return a love—and God's love *works, gives*, it is never idle—a thousandfold and more above that given to other creatures, for she was more closely united to Him than any other creature could be, and she had a greater claim upon His love on account of the services she rendered to Him. If much was *forgiven* to Magdalen because she had loved much, how much more must have been *given* to Mary, in whom there was nothing to forgive? If the woman who touched the hem of our Lord's garment was at once

* *De natura et gratia*, cap. 30.

cured of her bodily disease—a figure of the grace given to the soul—“for virtue went out from Him,” what grace must not Mary have received, who for so many years nursed Him, tended Him, fed Him, ministered to Him, touching, fondling, caressing, caring for, not His garments merely, though they were made by her hands—but His own sacred, virgin Body?

For *His sake*, then, because she is so dear to Him, she should be dear to us. The more we love Him, the more we shall love her, and on the other hand, the more we love her, the more we shall love Him. Because of what she has done to God our Redeemer, because of the love she has borne Him, and the services she has rendered to Him, because of the love He has borne and still bears to her—in a word, because she is His Mother, therefore it is right and just that we should love her, honour her, reverence her in a manner becoming her great dignity.

From the motherhood of Mary, and from the fact that as Mother of God she took a real, active, though of course secondary, part in our redemption,* flows all Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Now in what does this devotion consist? It consists in a love and reverence, both interior and exterior, higher than that given to any other mere creature, because her dignity is higher and her relation to God closer than that of any other mere creature. “Honour to whom honour is due,” St. Paul says, and to whom is it so due as to the Mother of God? The Protestant Bishop Pearson says:† “We cannot bear too reverend a regard for the Mother of our Lord, so long as we give her not that worship which is due to the Lord Himself.” But such worship has no part in Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. We *adore* God; we *honour*

* That the Son of God became man at the particular moment that He did, was owing to Mary. Her consent to be the instrument of the incarnation was necessary; had she refused, the Incarnation would undoubtedly have been delayed. Hence so many of the Fathers compare Eve and Mary, speaking of Eve as the cause of death, of Mary as the cause of life. St. Irenæus says that Mary, “being obedient, became to herself and to the whole human race the cause (or occasion) of salvation” (see *Cardinal Newman's Letter to Dr. Pusey*, p. 36). † *On the Creed*, art. iii.

and reverence the saints. There is but one God to whom supreme worship is due—all else, Mary included, are mere creatures; to worship them would be idolatry. But even to mere creatures “honour is due,” “an inferior honour or worship,”* as our Catechism says, for this is due to them (the angels and saints) as the servants and special friends of God. The words addressed by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin, at which Protestants are often so displeased, are really not more than could be, and often are, used to our fellow-creatures in every-day life, and they generally refer to Mary’s being the willing instrument of our salvation by her Divine Son.

The invocation, or asking her to *pray* for us, forms another part of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.† For the present it is sufficient to remind you that we believe in the “communion of saints,” and that we “are come to Mount Sion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels, and to the church of the first-born . . . and to the spirits of the just made perfect.”‡ But what communion have we with the saints and angels if not by prayer? Or, can the devil know our thoughts when we address them to him, and must the Mother of God, who in God sees all things, “knowing even as she is known,”§ be ignorant of them?

This, then, is devotion to the Blessed Virgin as it is practised by Catholics: and not by Catholics only, but by the greatest part of Christendom. Thus is fulfilled the prophecy which Mary spoke when filled with the Holy Ghost: “Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.” ||

* The word *worship* is often used for honour (see Book of Joshua, ch. v., and Protestant Marriage Service).

† Dr. Forbes, late Protestant Bishop of Brechin, says: “It cannot be doubted that in the latter part of the fourth century, those great Fathers who secured and transmitted our faith, practised it and taught it [invocation of saints]” (*Explanation of the Thirty-nine Articles*, Article xxii.). Canon Humble (*Invocation of Saints*), and Dr. Isaac Taylor (*Ancient Christianity*), both Protestants, bear similar witness.

‡ Heb. xii. 22, 23. § 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

St. Luke i. 48.

